



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08175662 3



$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \overline{) 1521} \\ 10 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \overline{) 521} \\ 26 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Mentally  
 \* \* \*





卷之四  
詩  
一  
二  
三  
四  
五  
六  
七  
八  
九  
十  
十一  
十二  
十三  
十四  
十五  
十六  
十七  
十八  
十九  
二十  
二十一  
二十二  
二十三  
二十四  
二十五  
二十六  
二十七  
二十八  
二十九  
三十  
三十一  
三十二  
三十三  
三十四  
三十五  
三十六  
三十七  
三十八  
三十九  
四十  
四十一  
四十二  
四十三  
四十四  
四十五  
四十六  
四十七  
四十八  
四十九  
五十  
五十一  
五十二  
五十三  
五十四  
五十五  
五十六  
五十七  
五十八  
五十九  
六十  
六十一  
六十二  
六十三  
六十四  
六十五  
六十六  
六十七  
六十八  
六十九  
七十  
七十一  
七十二  
七十三  
七十四  
七十五  
七十六  
七十七  
七十八  
七十九  
八十  
八十一  
八十二  
八十三  
八十四  
八十五  
八十六  
八十七  
八十八  
八十九  
九十  
九十一  
九十二  
九十三  
九十四  
九十五  
九十六  
九十七  
九十八  
九十九  
一百







X

THE  
MONTHLY VISITOR,

AND NEW

*Family Magazine.*

---

*By a Society of Gentlemen.*

---

Whatever may be the final sentence of mankind, we at least endeavour to deserve their kindness.

*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

---

VOL. XV

---

London :

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

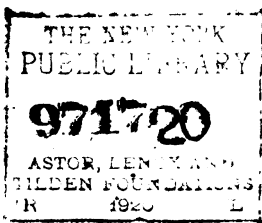
By J. GUNDE, Ivy-Lane;

PUBLISHED BY T. HURST, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

---

1802  
DONATED BY THE  
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION  
NEW YORK CITY

971720



---

# PREFACE.

---

**I**T would be a want of gratitude in us not to address our readers upon the commencement of a new year ; indeed at such a period it becomes us to say a few words relative to the continuation and improvement of our Miscellany.

Ever attentive to the instruction and entertainment of those persons who have honoured us with their patronage, we shall not relax our efforts, but study to render the MONTHLY VISITOR still more worthy of their approbation. We, however, hope that on *their* part the same candour will be exercised, in the perusal of our pages, with which we have been already favoured.



## PREFACE.

---

BIOGRAPHY has always been a favourite topic with us, even from the commencement of our labours. Nor do we know of any one periodical publication wherein so much attention is paid to the subject. The greatest pains have been taken to procure materials; and then we have endeavoured to throw them into a concise and spirited narrative. The reader is thus enabled in a few minutes to make himself acquainted with characters who cut a distinguished figure in the page of modern history.

As to the other parts of our Miscellany, we have aimed at a judicious variety. To please *all* tastes would be impossible—but we flatter ourselves that persons of every description will find something to instruct and amuse them amidst the manifold cares and anxieties to which human life is subjected. The strongest minds want recreation—we would fain hope that such recreation may be found in the volumes of the MONTHLY VISITOR. For the ample success which we have enjoyed, we feel grateful, and our increased exertions to please will best evince our gratitude.

## PREFACE.

---

The publication of so many volumes is a strong presumptive proof that our labours are acceptable to the public ; we trust, therefore, that the circulation of the work will be still more extensive, and that it is deserving of having a niche assigned it in every GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY.

*London, Jan. 31, 1802.*

---



THE NEW YORK  
ASTOR LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATION  
FORMED BY  
THE NEW YORK  
ASTOR LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATION



Macmillan & Co.

C. M. Otto.

From an original Picture.

---

# THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

---

JANUARY, 1802.

---

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

HIS EXCELLENCY M. OTTO,

MINISTER FROM THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

---

*Embellished with a fine Portrait.*

---

Les hommes sont égaux, ce n'est point la naissance,  
C'est la seule vertu qui fait la différence.

VOLTAIRE.

THE public curiosity has been of late strongly excited respecting the subject of our memoir, and we shall be happy in affording it a degree of gratification. We are of opinion indeed that few biographical particulars have transpired—but what we know shall be detailed—we wish we knew more. Our duty, however, is to lay before our readers the materials which have been transmitted us. With foreigners it is to be supposed that we cannot be so well acquainted as with the illustrious characters belonging to our own country.

M. OTTO was born about 1759, at Alsace, on the borders of Germany. Of his education, particular care was taken, for he appears to have been thoroughly initiated into those branches of learning which are deemed most necessary for intellectual improvement. When he finished his education, he applied to the study of the law, and soon arrived to a state of distinction. Previous to the late revolution in France, he had been an advocate, and was employed by the old French government in an embassy to America. This shews their opinion of his diplomatic abilities; and he seems to have acquitted himself in that department to their approbation. The connection between France and America, at that period, was of a most important kind, and therefore such an employment must have conferred on M. OTTO no small portion of celebrity.

In the year 1791 he returned to France, and was appointed secretary for foreign affairs. Two years after he became secretary to Le Brun, then minister for foreign affairs, at the period when war was declared against Britain; and it is highly honourable to M. OTTO, that he did every thing in his power to prevent a rupture with this country. On the destruction of the Brissotine party, he was dismissed, and lived in retirement near Paris. During the infamous reign of Robespierre he was imprisoned, but happily escaped the axe of the guillotine—under which fell some of the greatest characters in that country! When Sieyes was sent ambassador to Berlin, he was appointed charge d'affaires. Some time after, M. OTTO was destined by the consular government to be its representative in England—for he is well acquainted with the English language. Ostensibly indeed he was only the agent for the prisoners: but he kept in his eye other matters of a more elevated kind—he wished for Peace, and directed the whole energy of his mind

to allay the passions of the two contending nations. This great object (which had, no doubt, occupied the attention of good men on both sides of the water for a considerable time) was at length happily effected. Preliminaries of PEACE were signed on the first day of October, 1801, in Downing-street—on the part of His Majesty by Lord Hawkesbury, and by M. OTTO on the part of the French government.

Such then is the history of the man whose portrait decorates the present number of our miscellany. It has not been in our power to enter into much detail. But one thing is evident in the subject of our memoir—that M. OTTO hath at the commencement and conclusion of the late war entertained pacific intentions. Such a trait in his character is highly to be esteemed: we contemplate it with admiration. While the statesmen of antient and modern times have in general rendered themselves celebrated by fanning the flame of contention between the different nations of the earth—be it *our* ambition to study the ARTS of PEACE! Such a *divine conduct* will meet with an appropriate reward—It is the *only* sure means of securing our INDIVIDUAL, our SOCIAL, and our PUBLIC FELICITY.

---



## THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LVIII.]

## THE FARMER'S BOY,

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

O come, blest spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,  
 Thou rushing warmth that hovers round my heart,  
 Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling joy,  
 That poverty itself cannot destroy!  
 Be thou my muse, and, faithful still to me,  
 Retrace the paths of wild obscurity.

FARMER'S BOY.

**T**HESE beautiful introductory lines to the *Farmer's Boy* shew the spirit by which it is uniformly characterised. Justness of sentiment, simplicity of expression, and an easy versification—are the leading traits by which it stands distinguished from the common poems of the day. The history of the poet we have already detailed at some length in our biographical department, and thither we refer our readers for the gratification of their curiosity. It is indeed an history well worth attention—it shews that genius will display itself in spite of every impediment, and that in these enlightened times, talents will meet with a suitable reward.—The writer of this article has the pleasure of knowing Mr. Bloomfield, and is happy in paying this tribute of respect to his poetical effusions.

This beautiful poem, the *Farmer's Boy*, is distributed, like Thomson's *Seasons*, into four parts, according with the four seasons of the year—*Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn*; and *Winter*. To *Spring* we shall confine ourselves in this paper—taking up the other parts in the three successive numbers of our miscellany.

Under *Spring* the poet has enumerated the usual signs by which the season is distinguished. This task is executed with judgment and delicacy. Describing himself under the character of the *farmer's boy*, he frequently refers to his private history. The following passage is interesting and poetical:—

Where noble GRAFTON spreads his rich domains  
Round *Easton's* water'd vale and sloping plains,  
Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise,  
Where the kite brooding unmolested flies—  
The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,  
And sculking foxes, destin'd for the chase;  
There GILES, untaught and unreining, stray'd  
Thro' every copse, and grove, and winding glade;  
There his first thoughts to Nature's charms inclin'd,  
That stamps devotion on th' inquiring mind.  
A little farm his generous master till'd,  
Who with peculiar grace his station fill'd:  
By deeds of hospitality endear'd—  
Serv'd from affection—for his worth rever'd;  
A happy offspring blest his plenteous board;  
His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stor'd;  
And four score ewes he fed, a sturdy team,  
And lowing kine that graz'd beside the stream.  
Unceasing industry he kept in view—  
And never lack'd a job for GILES to do!

He then describes himself going out to plow, and then harrowing—

His heels deep sinking every step he goes,  
Till dirt usurp the empire of his shoes!

The farmer is afterwards mention'd in these pleasing lines (the grain having been committed into the bosom of the earth:)

The work is done—no more to man is given—  
The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven;

Yet oft with anxious heart he looks around,  
 And marks the first green blade that breaks the  
 ground,  
 In fancy sees his trembling oats uprun,  
 His tufted barley yellow with the sun;  
 Sees clouds propitious shed their timely store,  
 And *all* his harvest gather'd round his door.

Giles watching the springing grain—keeping off  
 the rooks, and listening to the harmony of the fea-  
 thered tribes—are sweetly delineated. We almost  
 behold him engaged in these rural occupations.

The calling of the cows is most picturesquely de-  
 scribed:

The clatt'ring dairy-maid, immers'd in steam,  
 Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream,  
 Bawls out—*Go fetch the cows!*—He hears no more,  
 For pigs, and ducks, and turkies throng the door,  
 And sitting hens, for constant war prepar'd---  
 A concert strange to that which late he heard!

The *Suffolk* cheese is severely but justly satirised  
 in these terms:

If drought o'ertake it faster than the knife,  
 Most fair it bids for stubborn length of life,  
 And, like the oaken shelf whereon 'tis laid,  
 Mocks the weak efforts of the bending blade,  
 Or in the hog-trough rests in perfect spite,  
 Too big to swallow, or too hard to bite!  
 Inglorious victory! Ye Cheshire meads,  
 Or Severn's flow'ry dales, where plenty treads,  
 Was your rich milk to suffer wrongs like these,  
 Farewell your pride! farewell renowned cheese!  
 The *skimmer* dread, whose ravages alone  
 Thus turn the mead's sweet nectar into stone!

The opening beauties of Spring are then hap-  
 pily delineated—

---

Where'er she treads LOVE gladdens every plain,  
Delight on tip-toe bears her lucid train;  
Sweet *Hope*, with conscious brow, before her flies,  
Anticipating wealth from summer skies!

The *playing of the lambs* is a perfect picture: it is an exact transcript of nature——

Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,  
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed!"  
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,  
The green turf trembles as they bound along;  
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,  
Where ev'ry mole-hill is a bed of thyme;  
There, panting, stop, yet scarcely can refrain,  
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again!

The poet closes the scene by lamenting the ravages of the *butcher*—but checks his lamentations in these lines, which form the conclusion:

Down, indignation! hence, ideas foul!  
Away the shocking image from my soul!  
Let kindlier visitants attend my way  
Beneath approaching *Summer's* fervid ray,  
Nor thankless gloom obtrude, nor cares annoy,  
Whilst the sweet theme is—*universal joy*!

Such is the first part of the *Farmer's Boy*.—Considering the circumstances of the author, the sentiments inculcated, and the beauties displayed—we deem it the most wonderful poem which modern times have produced.

*Islington.*

J. E.

ACCOUNT  
OF  
THE COMMONWEALTH OF BABINA.

THE Commonwealth of Babina was founded in Poland in the reign of Sigismund Augustus, in the 16th century. It took its rise from a set of gentlemen, inhabitants of Lublin, who had agreed to meet at a place called Babina, merely for the purposes of mirth and jollity. In time their number increased, and they formed themselves into a regular government, under the presidency of a king, senate, and chief magistrates. The magistrates were elected from something which appeared ridiculous in the character or conduct of any of the members. For instance, if any person was meddling or officious, he was immediately created an archbishop; a blundering or disputatious member was promoted to the speaker's chair; a boaster of his own courage, and vain-glorious *Thraso*, was honoured with the commission of generalissimo, which was presented him with great ceremony by the inferior heroes. Those who declined the office for which they were declared qualified, were persecuted by hissings, and abandoned by the society. Thus every vice and every foible was attacked with ridicule; and Babina became in a short time the terror, the admiration, and the reformer of the Polish nation: genius flourished, wit was cultivated, and the abuses which crept into government and society were corrected by the judicious application of good-humoured satire. Never did any institution of this nature become so general or so useful; but at length it degenerated into a set of buffoons, and banterers of every thing sacred or profane. For several years it was patronized by the

kings of Poland, and Sigismund himself became a member; the starosta of Babina telling him jocularly, That "His Majesty had certain qualities which intitled him to the first dignity in the commonwealth." Not the least remnant of the society now remains, though it was honoured with extraordinary privileges by kings and emperors.

### THE LATE EMPEROR PAUL AND KOTZEBUE.

**T**HE following curious particulars relative to the extraordinary Challenge of the Sovereigns of Europe, inserted in the Petersburg gazette, by order of the late Emperor Paul I. are given in the second part of Kotzebue's most remarkable year of his life.

Count Von de Pahlen had sent for M. Kotzebue to come to him.—"When I came to the count," says he, "he said to me, laughing, The emperor will have a challenge to a tournament, addressed to all the sovereigns of Europe, and their ministers. I must write it, and it is then to be published in the gazette. Baron Thuguet is particularly challenged to break a lance; and General Kutusoff and myself are to be named as seconds to the emperor (the thought of the seconds had suggested itself to the emperor about half an hour before, and he immediately wrote it down with a black-lead pencil which lay on the count's table). This extraordinary production is to be ready in an hour, and the emperor has ordered that I shall carry it to him in person.

"I undertook to write it—and in an hour's time brought the challenge. The count, who was better acquainted with the sentiments of the monarch

than I, thought it not sarcastic enough; I therefore sat down in his closet, and wrote a second, which he liked better.—We then went together to court. I was now, for the first time, to stand before the man who, by his severity and benefits, had been to me the cause of so much terror and joy, grief and gratitude. I had not wished for this honour, and feared it could not but prove injurious to me, as I could scarcely suppose that the sight of me could be very agreeable to him.

“We waited a considerable time in the antichamber: the emperor was gone to take a ride, but at length he returned. Count Pahlen went to him with a paper, staid with him some time, and then came back with an air of disappointment, saying to me, as he passed me, only these words—‘Come to me again at two o’clock—it must be stronger.’

“I returned home, convinced (as I thought) that I should not in this way gain the favour of the monarch; but scarcely had I been half an hour in my chamber, when one of the attendants of the court came to me, almost breathless, to order me to come instantly to the emperor.—I made all the haste I could.

“When I entered the closet, I found only Count Pahlen with him. The emperor was standing at a writing-desk, and when he saw me, advanced to meet me, and, with a slight bow, said, in a manner inexpressibly gracious—‘M. Von Kotzebue, I must begin by being reconciled to you.’

“I was much confused by this unexpected reception. What a magic power is there in the condescension of princes!—all rancour immediately vanished from my heart. As the etiquette required, I attempted to kneel and kiss his hand; but he prevented me in the kindest manner, kissed me on

the forehead, and proceeded as follows, in very good German :

‘ You are sufficiently acquainted with the world to be *au fait* to political affairs. I have often,’ said he, jokingly, ‘ been foolish enough ; and to punish myself for it—as it is but just I should be punished—I have resolved that this (holding the paper in his hand) shall be inserted in the Ham-burgh gazettes.’

“ On this he took me confidentially by the arm, led me to the window, and read to me the chal-lenge, which was in French, in his own hand-writing. When he came to the conclusion, where it is said—‘ We know not what credit is to be given to this report, though it appears not to be without some foundation, since it bears the stamp of what he has been often accused of—(*Dont il a sou-vent été taxé*), he laughed very heartily, and I too laughed obsequiously.

‘ Why do you laugh ?’ said he, twice repeating the words very quick, and laughing himself all the time.

“ To find your majesty so well informed, (answered I).

‘ There, there,’ said he, handing me the paper, ‘ go and translate it. Keep the original, but bring me a copy.’

“ I accordingly went and translated it. The last word *taxé*, somewhat perplexed me. Should I put accused (*beschuldigt*), the expression might appear too harsh, and offend the emperor. After much thinking, I chose a middle way, and translated it, ‘ of what he has often been thought capable.’

“ At two in the afternoon I went again to court. Count Kutusoff announced me to the emperor. I was immediately admitted, and found him this time quite alone.



‘Sit down,’ said he to me, very friendly; (but from respect I did not immediately obey)—‘No, no, sit down,’ repeated he with earnestness; I then took a seat, and placed myself opposite to him at the writing-desk.

‘He took the French original in his hand:—‘Read to me,’ said he. I read slowly, and sometimes glanced my eye over the paper towards him. At the words ‘inclosed barriers’ he laughed.—With respect to the rest, he several times gave a gracious nod of approbation, till I came to the last word——

‘Thought capable!’ said he,—‘No, that is not the right word: charged (*taxirt*) would be better.’ I took the liberty to inform him that this word in German had quite another meaning from that it has in French. Very well,’ said he, ‘but the other is not the proper expression.’

‘I now ventured to ask, in a low tone, whether accused (*beschuldigt*) would be a proper word.’

‘Right, right (said he), that is the word,’ repeating it three or four times—and I wrote it by his directions. He thanked me in the most friendly manner for the trouble I had taken, and dismissed me—much affected and pleased with his kind and condescending behaviour. Whoever has approached his person will agree with me, that he could be extremely engaging, and that it was difficult, nay, almost impossible, to withstand him.

‘I have not thought it superfluous to relate this transaction with so many minute circumstances, since the challenge made so much noise in the world; when two days afterwards, to the astonishment of all Petersburg, it appeared in the court gazette. The president of the academy of sciences, to whom it was sent for insertion, could not believe his eyes; he carried it himself to Count Vander Pahlen, to be certain that no trick was played him.

At Moscow, the gazette was stopped, as no person could believe that the article was inserted with the consent of the monarch. The same was done at Riga.—The emperor himself, on the other hand, could scarcely wait till it was printed, and sent several times for it before it was ready, with the utmost impatience.

“ Three days afterwards, he sent me a snuff-box, set with diamonds, worth nearly 2000 roubles!—Never was a verbal translation of twenty lines better paid for.

“ I shall conclude this account with some French lines which were haded about at Petersburg a few days after the emperor's death. I know not the author, but his portrait bears the stamp of truth :—

“ On le connoit trop peu, lui ne connoit personne ;  
 Actif, toujours pressé, bouillant, imperieux.  
 Amiable, séduisant, même sans la couronne,  
 Voulante gouverner seul, tout voir, tout fair mieux,  
 Il fit beaucoup d'ingratis et mourut malheureux.”

---

## REMARKS ON, AND TRANSACTIONS FROM *THE ANTIENTS.*

---

BY HENRY KIRK WHITE.

---

HYPERIDES.—No. 1.

**T**HE name of Hyperides, the rival of Demosthenes, and the model of patriotism, is now no longer heard of. Yet there was a time when Athens rung with the praises of his disinterestedness and magnanimity, and when the forum resounded with exclamations of wonder at his eloquence.—Such and so precarious is renown !

Hyperides, the orator, was a native of Athens, and a disciple of the divine Plato, and afterwards of Socrates. He flourished about 330, B. C. and had attained such excellence as a public speaker, that it was a subject of debate amongst the Athenians whether he or Demosthenes possessed the superiority. His patriotism and magnanimity exceeded, if possible, his eloquence, many instances of which are preserved in the histories of his time. Among others—he so far sacrificed and mastered his internal feelings, when his country's welfare was in question, that on being informed and convinced that Demosthenes had taken bribes, though his dearest and most intimate friend, he accused him in the senate of the crime, and procured his banishment! During the accusation his voice faltered, and he was frequently obliged to stop, in order to suppress his rising emotions. When he had finished, he sunk on the bench exhausted—"Oh, my country!" said he, "what a sacrifice have I made to thy interests!"

The Athenian republic, though split by factions, and a prey to private ambition, long felt the benefit of his talents: he supported its drooping powers, and checked the corruptions which were undermining the constitution; and it is probable, that but for his activity, the democracy would have met with its fate at a much earlier period than that at which it was dissolved.

At the unfortunate battle of Cranow, Hyperides was made prisoner, and fearing lest the enemy into whose hands he was fallen should force him by tortures to reveal the secrets of his country, he tore his tongue out with his own hands, and soon after was put to death, by command of Antipater, 322 years before the Christian æra.

Of his numerous orations, only one has escaped the ravages of time, and that is universally admired

for its elegance, sweetness, and all those qualities which shine so conspicuously in those of Cicero.—His language is chaste, his ornaments unaffected, and his thoughts brilliant; yet it appears probable that he would not have succeeded in forensic eloquence, as that species of speaking requires an insinuating mode of argument, which he does not appear to have affected.

Though Plutarch thinks Hyperides to be inferior to Cimon, Thucydides, and Pericles, yet he numbers him with Demosthenes, whom, he says, would have merited a higher rank, had he been less cowardly and more disinterested. His character, however, is much more impartially drawn by Longinus, in his Treatise on the Sublime, which I shall translate for the benefit of those who cannot come at the original.

“If the number,” says he, “rather than the quality of its beauties, be the best criterion of the merit of a piece, it follows that Hyperides is superior to Demosthenes. In fact, besides being more harmonious, he has more of the qualifications requisite for a good orator, though he may be said to resemble those athletics, who succeed in all the five species of exercise, and consequently possessing no peculiar excellence in any one, are not considered as equal to those who, by devoting their attention to one particular object, attain superiority in it alone. He has indeed imitated Demosthenes whenever he was worthy of imitation, except in the composition of his sentences, and the arrangement of his words. To the strength of this orator, he unites the graceful sweetness of Lysias; he softens the harshness and uncongeniality of things with amazing success, and this in a mode perfectly original, and different from the before mentioned orator. In depicting the manners, he excels. His style, amid his vivacity, has a certain agreeable, yet florid

sweetness, and he abounds with extraneous matter, pleasantly introduced. His manner of rallying and laughing is fine, and possesses something engaging, yet dignified and noble. No one can manage irony better; his pleasantry is not cold and far fetched like that of some of his imitators, but lively and striking; his adroitness at eluding objections, and parrying or turning them to ridicule is wonderful; he has much comic wit, and is full of sportive turns and antithetical points, which have in general a good effect—at the same time seasoning these things with inimitable grace and dignity. He was also born to move the passions, and excite commiseration and pity. In his fabulous narrations he is easy and extended, and his digressions are pleasingly introduced. In his compositions he appears always at home; he turns and breathes where he likes, as may be seen in his fables of Latona, and all is nature, ease, and grace. A funeral oration which he made, is written in so fine a style of eulogium, and with so much appropriate pomp and ornament, that I am at a loss to know whether it hath ever been equalled.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

*Nottingham,*  
*Nov. 17, 1801.*

---

CHARACTER  
OF  
*THE LATE GILBERT WAKEFIELD.*

---

TO say that his loss is deeply regretted by all the lovers of truth and freedom would be saying little. It may be truly affirmed of him, without exaggerated praise, that in literary attainments he has left few superiors—in uprightness of heart and

conduct, none. To his general merits as a man of learning, to the extent and accuracy of his classical knowledge, to the diligence and success with which he pursued his critical researches into the writings of antiquity, both sacred and profane, the first scholars of the Continent have borne a willing and an ample testimony.

If he has been more sparingly praised by the learned of his own country, the cause is to be found in the unpopularity of some of his opinions, and in that want of candour which is the inseparable concomitant of party spirit. Happily there are yet some among ourselves in whom no difference of sentiment can stifle the perception of real excellence—scholars of the first rank, who disdain the meanness of concealing what justice commands them to avow—who are not afraid to bestow applause upon those who deserve it, be their party what it may, and who regard with contempt the hatred and the calumnies of those little-minded beings who resent the praise of all talents that are not enlisted on their own side.

But whatever might have been Mr. Wakefield's claims to respect as a scholar and a critic, the lovers of truth and virtue will discover in him merits of a higher cast. They will admire, above all, much more than his literary endowments, that sacred regard to moral rectitude, of which he was at all times, and in all situations, so eminent an example. They will venerate as they ought—especially amidst that tergiversation and sacrifice of principle, of which they have witnessed so much in these times—they will venerate almost to idolatry his unshaken adherence to what he deemed the cause of freedom and humanity, and his readiness to incur any danger of suffering or death in its defence. Of his particular modes of thinking on religious and political subjects, different men will form different

opinions. Concerning the integrity of his heart, and the consistency of his character, there can be but one opinion amongst those who enjoyed the happiness of his acquaintance. The foundation of this integrity and this consistency, was laid in early life. In the course of his academical studies he imbibed from the fountains of Greece and Rome an ardent love of truth, a generous regard to public freedom, a manly sense of personal dignity and independence ; he had too many occasions of observing, that without these moral feelings splendid talents are only higher qualifications for mischief, fitting and tempting those who possess them to become the advocates of error, the apologists of vice, and the tools of oppression. He therefore fortified his mind against those allurements of vanity and ambition, to which minds of such a texture as his are so much exposed, by cherishing those magnanimous sentiments with which his favourite authors abound. Too many of his contemporaries seem to have regarded these sentiments as fit only to be the passing amusement of a youthful fancy, but too romantic for that state of society in which they rise most surely to wealth and honour, who can cringe with the most fawning servility at the foot of power. Very different were the views of Mr. Wakefield—he did not throw off his early convictions with his academical gown, and think only of employing his talents to secure his preferment ; on the contrary, that which began in the honest feelings of his nature, he gradually improved into a permanent principle, of which he became the more tenacious, the farther he advanced in life. Those generous purposes, which the sages of Athens engendered, were nursed into vigour by the seers of Judea ; and the spirit which he inhaled upon Parnassus, was illumined and sanctified by the purer and more elevated spirit of Mount Zion. That

love of truth and virtue which philosophy had taught him as a dignified sentiment, Christianity consecrated as a religious duty : and whilst he listened with respect to the advice of Socrates, he bowed with submission to the authority of Jesus. His researches into the Sacred Volume produced a full and permanent conviction of the truth of revelation, and a firm resolution to teach and to practice nothing but what he thought strictly conformable to its spirit ; and as soon as he found reason to adopt opinions very different from those of the church in which he had been educated, with that disinterested rectitude which so strongly marked his whole conduct, he sacrificed his advantages and expectations to his sense of duty, and relinquished a situation which he could no longer hold consistently with his convictions.

But though he left the church of England, he did not cease to labour (O that he might have laboured longer!) to enlarge and edify the church of Christ. He resolved, independent of any established creed, and unbiassed by any worldly emolument, to employ his learning in elucidating the sense and morals of the Gospel, and in holding up to veneration the God-like character and unparalleled sacrifices of its Author. Unhappily for the interests of biblical criticism and genuine religion, the Christian world is deprived, by his untimely death, of those exertions which were to be expected in this line of study from the vigour of his age and judgment ; whilst the lovers of classical literature have equally to lament the disappointment of those well founded hopes which they entertained from his indefatigable and accurate investigation of Greek and Roman learning.

It is not the object of this article to detail the dates and circumstances of Mr. Wakefield's life and writings : nor is it intended to comment upon



the occasion which drew down on his head the weight of ministerial vengeance. This only it may be permitted to say, whatever political malevolence may assert or insinuate to the contrary, that in connection with the general cause of freedom and humanity, no man was more deeply concerned for the real prosperity of his country, or better disposed to sacrifice all personal considerations in promoting it. Actuated by this spirit of disinterested patriotism, his mind was too ardent to weigh expressions in the balance of worldly prudence, when reprobating measures which to his judgment appeared destructive of those great objects that were ever uppermost in his thoughts. If in opposition to these measures he sometimes became too indignant to accommodate his language to that courtly standard which men of colder temperament have fixed, allowance will be made by the candid, even among his political opponents, for feelings constitutionally strong, and irritated by the conviction (well or ill-founded) that his country, through the mal-administration of its affairs, was hastening to inevitable ruin. That intrepid spirit which he displayed in the course of his prosecution, will naturally be held up by those to whom it was obnoxious as the effect of obstinacy; but to those who were acquainted with his character and principles of action, it is known to have proceeded from a deep-rooted conviction that he was bound as a Christian to bear witness to the truth, without fearing what man could do unto him. Of the conduct of administration, in instituting such a prosecution upon such grounds against such a man, impartial posterity will judge: and it requires but little sagacity to foresee that the result of that judgment will be a sentence of reprobation. The length to which this article has already extended, prevents the writer of it from saying what justice requires him to say of Mr. Wakefield's do-

mestic virtues : to those who know how much these virtues endeared him to his family, and how deeply he is lamented by all who saw him in the intercourses and enjoyments of domestic life, no other testimony is necessary. How much he possessed the power of attaching his private friends, was sufficiently seen in that almost unexampled anxiety which his illness excited—in that unfeigned sorrow which followed his death, and in that tribute of affectionate regard which many of them paid to his memory in attending his remains to the place of his interment. Were any other evidence wanting, we might refer to those exertions (equally honourable to himself and to his friends) by which the severity of his sentence and imprisonment was so greatly mitigated. The regrets which they now feel, and long will feel for his loss, will be a lasting tribute to his worth—and the veneration which they feel for his character, they will hand down to their posterity.

---

### JOHN LAW.

**T**HIS once celebrated personage, since the happy arrival of General Lauriston in this country, has once more become an object of curiosity. His history is instructive, yet little is to be found relating to him in our biographical dictionaries.

He was the author of the most considerable revolution that ever the finances of a nation experienced : France in one week appeared to enjoy incalculable millions, while in the following she was buried in bankruptcy.

Law was the son of an advocate at Edinburgh, and born in 1688. In London he became enamoured of the sister of a lord (whose name I cannot discover). This lord, not approving of her

marriage with an adventurer, challenged Law, and fell in the duel. Law immediately escaped into Holland—and was tried, convicted, and outlawed in England. Perhaps it was in Holland he acquired that turn of mind which pleases itself with immense calculations; he became an adept in the mysteries of exchanges and re-exchanges. From thence he proceeded to Venice, and other cities, studying the nature of their banks. In 1709, he was in Paris the same speculative genius he had hitherto been.

At the close of the reign of Louis XIV. the French finances were in great disorder, and having obtained an audience of that monarch, the bankrupt king was much delighted by his projects.—Law offered to pay the national debt by establishing a company whose paper was to be received with all possible confidence, and who were to make immense profits by their commercial transactions. The minister Desmarest, to get rid of Law, threatened him, by one of his emissaries, with the Bastile. Law quitted Paris, and was a wanderer through Italy. He addressed himself to the King of Sardinia, who refused our adventurer's assistance, declaring, that he was not powerful enough to ruin himself!

At the death of Louis XIV. the Duke of Orleans was regent. Law ventured again to Paris, and found the regent more docile: the duke indeed was placed in a most trying situation—the finances were all in confusion, and no hope was offered by any one to settle them. The duke lent his ear at first reluctantly to Law, convinced what consequences must follow such ideal wealth as that in which our adventurer dealt. In despair, the numerical quack was called in to relieve, by his powerful remedy, the disorder which no one would attempt to cure.

Law commenced with a most brilliant perspective : he established his bank, was chosen director of the East India Company, and soon gave his scheme that vital credit which produced real specie ; for in that distracted time every one buried or otherwise concealed his valuables ; but when the illusion of Law began to operate, every coffer was opened, while the proprietors of estates preferred his paper to the possession of their lands. All Europe seemed delighted—Law acquired millions in a morning, and even the regent himself was duped, and felicitated himself on his possession of so great an alchymist.

Law was honoured with nobility, and created Count Tankerville ; as for marquisesates, he purchased them at his will.—Edinburgh, his native city, humbly presented him with her freedom, in which appear these remarkable expressions : “ The corporation of Edinburgh presents its freedom to John Law, Count of Tankerville, &c. &c. a most accomplished gentleman ; the first of all bankers in Europe ; the fortunate inventor of sources of commerce in all parts of the remote world—and who has so well deserved of his nation.” From a Scotchman (says Voltaire) he became, by naturalization, a Frenchman ; from a Protestant, a Catholic ; from an adventurer, a prince ; and from a banker, a minister of state !

While Law was undergoing these metamorphoses himself, he was performing the same droll exhibition in all kinds of individuals. Fortunes were made in a month—and stock jobbing was seen even in the narrowest alleys in Paris. Singular anecdotes are recorded of those days.—A coachman gave warning to his master, who begged at least that he would provide him with another as good as himself ; Whip replied—“ I have hired two this morning, take your choice, and I will have the

other."—A footman also set up his chariot, but going to it, he got up behind, till he was reminded by his own servant of his mistake.—An old beggar, who had a remarkable hunch on his back, haunted the *Rue Quincampoix*, which was the crowded resort of all stock-jobbers: he acquired a good fortune by lending it out for five minutes as a desk!

Law himself was adored; the proudest courtiers were humble reptiles before this mighty man; dukes and duchesses patiently waited in his anti-chamber; and Mrs. Law (a haughty beauty) when a duchess was announced, exclaimed—"Still more duchesses! there is no animal so tiresome as a duchess!"—In the curious memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans, a singular fact is recorded:—One morning, when Law was surrounded by a body of princesses, he was going to retire. They enquired the occasion: he gave one, in which they ought to have been silent; but, on the contrary, they said, "Oh! if it is nothing but that, let them bring here a *chaise percée* for Mr. Law!" When the young king was at play, and the stakes were too high even for his majesty, he refused to cover them all; young Law (the son of our adventurer) cried out, "If his majesty will not cover, I will." The king's governor frowned on the boy of millions, who, perceiving his error, threw himself at the king's feet.

The infatuation ran through all classes, and even the French Academy solicited for the honour of Law becoming their associate—the only calculator they ever admitted into their body.

But at length the evil hour looked dark and darker; the immense machine became so complicated that even the head of Law began to turn with its rapid revolutions. In 1719, he created credit, but in May, 1720, unaccounted millions disappeared in air. Nothing was seen but paper and bankruptcy every where. Law was considered as the

sole origin of the public misfortune—no one taxed his own credulity. They broke his carriages, destroyed his houses, and sought the arithmetician to tear him to pieces. He escaped from Paris in disguise, and long wandered in Europe incognito.—After some years, he found a hiding-place in Venice, where he lived poor, obscure—yet still calculating. Montesquieu, who saw him there, says—“He is still the same man: his mind ever busied in financial schemes: his head is full of figures, of agios, and of banks. His fortune is very small, yet he loves to game high.” Indeed of all his more than princely revenues, he only has saved, as a wreck, a large white diamond, which, when he had no money, he used to pawn.

Voltaire saw his widow at Brussels—she was then as humiliated, as miserable, and as obscure as she was triumphant and haughty at Paris. Such revolutions are not the least useful objects in history.

---

### THE LIFE OF LYCURGUS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 328, VOL. XIV.]

**I** WILL now give an instance or two of their satirical repartees, which, as I said before, had a sort of pleasantry in them that rendered them agreeable. Demaratus being asked by a troublesome importunate fellow, who was the best man in Lacedæmon, answered him—“He that is least like you.” Some in company where Agis was, next extolled the exact justice of the Eleans, who judge at the Olympic games;—“It is such a thing,” says Agis, “if they can do justice in the space of five years!” One asked a

das what number of men there was at Sparta—he answered, “Enough to keep our enemies at a distance.”—The peculiar disposition of this people appeared even in their most ludicrous expressions, for they used not to throw them at random, nor ever uttered any thing which was not founded on good sense and reason. For instance, one reading this epitaph—

Here rest the brave, who quench'd tyrannic pride,  
Victims of Mars—at Silenus they died——

Said that they deserved to die, for, instead of quenching, they should have let it burn out. A young man being offered some game-cocks so hardy that they would die upon the place, said, that he cared not for cocks that would die hardy, but for such as would live and kill others.—Nor were they less studious of poetry and music than they were of gracefulness and purity of language in their ordinary discourse.

When they were in the army, their exercises were generally more moderate, their fare was not so hard, nor their discipline so rigorous; so that they were the only people in the world to whom war gave repose. It was at once a solemn and terrible sight to see them march on the combat cheerfully and sedately, without any disorder in their ranks, or discomposure in their minds, measuring their steps by the music of their flutes. Men in this temper were not likely to be possessed with fear, or transported with fury—but they proceeded with a deliberate valour and confidence of success, as if one divinity had sensibly affected them. Hep-its, the sophist, says that Lycurgus himself was a but valiant and experienced commander.\*

ed in a

ruptcy & Xenophon is of the same opinion.

No one was allowed to live after his own fancy : but the whole city resembled a great camp, in which every man had his share of provisions and business appointed ; and their whole course of life was that of men who thought they were born not so much for themselves as for their country.

Upon the prohibition of gold and silver, all law-suits ceased of course, for there were now no such thing among them as wealth and poverty, but an equality in plenty ; and as every thing was cheap, their wants were easily supplied.

They never discoursed about money and traffic—their conversation tended to praise some good action which had been performed, or to censure some fault which had been committed, and this was done with wit and good humour.

Argioleones, the mother of Brasidas, asking some strangers who came from Amphipoles, if her son died courageously and as became a Spartan—they praised him highly, and said, “ There is not such left in Sparta.” “ Do not say so,” replied she—“ Brasidas indeed was valiant, but there are still in Sparta many better men than he.”

The senate consisted at first of those who were Lycurgus's chief assistants in forming the government ; and the vacancies he ordered to be supplied out of the best and most deserving men who were full threescore years old. The competition for this office was the most glorious that can be imagined, for there the dispute was not who among the swift was swiftest, but who of many wise and good was the wisest and best. In fine his great care was, that no space in life should be left vacant and unimproved, but that every circumstance, every action should lead to the love of virtue and the contempt of vice. Sparta was every where full of good institutions and examples.

He wished not the Spartans to visit foreign coun-



tries, nor foreigners to visit Sparta: he well knew that if the youth were permitted to travel, that they would bring in foreign manners and vices, and prefer some different form of government; and he likewise well knew that strangers bring usually new subjects of discourse along with them—these produce new opinions, whence arise many strange passions and inclinations inconsistent with the established form of government, and therefore he thought it best to keep out the infection of corrupt manners, than to prevent the introduction of a pestilence.

For my part, I can see no sign of injustice in the laws of Lycurgus, tho' some who allow that they were well contrived for making men good soldiers, yet censure them as defective in civil justice and honesty. It must be confessed that the Spartans dealt very hardly with the Helots, for they not only made them slaves, but added to this state of misery other woes—for they often forced them to drink to excess, and led them in that condition into their public halls, that their children might see what a contemptible vice drunkenness was.

When the principal part of his laws had taken such deep root in the minds of his countrymen that custom had rendered them familiar, and the commonwealth had acquired strength sufficient to support itself, then, as the Maker of the world (according to Plato) rejoiced when he had finished and put in motion the great machine, so Lycurgus felt a wonderful pleasure in the contemplation of the greatness and beauty of his political œconomy, every part of which was now put in action, and moved in due order.

To give stability, or rather immutability, to his laws, he had recourse to a kind of stratagem (a glorious deception!)—for, having called an assembly of the people, and told them that he now thought every thing tolerably well established, but that

there was one thing still left unaccomplished, and that this could not take place till he consulted the oracle of Delphi; in the mean time, he administered an oath to the two kings, the senate, and all the people, that they would, during his absence, inviolably maintain the form of government he had established. This done, he set forward to Delphi: but mark—not with intention to return to Sparta; he indeed consulted the oracle, and transmitted the answer to Sparta, which was thus, that “Sparta should continue in the highest renown while it observed the polity of Lycurgus.” Never did he return to the country he had in a manner formed—no! never did Lycurgus return! It is said that this wise law-giver put an end to his own existence! but it cannot be believed that a man so prudent in all other respects should thus put an end to his being.

In the reign of Agis, money first found its way into Sparta, and together with it the greedy desire of riches; \* hence avarice and luxury gained an ascendancy, and subverted the laws and institutions of Lycurgus. It was not the main design of Lycurgus that this city should govern a great many others; he thought that the happiness of a kingdom, as of a private man, consisted in the exercise of virtue, and the establishment of internal tranquillity and order; therefore his principal aim was to inspire his people with generous sentiments, and teach them to moderate their desires, and by these means to secure the continuance of the republic. And all good writers on politics, as Plato, Diogenes, Zeno, and several others, have taken Lycurgus

---

\* We refer our readers to an Essay on Riches, in a former volume of our miscellany, wherein their bad effects are clearly illustrated.

for their model. But these great men left only ineffectual schemes and mere words behind them; whereas Lycurgus, without writing any thing, did actually put in execution such a plan of government as has never been equalled. He produced a whole nation of philosophers, and therefore deserves to be preferred to all other law-givers of Greece.

Some say Lycurgus died in the city of Círrah; but Apolothemes says he died after he was brought to Elis; Timues and Aristocratanus, that he ended his days in Crete; Aristocrates, the son of Heparchus, says that he died in Crete, and that the persons where he lodged, when they had burned his body, cast his ashes into the sea—which was what he himself had desired, fearing that if his remains should be transported to Lacedemon, the people might pretend to be released from their oath, and make innovations in the government.

CARVISH.

---

### BRIEF REMARKS ON YOUTH.

SUITED TO AN OPENING YEAR.

**A**S Spring is the portion of the year which of all the other particularly enchants the naturalist, and that which he would chuse should be perpetual were he called upon to say which quarter should be rendered permanent—so youth is the most pleasing and interesting of the whole of human life. It is true, that at times the ebullitions of passion, and the rash acts which arise from want of calm deliberation or experience, sully this part of our days; but there is still a native innocence and frankness in youth which, amidst all its temporary follies and errors, excite our admiration and claim our regards, and give it the preference over either advanced life or declining years. In advanced life

man has too frequently become the mere creature of habit or interest, and his powers are thus bent in conformity to a world subject to caprice and folly, if not actually laying in wickedness. The Judge of nature would not look for the beauty of a horse after he has undergone the management of the stable, but in his coltish dress; after he has been trained, he becomes more sterlingly valuable, but he generally, in the attainment of his utility, sacrifices what interested us when he was a colt, namely, his rustic unadorned beauty. So when education has trained our youth, we doubtless become more useful in society, and therefore, in one sense, more respectable; but we do not excite those tender emotions in the hearts of those who know us, as when our powers were unfolding. In youth the unconsciousness of the tricks of the world excites our fears for its safety; when we have been trained, and taught those tricks, we are thought to be able to judge for ourselves, and then the diminished uncertainty for our future safety is scarce able to raise the emotion of fear. Thus it is that advancing years lose the power of exciting our regards, which younger years possessed. Declining age, in like manner, gives us little or no pleasure; the hoary locks we venerate, but they are generally attended with so many decrepitudes that we can take but little pleasure in the company of those who possess them. Not to respect old age, discovers a cruel want of sensibility and judgment; but it is very seldom we can say that we take lively pleasure in the company of old people. When old age consists only in length of days, and the faculties remain tolerably entire, then some satisfaction may be derived from conversing with it, from the information and advice we receive; for in this case, (to use the words of a wise and good man) 'days speak, and a multitude of years teach wisdom.'

But when old age consists not only of length of days, but of almost a total defalcation of every faculty; it becomes an object of pity, not of pleasure—and this is the old age most frequently met with. The toothless jaw, which cannot masticate for its owner, and refuses to assist the tongue in the art of elocution—the memory, which cannot recollect the event of yesterday, and permits the tongue to utter as news the same dry tale over and over again—the voice, which can hardly be understood—and the ear, that can hardly be made to understand,—must all be regarded as burthens to the possessors and to surrounding friends; they truly demand our pity, but never can excite our joy or comfort. We are tempted to regard death as a most welcome guest, by which our friends are eased of their distresses, and we of companions no longer capable of affording pleasure. Some of the savages have a custom of putting to death their aged relatives, under the idea that they rendered their friends a service to rid them by this means of a life which was burthensome. Christianity, however, forbids those on whom it has shone to adopt such a custom; yet we cannot but wonder why some old decrepid people are spared in the world, seemingly quite useless;—we, however, know that this, as well as every other event, is directed by Infinite Wisdom, and that what we cannot fathom exactly now, we shall clearly understand hereafter.

From these remarks we infer that youth is the season capable of affording joy and pleasure; then cheerfulness sets on the brow, health on the cheek, vigour flows through every vein, activity urges every limb—and it interests more than any other period of life, from another cause not yet noticed, namely, the hope which it inspires. When we see a new neat vessel setting off from port for a long voyage, we cannot but feel an interesting hope that

she may arrive at her destined port in safety; every letter or intelligence which reaches us that she has touched in safety at any of the intermediate places between the harbour whence she sailed and the port whither she was going, diminishes our hope; till at length we find her marked as safe in port, and then our hope is over. So it is with youth. No tender heart can behold an amiable child smiling on the knee of its parent, unconscious of the unfriendly world into which it is come; nor view a young person starting in life, without ardently hoping that in spite of all the storms which will in the course of his voyage assail him, his bark may reach her port in safety. As he advances in life without harm, our hopes diminish; when in old age he reaches his harbour, our hopes are gone: we then behold him safe from every calamity, secure from every blast, and quite beyond the reach of the most cruel storms. This having reached his haven in security, is a source of congratulation; but, alas! it too seldom happens that the port is *reached securely*. Many are the temptations which often prove sufficient to induce the mariner to make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. Old age then, it appears, may be a source of congratulation, is *always* an object of respect and compassion—but *does not* excite those interesting feelings as youth demands.

It may not be irrelevant here to notice the wisdom which God has displayed in making the youth of man bear a much greater proportion to his whole life than the youth of the animal tribes bear to the whole of their existence. Mr. Buffon asserts, as a sort of general rule (which, however, admits of very many exceptions), that the brutes live about seven times the period in which they arrive at maturity; those that are two years coming to maturity live about twice seven or fourteen years. How different the case with man! Twenty years, upon

an average, may be reckoned as passed before he reaches his full stature, and this is a year short of the time fixed by the wise laws of England as the point at which his judgment renders him responsible for his actions. Three score years and ten make up his days; thus instead of one-seventh, nearly one-third of his life is the period of his youth.— This is a wise provision in our nature, as will be seen when we consider the three following particulars; were it not so, that is, did our youth bear a less proportion to our whole life than it does, we should too much interfere with our fathers—we should, as it were, be pushing them off the stage of life before their time. This would be the case with the animal tribes, were all their offspring suffered to live and increase; but as they are killed for the service of man, or can be destroyed at his pleasure when they multiply too fast, this evil, with respect to them, is obviated. Another object gained by the length of our youth is the time afforded for education. The reasoning faculties of brutes are confined to a narrow bound; to a certain extent they are improveable, but beyond a certain point they cannot be extended. The reasoning powers of man, on the contrary, are capable of extent almost ad infinitum; indeed nothing on earth can afford them full satisfaction, for, as Pope concisely expresses it—

The soul, uneasy and confin'd at home,  
Rests and *expatiates* on a life to come.

The education of brutes is very limited; long before they attain their height and size they can shift for themselves, and are taught as much as they are capable of learning. But man can daily add something to his stock of knowledge: much time is absolutely needful towards his procuring that *sum* of learning which will enable him to *pass through life*

with *respectability* and *comfort*; but when to this we add the time needful for the training of his passions, and the acquirement of knowledge of an heavenly nature, so as to render him fit for that existence, of which this life is but the infancy, the wisdom of so long a period being allotted to youth will appear in striking colours. The last (though by no means the least) object which is attained by the length of our youth, is the company which is thus provided for old age.

We have seen, from what has been offered, that old people are by no means pleasing companions—we respect them, we pity them, but we cannot enjoy their company. A person of eighty years has a garrulity, a custom of repeating foolish stories and trifling incidents which tires us: an obstinate attachment to antient customs, regardless of modern improvements, which vexes us; and were we obliged always to be in his company, we should feel it a disagreeable burthen. But this inconvenience is obviated by our being able to find in the person of children fit companions for age; by youth being a long period, and a great part of this being childhood, the grandfather and grandmother find good company in the persons of their grand-children.—Old age is justly called a second childhood; how wise, therefore, is the dispensation of Providence, which, by blending the company of those in the first with that of those in the second of those similar states, provides for the entertainment of both! The foolish expressions and untoward actions of old people, arising from decayed reason, are quite bright and proper enough for the entertainment of a child whose reason is not unfolded, while they are by no means acceptable to the ears or eyes of those who are of maturer years. Did we proceed faster to maturity, this comfortable circumstance could not



so well take place. Never, I confess, do I see an aged person with his grand-child on his knee without admiring the wisdom of that Being, who has ordered for our approach to maturity a progressive but *gradual* motion.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

### ORIGIN OF LOTTERIES.

**L**OTTERIES, which are resorted to in most of the states of Europe as a measure of revenue, had their rise in Genoa, where it had long been customary to choose annually by ballot five members of the senate (which was composed of ninety persons,) in order to form a particular council.

Persons interested in these elections, backed their anticipations of the return of different senators by bets—and those speculations in a short time prevailed to such excess, and the people engaged in them with such eagerness, that the government conceived the idea of establishing a Lottery on the same principle. Such was the success of the project, that all the cities of Italy sent large sums of money to Genoa to adventure in it. Five tickets out of the ninety were drawn: a person naming one of these fortunate numbers received eighteen times the price of his ticket; naming two of them, he had 400½ times the price of the ticket; naming three of them, he had 11,748 times its price; naming four of them, 511,038 times its price; and naming five numbers that would be drawn, he would receive nearly forty-four millions of times the money which he laid out.

The Pope, with a view to increase the revenues of the church, was the next to adopt the expedient

of a lottery, and the people of Rome became so fond of this species of gambling, that to indulge in it, they were wont to reduce their families to great distress, adopting at the same time every kind of foolery that credulity or superstition could inspire, in order to obtain fortunate numbers.

In France, Germany, and the Netherlands, lotteries, on similar plans, were drawn weekly, to the vast emolument of the state. In these, however, the beneficial chance to the adventurer, on naming one of the five numbers, was reduced to 15 times the amount of the stake; to 240 times, on naming three of them; and to 600 times the amount of money wagered, on naming four out of the five; the fifth number was not played, as the governments were unwilling to hazard so great a sum as they would lose by the whole five numbers being named.

### METHOD

TO RENDER LINEN, SILK, &c. WATER-PROOF.

**T**HE following cheap process is prevalent in China for oiling silks, cottons, linens, &c., which renders them impervious to water, supple, and free from cracking, or sticking together:—

Ten gallons of very old linseed, or other vegetable oil, is to be put into an iron pot capable of holding 20 gallons, to prevent its boiling over; this is to be kept boiling on a brisk fire of coke or charcoal for three or four hours, and when it has boiled long enough to catch fire by the introduction of a red-hot poker into it, it is to be permitted to blaze for half an hour, when it becomes tacky and of a green colour, and is rendered a drying varnish of a supple quality, though somewhat slower in drying than ordinary varnishes.

The linen, silk, &c. is to be equally damped, not to contain a single drop of water, and dipped into the liquid, and wrung, or it may be laid on with a brush. A handkerchief so dipped may be crumpled up in the pocket and expanded again without crack or injury.—Old oil must be used—it is homogeneous, its component parts are better assimilated, and it does not contain that floating mucilage to be met with in new oils.

Much care is requisite in the process of burning the oil, as the blaze will probably be 15 feet high, and the smell exceedingly offensive. When the oil is sufficiently burnt, a lid, fastened at the end of a pole, is to be put on, and the crevices stopped with cloths wrung out in water; but if a single drop of water should find its way into the hot oil, the pot will explode with violence.—When dipped, the linen, &c. must be hung to dry in a place having a current of fresh air, and free from dust—it may be several days drying: when dry, it will not smell, stick, or crack, but will resist water, and be of great durability.

The materials for umbrellas in this country are prepared somewhat after this manner, but not with that degree of attention to oil, &c. necessary to equal the productions of China.

---

ACCOUNT OF A MAN  
WHO LIVED UPON LARGE QUANTITIES OF  
RAW FLESH.

*In a Letter from Dr. Johnstone, Commissioner of sick  
and wounded Seamen, to Dr. Blane.*

Somerset-Place, Oct. 28, 1799.

*My dear Sir,*

HAVING in August and September last been engaged in a tour of public duty, for the purpose of selecting from among the prisoners of war such men as, from their infirmities, were fit objects for being released without equivalent, I heard, upon my arrival at Liverpool, an account of these prisoners being endowed with an appetite and digestion so far beyond any thing that had ever occurred to me, either in my observation, reading, or by report, that I was desirous of ascertaining the particulars of it by ocular proof, or undeniable testimony. Dr. Cochrane, fellow of the college of physicians at Edinburgh, and our medical agent at Liverpool, is fortunately a gentleman upon whose fidelity and accuracy I could perfectly depend; and I requested him to institute an enquiry upon this subject during my stay at that place. I enclose you an attested copy of the result of this; and as it may probably appear to you, as it did to me, a document containing facts extremely interesting, both in a natural and medical view, I will beg you to procure its insertion in some respectable periodical work.

Some farther points of inquiry concerning this extraordinary person having occurred to me since

my arrival in town, I sent them in the form of queries to Dr. Cochrane, who has obligingly returned satisfactory answers. These I send along with the above-mentioned attested statement, to which I beg you to subjoin such reflections as may occur to you on this subject.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. JOHNSTONE.

*To Gilbert Blane, M.D. F.R.S.  
and one of the Commissioners  
of sick and wounded Seamen.*

CHARLES DOMERY, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of Poland, aged twenty-one, was brought to the prison of Liverpool in February, 1799, having been a soldier in the French service, on board the Hoche, captured by the squadron under the command of Sir J. B. Warren off Ireland.

He is one of nine brothers, who, with their father, have been remarkable for the voraciousness of their appetites. They were all placed early in the army: and the peculiar craving for food in this young man began at thirteen years of age.

He was allowed two rations in the army, and by his earnings, or the indulgence of his comrades, procured an additional supply.

When in the camp, if bread or meat were scarce, he made up the deficiency by eating four or five pounds of grass daily; and in one year devoured 174 cats (not their skins) dead or alive! and says he had several conflicts in the act of destroying them, by feeling the effects of their torments on his face and hands: sometimes he killed them before

eating, but when very hungry, did not wait to perform this humane office!

Dogs and rats equally suffered from his merciless jaws; and, if much pinched by famine, the entrails of animals indiscriminately became his prey. The above facts are attested by Picard, a respectable man, who was his comrade in the same regiment, on board the *Hoche*, and is now present—and who assures me he has often seen him feed on those animals.

When the ship, on board of which he was, had surrendered, after an obstinate action, finding himself, as usual, hungry, and nothing else in his way but a man's leg (which was shot off) lying before him, he attacked it greedily, and was feeding heartily, when a sailor snatched it from him, and threw it over board.

Since he came to this prison, he has eat one dead cat and about twenty rats. But what he delights most in is raw meat, beef or mutton, of which, though plentifully supplied (by eating the rations of ten men daily \*) he complains he has not the same quantity, nor indulged in eating so much as he used to do, when in France.

He often devours a bullock's liver raw, three pounds of candles, and a few pounds of raw beef, in one day, without tasting bread or vegetables, washing it down with water, if his allowance of beer is expended.

His subsistence at present, independent of his own rations, arises from the generosity of the pri-

---

\* The French prisoners of war were at this time maintained at the expence of their own nation, and were each allowed the following daily ration:—Twenty-six ounces of bread, half a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or six ounces of cheese.

soners, who give him a share of their allowance.— Nor is his stomach confined to meat; for when in the hospital, where some of the patients refused to take their medicines, Domery had no objection to perform this for them; his stomach never rejected any thing, as he never vomits, whatever be the contents, or however large.

Wishing fairly to try how much he could eat in one day—on the 17th of September, 1799, at four o'clock in the morning, he breakfasted on four pounds of raw cow's udder; at half past nine, in presence of Dr. Johnstone, commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, Admiral Child and his Son, Mr. Foster, agent for prisoners, and several respectable gentlemen, he exhibited his power as follows:— There was set before him five pounds of raw beef, and twelve candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter; these he finished by half past ten o'clock. At one o'clock there was again put before him five pounds of beef and one pound of candles, with three bottles of porter; at which time he was locked up in the room, and sentries placed at the windows to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions. At two o'clock, when I again saw him, with two friends, he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and a great part of the beef, but had neither evacuation by vomiting, stool, or urine; his skin was cool, and pulse regular, and in good spirits. At a quarter past six, when he was to be returned to his prison, he had devoured the whole, and declared he could have eat more; but from the prisoners without telling him we wished to make some experiment on him, he began to be alarmed. It is also to be observed, that the day was hot, and not having his usual exercise in the yard, it may be presumed he would have otherwise had a better appetite. On recapitulating

the whole consumption of this day, it stands thus :—

Raw cow's udder.....	4 lb.
Raw beef.....	10
Candles.....	2

—  
Total..... 16 lb.

Besides five bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which he attacks his beef, when his stomach is not gorged, resembles the voracity of a hungry wolf, tearing off and swallowing pieces with canine greediness. When his throat is dry from continued exercise, he lubricates it by stripping the grease off the candles between his teeth, which he generally finishes at three mouthfuls, and wrapping the wick like a ball, string and all, sends it after in a swallow. He can, when no choice is left, make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes or turnips; but, from choice, would never desire to taste bread or vegetables.

He is in every respect healthy, his tongue clean, and his eyes lively.

After he went to the prison, he danced, smoked his pipe, and drank a bottle of porter; and, by four the next morning, he awoke with his usual ravenous appetite, which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef.

He is six feet three inches high, pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made, but thin, his countenance rather pleasant, and is good-tempered.

The above is written from his own mouth, in the presence of, and attested by—

Destauban, French surgeon;  
Le Fournier, steward of the hospital;  
Revet, commissaire de la prison;  
Le Flem, soldat de la 1<sup>re</sup> demi brigade.



Thomas Cochrane, M. D. inspector and surgeon of the prison, and agent, &c. for sick and wounded seamen.

*Liverpool, Sept. 9, 1799.*

[A true copy.]

John Bynion, clerk in the office for sick and wounded seamen.

---

#### QUERIES AND ANSWERS

1st, What are the circumstances of his sleep and perspiration?

He gets to bed at eight o'clock at night, immediately after which he begins to sweat, and that so profusely, as to be obliged to throw off his shirt. He feels extremely hot, and in an hour or two after goes to sleep, which lasts until one in the morning, after which he always feels himself hungry, even though he had lain down with a full stomach. He then eats bread or beef, or whatever provision he may have reserved through the day; and if he has none, he beguiles the time in smoking tobacco. About two o'clock he goes to sleep again, and awakes again at five or six in the morning in a violent perspiration, with great heat. This quits him on getting up; and when he has laid in a fresh cargo of raw meat (to use his own expression) he feels his body in a good state. He sweats while he is eating; and it is probably owing to this constant propensity to exhalation from the surface of the body, that his skin is commonly found to be cool.

2d. What is his heat by the thermometer?

I have often tried it, and found it to be of the standard temperature of the human body. His pulse is now eighty-four—full and regular.

3d. Can this ravenous appetite be traced higher than his father?

He knows nothing of his ancestors beyond his father. When he left the country, eleven years ago, his father was alive, aged about fifty—a tall stout man, always healthy, and can remember he was a great eater, but was too young to remember the quantity, but that he eat his meat half boiled. He does not recollect that either himself or his brothers had any ailment, excepting the small-pox, which ended favourably with them all—he was then an infant; his face is perfectly smooth.

4th. Is his muscular strength greater or less than that of other men at his time of life?

Though his muscles are pretty firm, I do not think they are so full or so plump as those of other men. He has, however, by his own declaration, carried a load of three hundred weight of flour in France, and marched fourteen leagues in a day.

5th. Is he dull or intelligent?

He can neither read nor write, but is very intelligent and conversable, and can give a distinct and consistent answer to any question put to him. I have put a variety at different times, and in different shapes, tending to throw all the light possible on his history, and never found that he varied; so that I am inclined to believe that he adheres to truth.

6th. Under what circumstances did his voracious disposition first come on?

It came on at the age of thirteen, as has been already stated. He was then in the service of Prussia, at the siege of Thionville: They were at that time much straitened for provisions, and as he found this did not suit him, he deserted into the town. He was conducted to the French general, who presented him with a large melon, which he devoured, rind and all, and then an immense quantity and variety of other species of food, to the great enter-

tainment of that officer and his suite. From that time he has preferred raw to dressed meat; and when he eats a moderate quantity of what has been either roasted or boiled, he throws it up immediately. What is stated above, therefore, respecting his never vomiting, is not to be understood literally, but imports merely that those things which are most nauseous to others had no effect upon his stomach.

There is nothing farther to remark, but that since the attested narrative was drawn up he has repeatedly indulged himself in the cruel repasts before described, devouring the whole animal, except the skin, bones, and bowels; but this has been put a stop to, on account of the scandal which it justly excited.

In considering this case, it seems to afford some matters for reflection, which are not only objects of considerable novelty and curiosity, but interesting and important, by throwing light on the process by which the food is digested and disposed of.

Monstrosity and disease, whether in the structure of parts, or in the functions and appetites, illustrate parts of the animal economy, by exhibiting them in certain relations in which they are not to be met with in the common course of nature. The power of the stomach, in so quickly dissolving, assimilating, and disposing of the aliment in ordinary cases, must strike every reflecting person with wonder; but the history of this case affords a more palpable proof, and more clear conception of these processes, just as objects of sight become more sensible and striking when viewed by a magnifying glass, or when exhibited on a larger scale.

The facts here set forth tend also to place in a stronger light the great importance of the discharge by the skin, and to prove that it is by this outlet, more than by the bowels, that the recrementitious parts of the aliment are evacuated: that there is an

admirable co-operation established between the skin and the stomach, by means of that consent of parts so observable, and so necessary to the other functions of the animal economy; and, that the purpose of aliment is not merely to administer to the growth and repair of the body, but by its bulk and peculiar stimulus to maintain the play of the organs essential to life.

## CURIOUS MEMOIRS OF A PARISH CLERK.

BY THE CELEBRATED DEAN SWIFT.

Extracted from the new edition of his works just published by  
Mr. John Nichols.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio, which might justly be entitled, "The Importance of a Man to himself:" but, as it can be of very little use to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short abstract of it, as a taste of the true spirit of memoir-writers.

**I**N the name of the Lord. Amen. I, P. P. by the grace of God, clerk of this parish, writeth this history.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish clerk: and to that end, it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this land—such, I mean, as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord, *Anno Domini*, 1655, the year wherein

our worthy benefactor esquire Bret did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said, that "one and the same day did give to this our church two rare gifts—its great bell and its clerk."

Even when I was at school, my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was farthermore observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as the Lady and Death, the Children in the Wood, and Chevy-chace; and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the psalm next after master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed, to the glory of God) was a most excellent parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a company keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing; insomuch that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole county: neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for a hat that was edged with silver galloon; but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, weaver, and behold, my head was broken a second time!—At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, tanner; when-lo, thus was my head broken

a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom ! But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, " what man is there, howsoever dextrous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard ? " A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me—for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal phantasies : thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susannah Smith, who first tempted me, and then put me to shame—for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and, to do away mine offences and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath-day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage ! for the minister (who had long looked on Susannah as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good master William Harris.

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band (which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy) I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou may'st conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear ! and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me ! I said within myself, " Remember, Paul, thou standest before

men of high worship, the wise Mr. justice Freeman, the grave Mr. justice Thomson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters: nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, knight and baronet, and my younger master the esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation—but the Lord forbid I should glory therein!

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped not, neither was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness (though sore against my heart) unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church: but verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands I did make plain and smooth the dogs ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water; and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

Shoes, saith he, did I make (and, if entreated, mend) with good approbation; faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my

two-fold profession there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed; how that being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a washball, and with lamblack powdered his peruke. But these were sayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth—for it is well known that great was my skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself without fetching blood. Farthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And thirdly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady to set a heel-piece thereon; and I received such therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty—whom God preserve! Amen.

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made due composition with the church-wardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the psalms of King David should be hymned unto the same tunes to which he played them upon his harp; so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody. Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his majesty's chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like



unto excisemen ; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of worship. What though they accused me of humming through the nostril as a sackbut, yet would I not forego that harmony—it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery, and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year in which the church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverell. I had ever the interest of our high church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of fanatics, whom I from my infancy abhorred more than the heathen or gentile. It was in these days I be-thought myself that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine, and define upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose I did institute a weekly assembly of divers worthy men, at the Rose and Crown alehouse, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read to them the Post-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterward among ourselves.

Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciseman; and myself. First of the first, Robert Jenkins :

He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed a horse of a whig or a fanatic, but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been

honoured in the stocks for wearthen beginning bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous most laudable freedom of speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle by the mother's side had formerly been servitor at Maudlin college, where the glorious Sacheverell was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of parliament, spake of the same unto other members of parliament, who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our counsels enter into the hearts of our generals and our law-givers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

In the church-yard I read his epitaph, said to be written by himself :

O reader, if that thou canst read,  
Look down upon this stone;  
Do all we can, death is a man  
That never spareth none.

---

unto excisemen ; and  
myself unto th-

order to in *THE DUTIES OF THE YOUNG,*

manner

in

BY DR. HUGH BLAIR.

**T**HE uncertainty of the enjoyments of human life checks presumption; the multiplicity of its dangers demands perpetual caution. Moderation, vigilance, and self-government, are duties incumbent on all ; but especially on such as are beginning the journey of life. The scenes which present themselves, at our entering upon the world, are commonly flattering. Whatever they be in themselves, the lively spirits of the young gild every opening prospect. The field of hope appears to stretch wide before them. Pleasure seems to put forth its blossoms on every side. Impelled by desire, forward they rush with inconsiderate ardour : Prompt to decide, and to chuse ; averse to hesitate, or to enquire ; credulous, because untaught by experience ; rash, because unacquainted with danger ; headstrong, because unsubdued by disappointment.

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and a wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour ; others, of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burthen on society. Early, then, you may learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your

honour or infamy depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection, for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up at so critical time to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you—what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not those consequences extend to you? Shall you attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when to the rest of mankind it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?—Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not for your sake reverse its established order. The Author of your being hath enjoined you *to take heed to your ways; to ponder the paths of your feet; to remember your Creator in the days of your youth.* He hath decreed that they only *who seek after wisdom shall find it; that fools shall be afflicted because of their transgressions; and that whoso refuseth instruction destroyeth his own soul.* By listening to these admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of heaviness of heart.

When you look forward to those plans of life which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits: this is the universal preparation for every character and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life be your aim, virtue still enters for a principal share into all those great departments of society: it is connected with eminence in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character, the generous sentiments which it breathes, the undaunted spirit which it inspires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations—are the foundations of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others only by amiable dispositions, and the accomplishments

of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

Let not then the season of youth be barren of improvements so essential to your future felicity and honour. Now is the seed-time of life; and according to *what you sow, you shall reap*. Your character is now, under Divine assistance, of your own forming; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft; habits have not established their dominion; prejudices have not pre-occupied your understanding; the world has not had time to contract and debase your affections; all your powers are more vigorous, disembarrassed, and free, than they will be at any future period;—whatever impulses you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time, and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will

be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been *vanity*, its latter end can be no other than *vexation of spirit*.

Piety to God is the foundation of good morals, and is a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions; the heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can any object be found so proper to kindle those affections as the Father of the universe and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all the friendships which has ever been shewn you by others; himself your best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy—now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you—not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart. But though piety chiefly belongs to the heart, yet the aid of the understanding is requisite, to give a proper direction to the devout affections. You must endeavour, therefore, to acquire just views both of the great principles of natural religion, and of the the peculiar doctrines of the gospel. For this end

study the sacred scriptures: Consult the word of God more than the systems of men, if you would know the truth in its native purity. When, upon rational and sober enquiry, you have established your principles, suffer them not to be shaken by the scoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the sceptical. Remember, that in the examination of every great and comprehensive plan, such as that of Christianity, difficulties may be expected to occur; and that reasonable evidence is not to be rejected because the nature of our present state allows us only to *know in part, and to see through a glass darkly*. Impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthly spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into prophane sallies; besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth than the affectation of treating religion with levity: instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind, which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere.—At the same time you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years, or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability; it gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour; it is social, kind, and cheerful—far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirits, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of ac-



tive life. Let it be associated in your imagination, with all that is manly and useful—*with whatsoever things are true, are just, are pure, are lovely, are of good report*, wherever there is any *virtue*, and wherever there is any *praise*. Of such religion discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed—but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

To piety join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth; Modesty is one of its chief ornaments, and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reins as yet into your hands, but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity, and frequently produce mischiefs which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprise, and elated by hope, they are resolved to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge with precipitate indiscretion into the midst of all the dangers with which life abounds. *Seest thou a young man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him.*—Positive as you now are in your own opinions, and confident in

your assertions, be assured that the time approaches when both men and things will appear to you in a different light. Many characters which you now admire will by and bye sink in your esteem; and many opinions, of which you are at present most tenacious, will alter as you advance in years. Distrust, therefore, that glare of youthful presumption which dazzles your eyes. Abound not in your own sense. Put not yourselves forward with too much eagerness; nor imagine that by the impetuosity of juvenile ardour you can overturn systems which have been long established, and change the face of the world. *Learn not to think more highly of yourselves than you ought, but to think soberly.* By patient and gradual progression in improvement, you may in due time command lasting esteem. But by assuming at present a tone of superiority, to which you have no title, you will disgust those whose approbation it is most important to gain. Forward vivacity may fit you to be the companions of an idle hour. More solid qualities must recommend you to the wise, and mark you out for importance and consideration in subsequent life.

It is necessary to recommend to you sincerity and truth—this is the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character where we can see no heart, those foldings of art through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate—present an object unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to shew itself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men, when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in

old age ; its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame : it degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm—they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. *The lip of truth shall be established for ever ; but a lying tongue shall be but for a moment.* The path of truth is a plain and a safe path—that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop ; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct ; it betrays at the same time a dastardly spirit ; it is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself—whereas openness of character displays that generous boldness which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life. But to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition ; to despise every advantage which cannot be attained without dishonest arts ; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation—are the indications of a great mind, and the presages of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time, this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wis-

dom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind—of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

---

### THE SAVAGE OF AVEYRON.

---

The following particulars respecting that extraordinary being are extracted from the Report made to the National Institute by Citizen Degerando.

**W**HEN the young creature, known by the name of the Savage of Aveyron, was discovered in the forest of Canni, and brought to Paris by the professor Bonaterre, the public for a considerable time echoed with this intelligence. It occupied the idle, attracted the curious, and gave rise to a multitude of discussions which were at least premature, as they could then have no foundation but conjecture.

In the mean time, the public (who ran in crowds to see this child) were astonished to behold in him only a being, nearly insensible, which appeared neither to hear nor to see, which gave no sign of attention, and appeared to have no sort of active principle. Thus the interest which he excited became extinct as soon as it was raised.

The spirit of system then passed a new sentence on him. Some persons (according to whose opinions the savage state is not only the primitive, but also the most perfect state of man) were surprised that this child of nature corresponded so ill with their ideas; and, dreading that he would com-

pletely overturn their hypothesis, they hastened to secure themselves from any conclusion that might be deduced from him, by declaring that he was born a fool.

Superficial minds confirmed this sentence. The Savage of Aveyron resembled a fool; it was therefore easy to conclude he was a fool; and, what lent a strong confirmation to this opinion was, that Pinel (a physician, who has acquired a high reputation by his successes on persons of disordered intellects) having accurately examined all the circumstances connected with the physical and moral state of this boy, and having compared them with those of the idiots confined at the hospital of the Salpetriere, found such a perfect coincidence between them, that he thought himself justified in declaring this creature a natural idiot.

But a few philosophers still opposed themselves to a decision so precipitate and severe. They thought it possible that the solitary and brutal life of the Savage of Aveyron might have produced a sort of habitual idiotism, the appearances of which might be similar to those of natural idiotism; and they held it extremely unjust to condemn the creature for ever, and extremely unwise to leave so extraordinary a phenomenon totally unexplained; at the same time they suggested the means that they conceived would be most effectual to rouse his faculties, and unfold his understanding, if in reality he had any. Locke and Condilhac had already given the idea of these means. Previous to any attempt to produce connection of ideas, the ideas themselves should be created; in order to create the ideas, the attention should be fixed; and, in order to fix the attention, the wants and necessities of the person should be interested. They did not wish to teach him the use of signs, before he could have acquired those notions which these terms are in-

tended to express; they wished to work on his sensibility, to direct it to its proper object, and, by the formation of new habits, to counteract those depraved ones by which he had already been enslaved. They saw that a long time would be required to excite in him attention to a world to which he was a stranger, and regard for objects in which he has been and was yet totally uninterested; but they resolved to apply themselves with industry, and to await the effect with patience.

The boy was committed to the care of Citizen Ytard, physician of the national institution for the deaf and dumb, in order that, by the combination of physical and modern remedies, the double incapacities under which he laboured might be more effectually removed. Citizen Ytard's exertions have already been crowned with a degree of success which is almost prodigious; he has published the particulars, which he has dedicated to the National Institute.

He proceeded nearly in the following order:—The sense of feeling seemed to be nearly paralysed in the child; he shewed no sensibility either to heat or cold, his smell and taste were plunged in a similar sleep. A repetition of warm baths soon unfolded his nervous sensibility; in a little time after his feeling acquired a considerable degree of delicacy; he became nice in the choice of his food: he made use of a selection and a cleanliness in it, to which he had before been a stranger; his choice was directed by the smell.

The eye of this child was wild and wandering: he saw, without doubt, but he never dwelt on the object. The loudest noises appeared scarcely to strike his ear; a pistol-shot would not make him turn his head: superficial observers would have concluded that he was deaf—but Citizen Ytard, was aware that even when the sense is perfect of

perception is produced unless the mind is attentive, and he was not astonished that the violence of this sound made no impression on a being whom it could not interest. He found a new proof of the justness of his observation in the attention which his pupil bestowed on the smallest sound which could interest him, such as the cracking of a nut, or the turning of a key.

In the mean time new habits were formed in the boy; a number of new necessities arose—food, dress, rest, and walking out, were so many new means of augmenting his dependance. Finding himself under the necessity of availing himself of those about him, he has begun to feel the force of moral affections, and has conceived a particular attachment for his governess. His ideas have been multiplied and connected; some efforts have been made to amuse him, and it is contrived to unite instruction with amusement. He has been exercised at comparisons: they have accustomed him to compare objects with their images, and in these comparisons he has only been constrained to use the united powers of judgment and of memory. Citizen Ytard thought this a favourable moment to teach him our written characters, and he made use of the method employed in the instruction of the deaf and dumb—he wrote the name of the object on the image, and then by effacing the image, he hoped that the name would remain connected with the remembrance of the object; but this method proved unsuccessful. Then other means were used, (which are detailed in Citizen Ytard's publication) the effect of which was as happy as could be hoped. The boy now distinguishes the characters of the alphabet, and places them in their order; he pronounces the words *lait*, *soupe* (milk, soup) in the French tone, and then brings the proper letters, and forms these words. In this manner he every

day acquires a new word ; he has already passed the limits of his ignorance—he has entered on the territory of reason ; he is in possession of some of our terms of speech, and will soon be enabled to give us some information respecting his early condition—a subject which of all others must be most interesting to curiosity.

It must be observed, that he finds great difficulty in the formation of articulate sounds ; from the effect of long disuse of his organs of speech, there are only a few words that he can pronounce perfectly ; but it is hoped that the same perseverance which conquered the first difficulties that stood in his way, will also help him over the others.

---

## ACCOUNT OF PONT Y POOL.

*(From Cox's History of Monmouthshire.)*

Concluded from page 240, in our last volume.

**I** WAS much indebted to Mr. Leigh, (continues this ingenious traveller) to whom I was introduced by my friend Mr. Greene, for a kind reception at his hospitable mansion of Pont y Pool park. During my continuance in this pleasing abode, I was permitted to inspect the interesting correspondence and papers of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, which highly gratified my curiosity, and have enabled me to throw a considerable light on the anecdotes of his life.

These papers comprise great part of his official correspondence during his embassies at Dresden, Berlin, and Petersburg ; and many interesting letters on the politics of the times, from some of his most confidential friends, particularly Mr. Fox, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Rigby, and the late Earl of



Orford. Among these papers is a collection of his poems in manuscript, particularly the original copy of *Isabella, or the Morning*.

The mansion was partly built by Major Hanbury towards the latter end of the last century, and partly by his son Capel; it is a comfortable house, but will soon be much improved and beautified by the present proprietor, in conformity with a judicious plan which is now carrying into execution.

In the possession of Mr. Leigh are several family pictures, not uninteresting. Three portraits of Major Hanbury, at different periods; the first when he was a young man, in a coat of mail, with his head bare; the second middle aged; the third, in a red cap, in the latter part of his life. The first of these portraits exhibits a handsome and frank countenance, and the last displays, even in old age, an appearance of great spirit and vivacity. The head of his second wife, Bridget Ayscough; a half length of his son Capel; two portraits of the Honourable Mrs. Hanbury, eldest daughter of Lord Viscount Tracy, and wife of Capel; a three quarters, in crayons, of the late John Hanbury, Esq. another of his wife Mrs. Hanbury, now Mrs. Stoughton, and their three infant sons. Two portraits of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, one in full dress with the ribband and star of the order of the Bath, the second in a plainer habit, reposing his cheek on one hand, and holding in the other his poem of *Isabella, or the Morning*; this picture is well painted, and larger than that at Colebrook. I noticed also a fine whole length portrait of Sir John Hanbury, knight, of Kilmarsh, in Northamptonshire, who was descended from a collateral branch of the Hanburys, seated at Beneshall,\* in

---

\* Heralds' office, pedigree of the Hanburys of Beneshall and Kilmarsh.

the county of Worcester; he died in 1634, aged 65. A head of an old man in a blue night-cap, though indifferently painted, must not be passed over in silence—it is the portrait of Mr. Williams of Caerleon, the friend of Major Hanbury, and the great benefactor of the family.

Over the fire-place in the dining-room is a painting which represents Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in a mourning habit, sitting, with her daughter Anne, afterwards Countess of Sunderland, clothed in white, and holding a basket of fruit; Blenheim house appears in the back ground; the beautiful countenance of the duchess, and the elegant form of the young lady, are eminently conspicuous. In the same apartment are several others, not undeserving of notice: John, Duke of Marlborough, sitting with a truncheon in his hand; Frederick the Second, King of Prussia—a present from that monarch to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, when ambassador at Berlin; the earl of Strafford, who was beheaded in the reign of Charles the First, by Vandyke; Sir Robert Walpole, a copy from Vanloo; and Thomas Winnington, Esq. of Stanford court, Worcestershire, the friend of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams—a great supporter of the Whig interest, and an active partisan of Sir Robert Walpole. He filled the offices of lord of the admiralty and treasury; was treasurer of the navy and paymaster of the forces, and died in 1747.

A connoisseur will not fail to admire two charming pictures by Morillo, a present from Sir Robert Walpole to Capel Hanbury; they represent two groupes of boys, with the nature and simplicity which characterise the works of that pleasing master. Among several curious paintings, which Mr. Leigh brought from Gpoll Castle in the county of Glamorgan, the seat of her late husband, Sir Ro-

bert Humphrey Mackworth, bart. is an Esculapius, writing, said to be by Vandyke, and a portrait on wood of a handsome man in black armour, his head uncovered, with a scarf tied round his left arm, inscribed with a motto *n'oblie point*; a battle and a siege are represented in the back ground. It bears the date of 1577, ætatis 35, and an inscription, one word of which is illegible "pour \*\*\*\*\* et ma patrie." It appears to be the portrait of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the weak and haughty favourite of Queen Elizabeth.

The mansion is singularly situated at the extremity of the grounds, a small distance from the town, which (though seated on the perpendicular cliff rising from the opposite bank of the Avon) is so judiciously concealed by plantations of oak, beech, and poplars, that scarcely a single house is discerned. The view is rendered formal by a kitchen garden, which occupies the interval between the front of the house and the torrent, and by an artificial terrace, in the style of the last age, not consonant to the genius of the place. But these specimens of false taste will soon be removed; a lawn of verdure will gradually slope from the house to the torrent, and harmonise with the native beauties of the scenery.

The grounds are pleasing, wild, and diversified; a narrow lawn stretches from the house to the turnpike road to Pont y Moel; the western boundary is the Avon Lwyd, which here rushes with its usual rapidity; the left bank is flat, the right a perpendicular cliff, beyond which towers the bold and bare summit of the Mynydd Maen. On the opposite side of the vale the grounds rise into abrupt eminences, clothed with hanging groves, and crowned with tufts of wood. The edge of this beautiful valley, if skirted by a succession of ancient oaks, beeches, and Spanish chestnuts, which sweep the

lawn with their pendent and wide spreading branches. The upper part of the park is composed of gentle undulations swelling one above the other, and separated by small dingles; not a vestige of art appears, no clumps, no avenues, no formal outlines—the whole seems moulded and planted by the hand of nature.

In company with Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, I had a pleasant ride through the park and grounds to the folly—a summer-house built by the late Mr. Hanbury, near the southern extremity of the chain of hills which stretch from Pont y Pool park, and terminate in the Blorenges. From this eminence, the wild and fertile parts of Monmouthshire, the hills and dales, plains and mountains, are beautifully combined, and enriched with woodlands, which overspread the country to a considerable extent. No traveller should quit Monmouthshire without enjoying this singular and almost boundless prospect.

The parish church of Pont y Pool, called Treve-thin, is situated on an eminence at a distance of a mile from the town; a neat gravel walk ascends to it through the plantations of Pont y Pool park—which was begun at the expense of Mrs. Evans, daughter of the late curate, and is now maintained by subscription under her superintendence. The church consists of a square tower of stone, with white-washed battlements, a nave, a north aisle, and a chapel. It appears to be an ancient structure—the nave being separated from the aisle by four low circular arches reposing on massive columns scarcely five feet in height. The chancel is divided from the church by a gothic arch, over which is inscribed “John Hanbury, Charles Rogers, Mercer, church-wardens, 1730.” On the pulpit I noticed an inscription in large old characters.

*Vol. 16.—No. 61. G*

ters—" 1637, God save the king, C. R. 13. J. H. A. H. R. H. A. H." which are the initial letters of John and Richard Hanbury and of their respective wives, with the arms of the family rudely carved.

At the eastern extremity of the northern aisle is a small chapel adjoining to the chancel, the cemetery of the Hanbury family. At the upper end is a sepulchral monument, erected by his widow to the memory of Major Hanbury, and surmounted by his bust in marble well executed.

" Here lies the body of JOHN HANBURY, Esq.  
of Pent y Pool, in the county of Monmouth,  
who by his great understanding and humanity  
made the people of this place and neighbourhood rich  
and happy ;

and they will tell their children to latest posterity  
that he was a wise and honest man.

He was chosen in eight parliaments,  
and was knight of the shire for the county of Monmouth at his decease.

He was appointed by the great Duke of Marlborough  
one of his executors to his last will.

He married Bridget, daughter of Sir Edward Ayscough,  
of Kelsey, in the county of Lincoln,  
by whom he left five sons, John, Capel, Charles,  
George, and Thomas.

He died the 14 day of June 1734 in the 70 year of his  
age."

In the church-yard is an epitaph in verse which  
deserves notice, because it was composed by Sir

**Charles Hanbury Williams, in commemoration of  
a faithful agent :**

**" To the memory of**

**MR. THOMAS COOKE,**

**agent of the iron-works**

**to John Hanbury, Esq.**

**of Pont y Pool,**

**who died August the 1<sup>st</sup>**

**1739 : aged 66 years."**

**" With most religious truth it may be said  
Beneath this stone an honest man lies dead ;  
Vice he abhorr'd, in virtue's path he trod ;  
Just to his master, humble to his God.  
Useful he liv'd, and void of all offence ;  
By Nature sensible, well bred by sense ;  
His master's interest was his constant end ;  
(The faithfull'st servant, and the truest friend)  
For him his heart and hand were always join'd,  
And love with duty strictly was combin'd.**

**" Together thro' this vale of life they pass'd,  
And in this church together sleep at last ;  
For when the master's fatal hour was come,  
The servant sigh'd and followed to the tomb.  
And when at the last day he shall appear,  
Thus shall his Saviour speak and scatter fear :  
" Well done, thou faithful servant, good and just,  
Receive thy well deserv'd reward of trust ;  
Come where no time can happiness destroy,  
Into the fullness of thy master's joy."**

**A proof of the rapid progress made by the  
English language in this place was imparted to me  
by the Rev. Mr. Williams, vicar of the parish.—  
Since his first arrival at Pont y Pool, the service was  
performed once in English, and three times in**

Welsh, and the greater part of the congregation scarcely understood English; at present the two languages are alternately used, and the English tongue predominates.

---

## OF REGIMEN OF HEALTH.

BY LORD BACON.

**T**HERE is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic: a man's own observation what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health; but it is a safer conclusion to say, "This agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it," than this, "I find no offence in this, therefore I may use it"—for strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses, which are owing a man till his age. Discern of the coming of years, and think not to do the same things still—for age will not be defied. Beware of sudden change in any great point of diet, and if necessity enforce it, fit the rest to it: for it is a secret both in nature and state, that it is safer to change many things than one. Examine thy customs of diet, sleep, exercise, apparel, and the like; and try in any thing thou shalt judge hurtful, to discontinue it by little and little; but so, as if thou dost find any inconvenience by the change, thou come back to it again: for it is hard to distinguish that which is generally held good and wholesome, from that which is good particularly and fit for thine own body. To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and sleep, and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger fretting inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and

exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy, variety of delights rather than surfeit of them, wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties, studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature. If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you shall need it; if you make it too familiar, it will work no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh. I commend rather some diet for certain seasons, than frequent use of physic, except it be grown into a custom—for those diets alter the body more, and trouble it less. Despise no new accident in your body, but ask opinion of it. In sickness, respect health principally, and in health, action: for those that put their bodies to endure in health, may in most sicknesses which are not very sharp, be cured only with diet and tendering. Celsus could never have spoken it as a physician, had he not been a wise man withal, when he giveth it for one of the great precepts of health and lasting, that a man do vary and interchange contraries, but with an inclination to the more benign extreme: use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise—and the like: so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries. Physicians are some of them so pleasing and conformable to the humour of the patient, as they press not the true cure of the disease; and some other are so regular in proceeding according to art for the disease, as they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient. Take one of a middle temper, or (if it may not be found in one man) combine two of either sort; and forget not to call as well the best acquainted with your body, as the most reputed of for his faculty.



*To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.**Sir,*

**T**HE insertion of the following *Extract* from BISHOP NEWTON, which is particularly deserving the attention both of *merchants* and *tradesmen* at the commencement of the NEW YEAR, will oblige,

*Sir,*

Yours respectfully,

*Islington, Jan. 1, 1801.*

JOHN EVANS.

---

“TRADE is a fluctuating thing : it passed from Tyre to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Venice, from Venice to Antwerp, from Antwerp to Amsterdam and London—the English rivalling the Dutch, as the French are now rivalling both. All nations almost are wisely applying themselves to trade ; and it behoves those who are in the possession of it to take care that they do not lose it. It is a plant of tender growth, and requires sun, and soil, and fine seasons to make it thrive and flourish ; it will not grow like the palm tree, which, with the weight and pressure, rises the more. Liberty is a friend to that, as that is to liberty : but nothing will support and promote it more than virtue, and what virtue teacheth—sobriety, industry, frugality, modesty, honesty, punctuality, humanity, charity, the love of our country, and the fear of God !”

---




---

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

---

THE DRAMA.

---

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE

---

COVENT GARDEN.

**A** NEW tragedy, called *Alfonso, King of Castile*,  
written by Mr. M. G. Lewis, was performed  
on Friday evening for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso .....	Mr. MURRAY.
Orsino .....	Mr. COOKE.
Cæsario .....	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Henriques .....	Mr. BETTERTON.
Melchin .....	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Father Bazil .....	Mr. WADDY.
Gomez .....	Mr. CLERMONT.
Ricardo .....	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Amehrosa .....	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Ottilla .....	Mrs. LITCHFIELD.
Estella .....	Mrs. ST. LEGER.

This production has certainly more pretensions to rank as a dramatic poem than an acting tragedy. In the first point of view it possesses many undeniable claims to excellence. The sentiments are generally noble, the diction impassioned, energetic, and natural, and the characters stamped with originality of idea and expression. Among the finest passages, we quote with pleasure the following, which was rapturously applied, by a great number of the audience, to our beloved Sovereign. *Orsino* thus expresses his effusions of loyalty, when urged by his son *Cesario* to exact vengeance of his king for his private wrongs.

“*Cesario*. Has he not wronged thee?”

“*Orsino*. Deeply, boy, most deeply—  
But in his whole wide kingdom none but me!  
Look thro’ Castile! See all smile, bloom, and flourish.

No peasant sleeps ere he has breath’d a blessing  
On his good king—no thirst of power, false pride,  
Or martial rage, he knows; nor wou’d he shed  
One drop of subject blood to buy the title  
Of a new Mars! E’en broken-hearted widows  
And childless mothers, while they weep the slain,  
Cursing the wars, confess his cause was just!  
Such is Alfonso, such the man whose virtues  
Now fill thy throne, Castile, to bless thy children.  
What shews the adverse scale? What find we there?  
My sufferings—mine alone! And what am I,  
That I should weigh against the public welfare?  
What are my wrongs against a monarch’s rights?  
What is my curse against a nation’s blessings?”

There are, however, it must be admitted, several puny conceits, a glitter of verbiage, and shew of idle ornament, that evince a want of judgment; with many grand and impressive sentiments. Mr. Lewis has unfortunately combined many common-place

thoughts. Defective as the piece is in these respects, it is at least equal in poetical merit to the best tragedy which has been performed for the last ten years.

As a tragedy for representation we cannot speak of it so favourably—the plot is not conducted with skill, and the mind does not wait with anxiety for the catastrophe. The muse of Mr. Lewis delights too much in spectres and blood, and of the latter there is certainly a *quantum sufficit* to furnish matter for any six of our modern compositions in the same line.

---

### The Cabinet of BIRTH.

---

*Here let the jest and merry tale go round.*

---

WHEN Louis XIV. was travelling through his kingdom, it was the custom for the mayors of towns through which he passed to harangue their sovereign at the gate of the town, attended by the *Eschevins* (Aldermen). At *Épernay*, in *Champagne*, when the mayor begun his harangue, an ass, loaded with apples, began, by the road side, to bray. The mayor, who *only observed the monarch*—and the king, who *only heard the long-eared beast*, called out with a loud voice, "Silence that ass!"—which so disconcerted the magistrate, that he could not say a word; and the king got quit of the ceremony for that time, with plenty of food for the amusement of himself and his courtiers.



When the great Duke of Marlborough visited the Duke of Montague at Boughton, he in high terms commended the excellency of his water-works ; to which the latter, with great quickness replied, " but they are by no means comparable to your Grace's *fire-works*."



It is remarkable, that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was, " God mend me !" One day, in a dispute with a hackney-coachman, he used this expression. " Mend you !" says the coachman, " it would not be half the trouble to make a new one !"



A rich and sprightly city widow, pestered with letters of courtship by a certain tradesman, to whom her jointure would be very convenient, he was so imprudent lately as to accuse her before company of ill manners, in not answering his epistles.—" You can easily obviate the complaint," said she, " and have your revenge."—" How, madam ?"—" *By never more writing to me,*" rejoined the widow.



A young gentleman waited lately on a distinguished official character, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, to mention, that he was ambitious of getting into place. " Have you *money*, or *merit* ?" asked the latter. " Plenty of both," replied the spark.—" That is impossible, young pun, *merit* always dwells with *modesty*."

idle o.  
many-  
has unfø

---

THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND.*

FOR JANUARY, 1802.

---

ODE FOR THE 'NEW YEAR,'  
1802.

---

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

---

**L**O! from BELLONA's crimson car  
At length the panting steeds unbound;  
At length the thunder of the War  
In festive shouts of Peace is drown'd:  
Yet, as around her Monarch's brow  
BRITANNIA twines the olive bough,  
Bold as her eagle eye is cast,  
On hours of recent tempest past,  
Thro' the rude wave and adverse gale  
When free she spread her daring sail,  
Immortal Glory's radiant form  
Her guiding load-star through the storm,  
Directed by whose golden ray,  
Thro' rocks and shoals she kept her steady way—  
"My sons," she cries, "can Honour's Guerdon claim,  
Unsoil'd my parent worth, unstain'd their Sovereign's  
fame."

ALBION, tho' oft by dread alarms,  
 Thy native valour has been tried,  
 Ne'er did the lustre of thy arms  
 Shine forth with more refulgent pride  
 Than which, while Europe's sons dismay'd,  
 Shrank recreant from thy mighty aid,  
 Alone, unfriended, firm you stood  
 A barrier 'gainst the foaming flood !  
 When mild and soft the silken breeze  
 Blows gently o'er the rippling seas,  
 The pinnacle then may lightly sweep  
 With painted oar the halcyon deep ;  
 But, when the howling whirlwinds rise  
 When mountain billows threat the skies,  
 With ribs of oak the bark must brave  
 The inroad of the furious wave—  
 The hardy crew must to the raging wind  
 Oppose the sinewy arm, the unconquerable mind.

In ev'ry clime where ocean roars,  
 High tho' thy 'naval banners flew,  
 From where, by Hyperborean shores,  
 The frozen gale ungenial blew,  
 To sultry lands, that Indian surges lave,  
 Atlantic's isles, and fam'd Canopa's wave ;  
 Tho' from insulted Egypt's coast  
 Thy armies swept the victor host,  
 From veteran bands, where British valour won  
 The lofty walls of Ammon's godlike son !  
 Useless the danger and the toil  
 To free each self-devoted soil,  
 Auxiliar legions from thy side  
 Recede, to swell the Gallic Conqueror's pride,  
 While on Marengo's fatal plain,  
 Faithful to honour's tie, brave AUSTRIA bleeds in vain !

Not fired by fierce Ambition's flame  
 Did ALBION's Monarch urge his car  
 Impetuous thro' the bleeding ranks of War,  
 To succour and protect his noble aim :  
 His guardian arm while each Hesperian vale,  
 While LUSITANIA's vine-clad mountains hail,

Their ancient rights and laws restor'd,  
 The Royal Patriot sheds the avenging sword;  
 By Heav'n-born Concord led, while Plenty smiles,  
 And sheds her bounties wide, to bless the SISTER ISLES,

## A BETH GELENT;

### OR, THE STORY OF THE GREYHOUND.

*(The story of this ballad is traditional in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewellyn had a house: the greyhound, named Gelert, was given him by his father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205; and the place, to this day, is called Beth Gelert, or the Grave of Gelert.)*

**T**HE spearman heard the bugle sound,  
 And cheerly smil'd the morn,  
 And many a brach, and many a hound  
 Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,  
 And gave a louder cheer;  
 "Come, Gelert, why art thou the last  
 "Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"O where does faithful Gelert roam?"  
 "The sower of all his race;  
 "So true, so brave a lamb—at home,  
 "A lion in the chace!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board  
 The faithful Gelert fed;  
 He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,  
 And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,  
 The gift of Royal John,  
 But now no Gelert could be found,  
 And all the chace rode on.



And now, as over rocks and dells  
The gallant chidings rise,  
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells  
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little lov'd  
The chace of heart or hare,  
And scant and small the booty prov'd  
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied,  
When, near the portal seat,  
His truant Gelert he espied,  
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,  
Aghast the chieftain stood;  
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,  
His lips and fags run blood!

Llewellyn gaz'd with wild surprise,  
Unus'd such looks to meet;  
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,  
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,  
And on went Gelert too;  
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,  
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,  
The blood-stain'd covert rent;  
And all around the walls and ground,  
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied,  
He search'd with terror wild;  
Blood! blood he found on ev'ry side,  
But no where found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!"  
The frantic father cried:  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plung'd in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to the earth he fell,  
No pity could impart;  
But still his Gelert's dying yell  
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arouz'd by Gelert's dying yell,  
Some slumberer waken'd nigh—  
What words the parent's joy can tell,  
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,  
His hurried search had miss'd;  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
His cherub boy he kiss'd!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread;  
But the same couch beneath  
Lay a great wolf, all torn, and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain,  
For now the truth was clear—  
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe—  
“Blest of thy kind, adieu!  
“The frantic deed which laid thee low,  
“This heart shall ever rue!”

And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
With costly sculpture deckt;  
And marbles storied with his praise,  
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,  
Or forester, unmov'd;  
Here oft the tear besprinkled grass,  
Llewellyn's sorrow prov'd.

And here he hung his horn and spear;  
And oft as evening fell,  
In fancy's piercing sounds, would hear  
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,  
 And cease the storm to brave,  
 The consecrated spot shall hold  
 The name of Gelert's grave!

### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

**W**ITH a warning most solemn, the new opening  
 year

Addresses each mortal below ;  
 May it, from our subsequent conduct, appear  
 That its admonitions we know.

Ye *Young*, recollect that the year, as it flies,  
 Brings you onward on life's busy stage :  
 During youth be religious, be prudent, be wise,  
 Thus will you bear fruit in old age.

Ye *Bustlers*, who've reached the grand acme of *days*,  
 Know, your years are hence on the decline :  
 Steal some hours from earth, for devotion and *praise*,  
 That the evening of life may be fine.

Ye *Aged*, who, humanly speaking, will drop  
 E'er this new year shall come to a close,  
 Search the Scriptures—those fountains of solace and  
 hope,  
 That your last may be days of repose.

Ye *Princes* and *Kings*, know that each flying year  
 Bears you also on to the grave :  
 For that, by attention to virtue, prepare,  
 Since virtue death's weapons can brave.

Ye *poor Sons of Want*, though distress'd, never mourn,  
 Nor dare against God to complain :  
 For each year brings you forward to that happy bourne  
 Where exist neither sorrow nor pain.

Ye *Wicked*, reflect with the deepest remorse,  
 That each year brings you nearer your end—  
 An end the most dreadful, except, by your course  
 Being alter'd, God is render'd a friend.

Ye *Righteous*, to you it belongs to rejoice,  
The faster your years roll away,  
For the sooner you'll hear your Maker's kind voice  
Bid you welcome to regions of day.

Hackney,  
Jan. 1, 1802.

J. F

# PARAPHRASE

ON THE MOST DESCRIPTIVE PARTS OF  
*HERVEY'S WINTER PIECE.*

BY T. THOMAS,  
*Pontypool, Monmouthshire.*

## PART. I.

**T**IS true, in the delightful days, God's love  
And tenderness most eminently move :  
The *Vernal* months, all beauty to the eye,  
With sweetest music the fond ear supply ;  
The clouds drop fatness, and the soften'd air  
Melts into balm, and soothes our every care :  
While flow'rs in rich abundance round are spread,  
Bloom where we look, and spring where'er we tread.  
Midst *Summer* heats he wide expands the leaves,  
And thick'ning shades his fostering hand receives ;  
The cooling arbour spreads, the gentle breeze  
Wakes into motion, without pow'r to freeze ;  
The mossy couch invites to sweet repose,  
Swells into beds more soft than luxury knows ;  
While the bright streamlet rolls in murmurs by,  
To sooth the mind and charm the longing eye.—  
In *Autumn* how his bounty clothes the fields  
With yellow treasure, best that nature yields,  
With fruit delicious bends the yellow boughs,  
While from his hand refreshing plenty flows ;  
The hospitable board he crowns with store—  
A magazine when summer warms no more.  
But is it only in those months of green  
That his all-gracious hand is seen ?

Can WINTER then no tokens of him raise—  
Is Winter then not eloquent in praise?  
Yes—for the mighty whirlwind marks his way,  
And storms and tempests loud proclaim his sway;  
Ev'n piercing frosts his endless goodness prove,  
And trembling nations shrink when he reprove.  
Be Winter, then, awhile our only theme,  
Nor fear improvement from the barren scene.  
The rig'rous cold that binds with icy chain,  
Our hearts may warm, and our affections gain.

See how the day is short'ned: see, the sun,  
Detain'd in fairer climes, how loath to run  
His shortened race. How slow! he scarcely moves  
(Unwilling visitant) thro' leafless groves,  
Walks with indifference and aspect shy  
Along the edges of the southern sky—  
On our dejected world no longer fair,  
And scarcely scatters light through the thick air;  
Dim his appearance, languid are his gleams,  
Nor life nor vigour meet his oblique beams,  
Or if by chance a brighter aspect wears,  
Or cloudless brow, alas! he disappears  
In the house of mourning; like the gay and young,  
He seems uneasy, and betimes is gone.  
Let him depart, nor court his longer stay,  
Since he can shew at best a joyless day—  
Nothing but spectacles of grief and woe—  
A world in sorrow is a gloomy shew.  
The flow'ry beds in death, the tuneful tribes  
Now pass in silence their own chirping lives.  
The trees, of verdure stript and lash'd by storms,  
(To Heav'n relentless) spread their naked arms!  
Fragrance no longer floats o'er groves below,  
But chilling damps or cutting gales now blow.  
Nature, divested of her robes so fair,  
Sits like a forlorn widow in despair;  
And winds in doleful accents o'er the deep  
Howl—while the rains in show'rs repeated weep.  
Sometimes the day is render'd shorter still,  
And vapours gather round each dark'ning hill:  
Impenetrable gloom obscures the sky,  
And light and heat retire in silence by.

At length the rains descend, the sluices wide  
 Pour forth the firmament's o'erwhelming tide :  
 The low-hung clouds, whose congregated stores  
 Deluge the earth and lash th' affrighted shores,  
 Copious, unintermitted, still they pour  
 (Still unexhausted) a perpetual show'r :  
 The waters drop incessant from the caves,  
 While the hard stone a lasting print receives :  
 The loaded spouts discharge their rapid streams,  
 And all around a liquid desert seems :  
 The channel'd pavements hear their constant roar,  
 And village streets in shallows bear their store.  
 Should inattentive eyes or careless hands,  
 The roof neglect, that half uncovered stands,  
 Th' insinuating element, thro' every flaw,  
 Soon finds its way, obeying nature's law,  
 Stains the white ceiling, ready to chastise  
 Who trusts his dwelling to th' uncertain skies.  
 The plowman, soak'd, hies home with downward form,  
 And leaves his half-till'd acre to the storm.  
 Dripping with wet, the poultry quit the fields,  
 And crave the shelter which the covert yields.  
 The leafy tenants fold their matted wings,  
 No merry songster in the arbour sings.  
 The beasts dispirited, now croud the sheds,  
 While roads are drown'd, and brooks forsake their beds,  
 And rivers midst the ferment leap their bounds,  
 Rous'd into rage, and drench the neigh'ring ground ;  
 Shoot through the meads, all opposition vain,  
 And in a soaking deluge hide the plain.—  
 How good for man, no flow'ry crops are borne  
 By the wild stream, no vallies thick with corn,  
 Are now destroy'd, what ruin might ensue,  
 If he in judgment, dealt not mercy too,  
 But thus well timed a strong manure yields,  
 And riches in reversion clothe the fields.  
 (How mighty ! How majestic ! and how grand,  
 Are all thy works ; thou God of seas and land !)  
 When calm the air, where sleep the stormy wind ?  
 What chambers keep, what dungeons hold confin'd ?  
 'Till thou art pleas'd their dormant rage to wake,  
 Throw wide their doors, and bid them vengeance take.—

Then with impetuous haste resistless fly,  
 Spread death around, and all in ruins lie.  
 The atmosphere in wild confusion hurl'd,  
 In furious torrents shake th' astonish'd world.  
 All Nature with the shock convulsive reels,  
 And in her deepest holds the conflict feels.—  
 The Forest vex'd and in the tumult tore,  
 Groans with a scourge not often felt before;  
 Her sturdy Sons, are strain'd from Air to Earth.  
 And almost kiss the soil that gave them birth.—  
 The stubborn Oak by mortal power not bent,  
 Is headlong dash'd, by sweeping currents rent;  
 With shatter'd arms, and mangl'd limbs around,  
 Its vanquish'd trunk, lies measured with the ground;  
 While the soft Reed, that decks the marshy soil,  
 Stoops to the blast: nor once repents the toil;  
 Eludes the gust, again resumes its form,  
 Survives the wreck, and lives amid the storm!

END OF THE FIRST PART.

### SONNET TO A LYRE.

**F**RRIEND of the lonely hour, from thy lov'd strain,  
 The magic pow'r of pleasure have I known;  
 Awhile I lose remembrance of my pain,  
 And seem to taste of joys that long had flown.

When o'er my suffering soul reflection casts  
 The gloom of sorrow's sable-shadowing veil,  
 Recalling sad misfortune's chilling blasts—  
 How sweet to thee to tell the mournful tale!

And tho' denied to me the strings to move  
 Like heav'nly gifted bards, to whom belong  
 But ever to melt the yielding soul to love,  
 Natulike to war, with energetic song—  
 Sits li, my Lyre, canst cheer the gloomy hour,  
 And when grief asserts her tyrant pow'r.

Howl-  
 Some *ard's Inn.*

T. G\*\*\*

And  
 Impe.  
 And l

---

## Literary Review.

---

*Account of the Life and Writings of William Robertson, D. D. F. R. S. E. late Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland.* Cadell and Davies. 6s. in boards.

THOSE who have read the writings of this eminent historian will wish to become acquainted with the particulars of his biography—but his life is little else than a history of his literary labours. Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON was born at Borthwick, Mid Lothian, 1721, his father being minister of that parish—received his grammar learning at Dalkeith—and entered on his academical career towards the close of 1733, which he passed through with reputation. His common place book, dated 1735, 1736, and 1737, have this motto—“*Vita sine literis mors est*—Life without the cultivation of letters is DEATH;” which attests how soon those views and sentiments were formed which to his latest hour continued to guide and dignify his ambition. In 1741 he was licenced to preach, and in 1743 presented to the living of Gladsmair, in East Lothian, by the Earl of Hopton. During 1745 and 1746 he was very active in suppressing the rebellion. In 1751 he married, and in 1755 published his famous sermon before the society for propagating Christian knowledge. In 1759, when he removed to Edinburgh as one of its



ministers, he brought out his *History of Scotland*.— In 1761 he became one of his Majesty's chaplains in ordinary for Scotland; 1762 saw him chosen principal of the university of Edinburgh; and two years afterwards, the office of King's historiographer for Scotland, with a salary of two hundred pounds a-year, was revived in his favour. He published his *Charles the Fifth* in 1769, and his *History of America* in 1777, and in 1790 his *Historical Disquisition concerning India*, which is the last of his publications. Mr. Dugald Stewart (the author of this elegant narrative) gives the following interesting account of his illness and dissolution:—

“ His health began apparently to decline in the end of the year 1791; till then it had been more uniformly good than might have been expected from his studious habits; but about this period he suddenly discovered strong symptoms of jaundice, which gradually undermined his constitution, and terminated at length in a lingering and fatal illness. He had the prospect of death long before him—a prospect deeply afflicting to his family and friends, but of which, without any visible abatement in his spirits, he happily availed himself to adorn the doctrines which he had long taught by an example of fortitude and of Christian resignation. In the concluding stage of his disorder, he removed from Edinburgh to *Grange House*, in the neighbourhood, where he had the advantage of a free air, and a more quiet situation, and (what he valued more than most men) the pleasure of rural objects and of a beautiful landscape. While he was able to walk abroad, he commonly passed part of the day in a small garden, enjoying the simple gratifications it afforded with all his wonted relish. Some who now hear me will long remember, among the trivial yet interesting incidents which marked these last days of his memorable life, his daily visits to the fruit-trees (which were then in blossom), and the smile

with which he more than once contrasted the interest he took in their progress with the event which was to happen before their maturity! At his particular desire I saw him (for the last time!) on the 4th of June, 1793, when his weakness confined him to his couch, and his articulation was already beginning to fail—and it is in obedience to a request with which he then honoured me that I have ventured, without consulting my own powers, to offer this tribute to his memory.—He died on the 11th of the same month, in the 71st year of his age.”

Such is the substance of this *memoir*, which was read before the Royal Society at Edinburgh: it does great credit to the talents of its author, and forms a handsome eulogium on the character of the most celebrated historian by which the age has been distinguished. The writer of this article had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Robertson preach frequently at Edinburgh in the year 1791; he was a robust man, and his mode of speaking, manly and impressive. His excellent writings will convey his name down with no small honour to posterity.

---

*Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs; by Robert Bloomfield, author of the Farmer's Boy.* Vernor and Hood. 4s. in boards.

WHEN the first production of a poet meets with universal admiration, a danger of failure, as to equal merit, is incurred by subsequent publications. This has been the case both with prose and poetical writers; however, we congratulate Mr. Bloomfield that the expectations raised by the *Farmer's Boy* are by this *second* volume abundantly gratified.

*Richard and Kate* depicts in a lively manner the comforts of virtuous old age in its numerous offspring.—*Walter and Jane* exhibits the anxieties attendant on marriage in the lower classes of the community;—whilst the *Miller's Maid* deeply interests the feelings of nature by the delineation of barbarous treatment, contrasted by the amiable compassion of a warm and generous heart.—*Whittlebury Forest* (in which stands Wakefield Lodge, the seat of the Duke of Grafton), addressed to his children, displays a fine strain of parental affection, mixed with a description of rural scenery.—The other pieces, chiefly songs and ballads, are written with an enchanting ease and a most impressive simplicity. The *Ode to Peace*, with which the volume commences, and the *Winter Song*, with which it concludes, together with other pieces of a similar nature, shall be extracted by us at different times, in order to enrich the pages of our Miscellany.

---

*Aphorisms for Youth, with Observations and Reflections, religious, moral, critical, and characteristic—some original, but chiefly selected, during an extended course of reading, from the most distinguished English, French, and Italian writers; interspersed with several pieces of original Poetry.* Lackington and Co. 5s. in boards.

THIS pleasing little volume contains a variety of maxims by which the minds both of parents and children may be usefully impressed. They are selected with taste and ability, and we wish that they may be widely circulated. The preface informs us that “Maternal solicitude first suggested the idea of the following compilation; the instruction

of a beloved daughter was its object—anxiety for whose welfare directing every avocation of a fond mother's mind, produced the desire of culling for her benefit whatever could form an useful lesson from those stores of literary genius and exalted wisdom, which came within the reach of her inspection." We cannot help expressing a wish that *all* parents were equally attentive to the minds and morals of the rising generation.

---

*Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education; by Elizabeth Hamilton, author of the Memoirs of Modern Philosophers, &c. Vol. II. Robinsons. 8s. in boards.*

WE are happy in announcing the conclusion of this valuable work, the first volume of which we noticed in a former number of our miscellany. We think the whole production creditable to the talents of the writer, and its contents well calculated to promote the improvement of the persons for whom they are intended. On education much has been written, and Miss H. seems to have steered through a middle path, avoiding those extremes of rigour and licentiousness, which are of a most pernicious tendency. The human mind must be gradually expanded, and at the same time meliorated by lenient treatment. This is the most effectual way of urging the powers of the intellect to maturity, and of rendering man competent to the task of acting his part with dignity on the great theatre of society.

---

*A Defence of Public Education; addressed to the Most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Meath. By William Vincent, D.D. Cadell and Davies. 1s. 6d.*

**D**R. RENNEL, and afterwards the Bishop of Meath, attacked public schools—and here the master of Westminster school strenuously defends them. The pamphlet is ably written, but carries not conviction to *our* minds. In a seminary where a large number of boys are educated, they will be necessarily corrupted: most alarming instances of this degeneracy have appeared, and to this cause the profligacy of our national manners have been attributed. We are glad, therefore, the subject is taken up, and trust that it will be thoroughly investigated. The only proper mode of training youth is by placing them in a situation where the number of pupils is not so small as to prevent a spirit of emulation, nor so large as to beget a disposition to extravagance, riot, and confusion. Such a plan is assuredly most favourable to religion and morality.

---

### *Retrospect of the Political World,*

FOR JANUARY, 1802.

**I**T is with the most heart-felt pleasure that we commence the *New Year* with the idea that PEACE is now diffusing her blessings throughout the earth. May her reign be extended and perpetuated to the latest posterity!

The *Definitive Treaty* still remains unsigned;—indeed the adjustment of so many jarring claims cannot be instantaneously effected. In former in-

stances, *six* or *eight* months have passed away before the matter could be finally settled. On the present occasion, therefore, we have no just reason to expect that the affairs of nations could be adjusted with greater rapidity. Let us, therefore, wait patiently—trusting that the inestimable blessings of peace will in due time be realised.

The *Mutineers* have been tried, and *eleven* of them executed at Portsmouth. Their case is much to be pitied; but our governors no doubt justify the procedure by the imperious law of necessity. Without subordination, the navy and army would soon run into irretrievable destruction.

The *French* seem in a state of great tranquillity. The First Consul is now paying a visit to Lyons, in the south of France: in that city he has been received in a most splendid manner, and with the warmest congratulations. It is even said that he intends visiting Bourdeaux, and thence return to the metropolis.—The talents and success of this extraordinary man excite admiration.

From *Egypt* intelligence has been received of the murder of the Beys by the Grand Signior;—as these unhappy men were under the protection of the English, it is reasonably to be expected that our government will chastise the Turks for this notorious act of treachery.

The President of the *United States*, in a speech delivered at Washington, Dec. 8, develops the particular condition and flourishing circumstances of that famed country. There is a manly perspicuity, and also a pacific spirit, which command our approbation. May peace and abundance extend their joint empire over every region of the globe!

## MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,

FOR JANUARY, 1802.

1. **A** COMMISSION granted by the admiralty for convening a court-martial for the trial of the mutineers in the late disturbance at Bantry-bay.

2. A meeting held by the printers and booksellers at the Crown and Anchor tavern, to take into consideration the enormous price of paper, and to endeavour to obtain from government some abatement of the present high duty.

6. Being the feast of Epiphany (commonly called Twelfth Day), his Majesty's offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, was made at the Chapel Royal at St. James's by the Bishop of London.

7. A detachment of the Guards arrived from Egypt, and, whilst marching into Portman barracks, were received by thousands of spectators with the loudest and most unbounded acclamations.

8. The Academy of ancient Music had their first general rehearsal for the season in the great room at the Crown and Anchor tavern, being the 74th of the kind. The performance, as usual, commenced with Dr. Rogers' invocation—"Come, all noble souls;" Mrs. Second sung, "Holy Lord;" Miss Tenant and Master Smith were loudly applauded in the duet, "O, lovely Peace!"—and the whole concluded with Handel's celebrated "Nightingale Chorus."

11. Mayfield, Ward, Chesterman, Fitzgerald, Cross, Lockier, Cummins. White, Hillier, Collins, Dayly, Rowland, Jones, and Cooke, of the Temeraire, were tried on board the Gladiator in

Portsmouth harbour, and this day found guilty of mutiny, in refusing to go to the West Indies. All (excepting White, who is to receive 200 lashes) were sentenced to be hanged. The trial lasted six days.

14. Mayfield, Collins, Fitzgerald, Chesternah, Ward, and Hillier were executed at Spithead.—They all behaved in a manner becoming their unhappy situation.

17. Six more of the mutineers were tried at Portsmouth, and being found guilty, five of them were executed. Their case is greatly to be pitied. It is to be hoped that these awful examples will deter others from insubordination in the service of their country.

18. The Queen's birth-day was ushered in and celebrated with its usual cheer and festivity. The company at court was numerous—the dresses splendid—and the tradesmen belonging to the Royal Family took care to decorate their houses in the evening of the day with appropriate illuminations.

20. Joseph Wall, Esq. governor of Goree, a little island on the coast of Africa, was tried at the Old Bailey by a special commission, and found guilty of the murder of Benjamin Armstrong, at the said island, in the year 1782. The deceased died of excessive flogging. The lives of two other persons had been taken away by him in the same manner and on the same occasion. Being however convicted on the first indictment, he was condemned to be hanged. In 1784 he had been arrested, and fled from justice. He lately offered himself for trial, under the firm idea of an acquittal.—He was a very tall genteel-looking man, and upwards of sixty years of age.—The reader may rely on these particulars respecting his person, the writer of this article having been present at his trial in the Old Bailey.



22. Out of 44 candidates for admission into the Asylum for the support and education of the Deaf and Dumb children of the poor, only *five* could be admitted at the last half-yearly election. This infant institution has 35 boys and 11 girls upon it; and their progress in the acquirements of knowledge, and means of getting their own living, best bespeaks the high necessity as well as worth of this charitable institution.

23. A shocking accident happened at the Royalty theatre, Goodman's Fields. A Jew lad, in his endeavours to get a front seat in the gallery, was precipitated by the pressure of the people from that height to the extremity of the pit, by which his legs were broken, his collar-bone dislocated—and he instantly expired!

28. This morning, about 8 o'clock, Governor Wall was brought out and executed in the front of Newgate. He had been respited twice. The crowd was immense, and upon his appearance on the scaffold, the mob inhumanly burst into acclamations.—The case of this unfortunate gentleman is singular: For a crime committed *twenty* years ago, and upon evidence of a contradictory nature, he has been sentenced to death! The public mind has been divided respecting him: but the example will be useful in deterring officers from the commission of such outrageous acts of barbarity.

## MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

**J**OHN THRING, Moorhouses, Lincoln, farmer. G. Kirson, Halifax, innkeeper. G. P. Ingold, Braintree, Essex, money-scrivener. A. Eyre, Union-street, Mary-le-bone, grocer. J. Nabb, Garrison, Derbyshire, calico-printer. H.

Trollip, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, mealman. John Juxon, Birmingham, grocer. Mark Nash, Wotton-Underedge, Gloucestershire, currier. J. Abbott and M. Palmer, Monk-Weremouth Shore, Durham, sail-makers. J. Wallace, Upper Mary-le bone-street, carpenter. J. Duff, Finsbury-square, merchant. W. Reece, Liverpool, merchant. D. Tobin and T. O'Meara, Nicholas-lane, merchants. T. Addison, Chute Forest, and W. Addison, Milton, Wiltshire, corn-dealers. R Wakeman, Birmingham, plater. T. Dennett, New-street, Covent-Garden, goldsmith. Wm. Graham, Ruskington, Lincolnshire, miller. L. Jones, late of the Collonade, Grenville-street, Brunswick-square, builder. J. Lickley, Newcastle-street, Strand, hosier. W. M'George, Old Bond-street, banker. T. Bulmer, Harmby, Yorkshire, dealer. H. G. Bonnin, New Bond-street, furniture-printer. W. Cooper, late of Derby, iron-founder. W. Lindsay, Manchester, manufacturer. G. Kendray, Hammer, York, dealer. C. Shaw, J. Graham, and J. Burn, Southampton, wine-merchants. W. Streater, Billingham, Sussex, miller. Margaret Ballman, Corfe Mullen, Dorset, miller. J. Timmis, Bowling-street, Westminster, shopkeeper. N. Lonsdale and T. Tompson, Bedford-street, Covent-Garden, woollen-drapers. J. Phillips, Swan-inn, Ross, innholder. R. Gates, Great Saffron-hill, Holborn, baker. J. Nobes and W. Nobes, Southsea-common, Portsea, green-grocers. W. Bendall, Whitcombe, Somersetshire, mealman. R. Blackmore, Colonade, near the Foundling-hospital, Middlesex, painter. J. Roberts, Shrewsbury, linen-draper. R. Guthrie, and Colin Cook, Liverpool, merchants. W. J. Donne, Liverpool, linen-draper. J. Heawood, late of Stockport, manufacturer. W. Powell, late of Brompton, Middlesex, butcher. J. Cham-

berlain, Bampton, Suffolk, innkeeper. J. Belamy and A. De Valanguin, Holborn, wine-merchants. W. Thorn, Drury-lane, woollen-draper. T. Needham, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, hosier. W. Green, Swansea, cheesemonger. J. Sissons, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. S. M'Knight, jun. Liverpool, merchant. J. Stuart, Canterbury-square, Tooley-street, mariner. J. Bishop, Leighton-hall, Lancashire, merchant. A. Douglas, Mount-row, Lambeth, Surrey, dealer. W. Bishop, Leighton-hall, Lancashire, merchant. J. Dane, W. Williamson, and R. Clay, Arnold, Nottinghamshire, hosiers. A. Harris, White-chapel, Middlesex hatter. S. C. Rozas, Brown's-buildings, Leadenhall-street, merchant. W. Webb, Clothfair, smith. T. Nanfan, Manchester, ware-houseman. W. Walker, Lancaster, merchant. G. Wright, Worcester, glove-seller. R. Clarke, Fore-street, Cripplegate, grocer. R. Fogg, jun. New Bond-street, chinaman. J. Coles, Smithfield, banker. J. T. Porter, Deal, Kent, grocer. R. and G. Clarke, Grub-street, horse-dealers. R. Taylor, Newton-Moor, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. M. Benedicti, Liverpool, shopkeeper. S. Johns, Plymouth-dock, shopkeeper. G. Skinner, Liverpool, master and mariner. J. Wall, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, baker. J. Lockey, Oxford, grocer. R. Wiggin, Bilston, Staffordshire, druggist.

---

### To Correspondents.

---

*We have received many valuable communications, which shall have proper attention paid them in the future progress of our Miscellany.*

---

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY



Markenist, sc.

Dr. Jonathan Swift.

Digitized by Google

---

# THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

---

FEBRUARY, 1802.

---

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

THE CELEBRATED DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

---

*Embellished with a fine Portrait.*

---

THE history of so extraordinary a character as the subject of our memoir cannot fail of being interesting to every inquisitive mind. Though long ago deceased, yet his writings still continue to be read, and will descend to future generations.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born, 1667, of a very ancient family. His birth has indeed been involved in some obscurity: some supposed him to be the natural son of Sir William Temple, but the surmise is now pretty generally rejected. His grandfather was Mr. Thomas Swift, a minister of the church of England, and married Mrs. Elizabeth Dryden, aunt of Dryden the poet—this surely was an honourable connection. The mother of the Dean, after her husband's decease, was taken into the family of Godwin Swift, her brother-in-law, who lived in Ireland, where she brought forth Jo-

Vol. 16.—No. 62. K

NATHAN, who was afterwards destined to be the ornament and glory of his country. Upon the death of his uncle Godwin, Sir William Temple took notice of him, and even received him into the family. The young man had passed through a course of education in the university of Dublin: in the first instance he rather neglected his learning, but afterwards devoted himself to study eight hours in the day during the space of seven years! He soon felt the advantages arising from this vigorous and continued application.

It is thought that even at this early period he began to write his famous *Tale of the Tub*, wherein he satirises the church of Rome, the church of England, and the Dissenters, under the three titles of Peter, Martin, and Jack. The first name is obvious; the second, taken from Martin Luther; and the third, from John Calvin. Indeed the church of Rome and the Dissenters are the chief subjects of his ridicule. The title is derived from a custom which fishermen have of catching whales by throwing out a *tub* to amuse and detain them. It is altogether a most strange book, but replete with originality. He never formally acknowledged it, but an Irish gentleman solemnly declares that he saw it in his own hand writing. A warrant was issued for the apprehension of the author, with a large reward; but the charge of being the writer was never brought home to him. In most things he wished to study eccentricity, and here was observed by him the profoundest secrecy.

Sir William Temple was the favourite of the Prince of Orange, who often visited him. On one of these occasions SWIFT attended his majesty in the walks about the garden, who admitted him to such a familiarity that he shewed him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch manner. It is said that the monarch offered him a situation in the army.

but SWIFT was inclined to an ecclesiastical destination.

SWIFT, during his residence with Sir William, visited his mother once a-year at Leicester, the place of her nativity. His manner of travelling was extraordinary—he always travelled on foot, except the weather was very unfavourable, when he would clamber up into a waggon; he chose to dine at obscure ale-houses amongst pedlars and ostlers, and to lie where he saw written over the door “lodgings for a penny,” but he used to bribe the maid with sixpence for a single bed and clean sheets.

Having quitted the family of Sir William, he took orders, and had given him an Irish prebendary. He however returned again to Sir William, who, dying four years after, left him a pecuniary legacy and his posthumous works. Our divine now applied for the first vacant prebendary of Canterbury or Westminster, but received instead of it the living of Laracor in Ireland. Here he performed the duties of a parish priest with great punctuality and devotion. He could not however forbear to indulge the peculiarity of his humour. Upon his coming to the parish, he gave notice that he would read prayers Wednesdays and Fridays, which had not been the custom; the bell accordingly was rung, and he ascended the desk, but having remained for some time with no other hearer than his clerk Roger, he began “Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth *you and me* in sundry places,” &c.—thus proceeding to the end of the service.

From the death of King William, in the year 1701 down to 1713, he engaged much in politics, and published various pamphlets on the Tory side of the question. He resided during this bustling period in London, and was in the most familiar habits with the ministry. As a proof of the popularity of his abilities, *eleven thousand* copies of a pamph-



let entitled the *Conduct of the Allies* were sold in two months—seven editions having been printed in England, and three in Ireland! His exertions were about this period rewarded by his advancement to the deanery of St. Patrick, Dublin. A bishopric had been intended for him by the queen, but she was prevented from bestowing this honour upon him, some persons having intimated to her majesty that he was no firm believer in Christianity.

Upon the decease of Queen Anne, the Tories came into disgrace, and SWIFT had his share of popular odium—but he cared not for such things. In the year 1716 he married the celebrated Miss Johnson, usually known by the name of *Stella*, but never lived with her: they had generally separate houses, and were never together but in the presence of a third person. Many reasons have been assigned for this strange conduct, but the true cause we pretend not to have ascertained.—There was also a female, stiled *Vanessa*, who was much attached to him, and he had paid her extraordinary attention. When she heard of his marriage, she gave way to the most poignant grief, and soon after expired.

From 1716 to 1720 he is supposed to have employed his time in writing *Gulliver's Travels*, a kind of political romance, well known and generally admired for its humour and eccentricity. His vile representation of human nature ought to be reprobated, but SWIFT was angry with the world, revenging himself by the indulgence of misanthropy.

Not long after this period, SWIFT became the *Patriot of Ireland*. His popularity first of all arose from a publication written by him in order to recommend the use of Irish manufactures. But in the year 1724 he brought out his *Draper's Letters*, which Lord Orrery has emphatically denominated the "brazen monuments of his fame." They were

written under the fictitious name of a *Draper*; and on the following occasion—a Mr. Wood having obtained a patent to coin 180,000*l.* in copper for the use of Ireland, by which he would have acquired an exorbitant gain and impoverished the nation—the letters dissuaded the people from receiving this copper money. These compositions therefore, written with great keenness of satire, united the whole nation in his praise, filled every street with his effigy and every mouth with acclamations. Wood was compelled to withdraw his patent, and the money was totally suppressed. From this memorable crisis it is said that the influence of the Dean was without bounds over the populace: he was the most absolute monarch that ever reigned, and was indeed regarded by persons of every rank with esteem and veneration.

In the year 1724 his beloved *Stella* died, and though her death was occasioned by his strange conduct towards her, yet he lamented her decease with an excess of sensibility. His treatment of this most amiable woman baffles all human explication—it is involved in the profoundest mystery. After her decease, however, he grew more retired in his temper and more unpleasant in his manners. Alluding to his disconsolate situation, he wrote the following lines:

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,  
To all my friends a burden grown!

He was subject to fits of deafness and giddiness, the effects of having surfeited himself with fruit before he was twenty years old; these now became more frequent, and in 1736, while writing a satire (called the *Legion Club*) on the Irish parliament, he was seized with one of those fits, from which he never effectually recovered. His memory declined, his passions were violent, and in 1741 he became

utterly incapable of conversation. Early in 1742 his reason was subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. His left eye swelled to the size of an egg, boils broke out on his body, and his pain one night was so extreme that five persons restrained him by mere force from pulling out his eyes! These tumors subsiding, he recovered his understanding, and there was some hope of his restoration to society—but he relapsed into a state of insensibility, his brain being loaded with water. Having continued silent one whole year in helpless idiotism, his house-keeper went into his room on the 30th of November, and told him “It was his birth-day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing for its celebration.” He immediately replied, “It is all folly—they had better leave it alone!” This proved that his powers were not destroyed, but only suspended. In 1744, he now and then called the servant by his name—once attempting to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he shewed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, “I am a fool!” Once afterwards as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, “Bring it here!” and when the same servant was attempting to break a large hard coal, he said, “That is a stone, you blockhead!” From this time he was perfectly silent till the latter end of October, 1745, and then died, in the 78th year of his age, without the least pang or convulsion.

We have been more particular in this detail because it relates to a great man, and specifies certain mortifying circumstances which preceded his dissolution.

It is remarkable that this great genius had strong presentiments of his insanity.—Some time before his illness he was walking out with a few friends, and staid behind them on the way to contemplate a tree, the upper part of which was in a state of decay. His

friends going back, found him gazing at this object—"That tree (says he) is like *me*, who am destined to decay from the top"—pointing to his forehead with peculiar emphasis and expression. Besides, in his will, dated May, 1740, just before he ceased to be a rational being, he leaves 11,000*l.* (the greatest part of his fortune) to erect and endow an hospital for *Idiots* and *Lunatics*.—He was buried in the great aisle of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin, under a stone of black marble, inscribed with a Latin epitaph of his own composition.

The editions of his works have been innumerable. In 1801 was published by Mr. Nichols a complete edition in *nineteen* volumes, the first of which contains his life by Mr. Sheridan (from which the present sketch is taken)—a work replete with instruction and entertainment.

The character of DEAN SWIFT, though best estimated by a perusal of his writings, has been very differently drawn by different hands. Some have made him a concatenation of vices, and others have pronounced him a paragon of virtues. In our opinion he answers to neither of these exaggerated accounts—his talents were superlative for wit, humour, and satire even to excess. His conduct in many cases defies rational interpretation. In his works occur many passages of which it is difficult to form a just opinion. He was in a degree misanthropic, and yet a warm friend to his country—the omniscience of Deity alone can ascertain his real character. He has been dead upwards of these *fifty* years—but his name will live for ever! His pieces, though many of them are of a local nature, possess uncommon interest, and the effusions of his astonishingly fertile mind will be read with delight by latest posterity.

Islington, Feb. 2, 1802.

E.

## THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LIX]

## THE FARMER'S BOY.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

The farmer's life displays in every part  
 A moral lesson to the sensual heart :  
 Though in the lap of plenty thoughtful still,  
 He looks beyond the present good or ill.

FARMER'S BOY.

FROM that portion of the *Farmer's Boy* entitled *Spring*, which was the subject of our last paper, we pass on to *Summer*, where passages of equal merit will deserve our attention. The same ease and simplicity are still apparent—the ever-varying scenes of nature are here painted with his accustomed fidelity.

The *Summer* opens with a delineation of the husbandman's prospects, from which we may draw much moral instruction. We shall, however, transcribe those lines which relate to the green corn, and *Giles* beating off the sparrows, who are intent on the destruction of it :—

Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below,  
 The nodding *wheat-ear* forms a graceful bow ;  
 With milky kernels starting, full weigh'd down,  
 Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with brown ;  
 Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever gay,  
 Loud chirping sparrows welcome on the day,  
 And from the mazes of the leafy thorn  
 Drop one by one upon the bending corn :  
*Giles* with a pole assails their close retreats,  
 And round the grass grown dewy border beats ;

On either side completely overspread,  
Here branches bend—there corn o'ertops his head.

In his humble employment he espies the *sky-lark*,  
and the soaring of this lively bird is thus pictur-  
esquely described :

Just starting from the corn *she* cheerly sings,  
And trusts with conscious pride her downy wings,  
Still louder breathes, and, in the face of day,  
Mounts up and calls on *Giles* to mark her way :  
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,  
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends  
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,  
And place the wandering bird before his sight ;  
Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,  
Lost for a while, yet pours her vaired song ;  
He views the spot, and, as the cloud moves by,  
Again she stretches up the clear blue sky—  
Her form, her motion undistinguished quite,  
Save when she wheels direct from shade to light :  
The fluttering songstress a mere speck became,  
Like fancy's floating bubbles in a dream—  
He sees her yet, but yielding to repose,  
Unwittingly his jaded eye-lids close !

We cannot refrain from adding the following six  
lines, descriptive of the slumber into which he has  
now fallen, there is something so peculiarly natural  
in the exclamation :

Delicious sleep !—from sleep who could forbear,  
With no more guilt than *Giles*, and no more care ?  
Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,  
Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting !  
He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,  
And takes his pole and brushes round again.

The farmer's pride in surveying the ripening  
corn is thus beautifully portrayed ;

Here vanity slinks back, her head to hide—  
 What is there here to flatter human pride?  
 The tow'ring fabric or the dome's loud roar,  
 And steadfast columns may astonish more,  
 Where the charin'd gazer long delighted stays,  
 Yet traced but to the *architect* the praise:  
 Whilst *here* the veriest clown that treads the sod  
 Without one scruple gives the praise to God!  
 And two-fold joys possess his raptur'd mind,  
 From gratitude and admiration join'd!

The following scene is peculiar to the season,  
 and must afford every lover of nature gratification:

Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along,  
 Each sturdy mower emulous and strong,  
 Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,  
 Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries,  
 Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,  
 But spares the rising clover short and sweet.  
 Come *health*, come *jollity*, light-footed come,  
 Here hold your revels, and make this your home;  
 Each heart awaits and hails you as its own,  
 Each moistened brow that scorns to wear a frown!

The repose of twilight next attracts our regard in  
 these delightful lines:

Still twilight welcome! rest, how sweet art thou!  
 Now eve o'erhangs the western clouds' thick brow,  
 The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring light  
 With fiery treasures fraught, that on the sight  
 Flash from its bulging sides, where darkness lours  
 In fancy's eye a chain of mouldering tow'rs,  
 Or craggy coasts just rising into view,  
 'Midst javelins dire and darts of streaming blue!

The poet closes with an impressive descant on  
*barvest-home*—that period of general festivity. He  
 affectingly contrasts ancient generosity with modern

custom—the poor man is made to exclaim, with great beauty, in favour of the *good old master* in strains which shall form our conclusion :

HEAVEN bless his memory ! bless his honour'd name !

The poor will speak his lasting worthy fame.  
To souls fair-purpos'd strength and guidance give,  
In pity to us still let goodness live !

Let LABOUR have its *due* ! my lot shall be  
From chilling want and guilty murmurs free ;  
Let LABOUR have its *due* ! then peace is mine,  
And never never shall my heart repine !

May these equitable wishes meet with abundant gratification !—Virtuous industry ought never to fail of its reward.

---

## ON THE DUTIES OF THE YOUNG.

---

BY DR. HUGH BLAIR.

---

(Concluded from Page 65.)

**Y**OUTH is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule of *doing all things to others according as you wish they should do unto you*. For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equa-



lity of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed; graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyments. But go sometimes to the house of mourning, as well as to the house of feasting. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life—the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

In young minds there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships. Youth indeed is the season when friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propensity therefore is not to be discouraged—though at the same time it must be regulated with much circumspection and care. Too many of the pretended friendships of youth are mere combinations in pleasure—they are often founded on capricious likings, suddenly contracted, and as suddenly dissolved; sometimes they are the effect of interested complaisance and flattery on the one side, and of credulous fondness on the other. Beware of such rash and dangerous connections, which may after-

wards load you with dishonour. Remember that by the character of those whom you choose for your friends, your own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. Be slow, therefore, and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, consider it as a sacred engagement. Expose not yourselves to the reproach of lightness and inconstancy, which always bespeak either a trifling or a base mind. Reveal none of the secrets of your friend—be faithful to his interests—forsake him not in danger—abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt. In order to render yourselves amiable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanor, which springs not so much from studied politeness, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the customs of the world in matters indifferent—but stop when they become sinful. Let your manners be simple and natural, and of course they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming themselves on fantastic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral.

The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet, my friends, to what do the restraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may be

all comprised in few words—not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure; within these bounds pleasure is lawful—beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety; instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan; we propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration. Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings—not only as rational, but social—not only as social, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of these respects cannot afford true pleasure, any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system can promote health. For the truth of this conclusion, we appeal not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the testimony of the aged, but to yourselves and your own experience. We ask whether you have not found, that in a course of criminal excess, your pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain?—whether, if not from every particular instance, yet from every habit at least of unlawful gratification, there did not spring some thorn to wound you, there did not arise some consequence to make you repent of it in the issue?—If you have any consideration of any firmness left, avoid temptations for which you have found yourselves unequal with as much care as you would shun pestilential infection. Break off all connections with the loose and profligate. *When sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Remove thy way from the strange woman, and come not near the door of her house; let not thine heart decline to her ways; for*

*her house is the way to hell—thou goest after her as a bird basteeth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life.* By these unhappy excesses of irregular pleasure in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed!—how many rising capacities and powers are suppressed!—how many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning which rose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness: that good humour which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest station—all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course, or sunk for the whole of it into insignificance and contempt!—These, O sinful pleasure! are thy trophies. It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degrades human honour, and blastest the opening prospects of human felicity.

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them; unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth the habits of industry are most easily acquired—in youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of plea-

sure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy—for it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure: it is the appointed vehicle of every good to man: it is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness; inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful; though it appears a slowly flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing—it not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which first petrifies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and ruin. And under idleness I include not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society or public amusements, in the labours of dress or the ostentation of their persons.—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country? Amusements youth requires—it were vain, it were cruel to prohibit them: but though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business of the young, for they then become the gulph of time and the poison of the mind: they foment bad passions—they weaken the manly powers—they sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. Redeeming your time from such dangerous waste, seek to fill it with em-

employments which you may review with satisfaction. The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth; the desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments and many virtues. But though your train of life should not lead you to study, the course of education always furnishes proper employments to a well-disposed mind. Whatever you pursue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and sensibility to praise, are, especially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being: it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Remember always that the years which now pass over your heads leave permanent memorials behind them; from your thoughtless minds they may escape, but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life—they will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you, at that day when for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God. Thus I have set before you some of the chief qualifications which belong to a virtuous and religious character—piety, modesty, truth, benevolence, temperance, and industry. Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence; and if it continue to be thus conducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy.

Let your attention be recalled to that dependence on the blessings of heaven, which, amidst all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preserve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue

and honour, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves. Trusting to their own abilities for carrying them successfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them! Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, are equal to the trying situations which often occur in life. By the shock of temptation, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk! *Every good and perfect gift is from above. Wisdom and virtue, as well as riches and honour, come from God.* Destitute of his favour, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct then this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not that your happiness can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer seek the protection of the God of heaven.—In fine, remember the solemn words in which a great prince delivered his dying charge to his son—words which every young person ought to consider as addressed to himself, and to engrave deeply on his heart: *Thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind—for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.*

---

## ON PATIENCE.

**P**ATIENCE is surely a laudable virtue : it supports us in solitude, and makes us bear our afflictions without a murmur ; but the generality of mankind are so vain, thoughtless, and miserable, that they are perpetually uneasy with their condition, and complaining against Divine beneficence.

Behold the unfortunate man in the storms of adversity, unsupported by patience ! How meagre is his aspect ! He sits disconsolate, and repines at his unhappy fate. However hardly we are oppressed with the calamities of life, let us endeavour to struggle through them with resignation and courage. Were we to reflect, and consider how justly we deserve punishment, we should certainly support ourselves under it with a becoming Christian patience, and from thence experience a degree of tranquillity that they must be destitute of who are strangers to this truly heroic virtue. Let reason dictate, and we shall ever be conformable to the God of nature, who governs all things.

What shews a weak understanding more than to plunge into a state of despondency at the frowns of fortune ? Let us bear that with fortitude which cannot possibly be avoided ; and pursue, without reluctancy, the road which Providence has set us in—who then will not fail to direct us to an happy end.

*M——d.*

*J. Q.*



*ON THE DUTIES OF SCHOOL BOYS.*

FROM ROLLIN.

**Q**UINCTILIAN says, that he has included almost all the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice which he gives them—to love those who teach them as they love the sciences which they learn of them, and to look upon them as fathers from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. Indeed this sentiment of affection and respect suffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their studies, and full of gratitude all the rest of their lives. It seems to me to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.—Docility, which consists in submitting to directions, in readily receiving the instructions of their masters and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other; and it is not sufficient for a labourer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened its bosom to receive it, in a manner hatches, warms, and moistens it; so likewise the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between the masters and the scholars. Gratitude for those who have laboured in our education, is the character of an honest man, and the mark of a good heart. Who is there among us, says Cicero, that has been instructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the sight, or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, masters, and the place where he was taught and brought up?

Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and

for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity. Their exactness and severity displease sometimes at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe to them ; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgment, we then discern that what made us dislike them, I mean admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, is expressly the very thing which should make us esteem and love them. Thus we see that Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked the gods for two things especially—for his having had excellent tutors himself, and that he had found the like for his children. Quintilian, after having noted the different characters of the mind in children, draws in a few words the image of what he judged to be a perfect scholar ; and certainly it is a very amiable one : “ For my part,” says he, “ I like a child who is encouraged by commendation, is animated by a sense of glory, and weeps when he is outdone. A noble emulation will always keep him in exercise, a reprimand will touch him to the quick, and honour will serve instead of a spur. We need not fear that such a scholar will ever give himself up to sullenness.”—*Mihi ille detur puer, quem laus excitet, quem gloria juvet, qui virtus fleat. Hic erit alendus ambitu : hunc mordebit objurgatio : hunc honor excitabit : in hoc desidiâ numquam verebor.* How great a value soever Quintilian sets upon the talents of the mind, he esteems those of the heart far beyond them, and looks upon the others as of no value without them. In the same chapter from whence I took the preceding words, he declares, he never should have a good opinion of a child who placed his study in occasioning laughter, by mimicking the behaviour, mien, and faults of others ; and he presently gives

an admirable reason for it : " A child," says he, " cannot be truly ingenious, in my opinion, unless he be good and virtuous ; otherwise I should rather choose to have him dull and heavy than of a bad disposition." Non dabit spem bonæ indolis, qui hoc imitandi studio petit, ut rideatur. Nam probus quoque imprimis erit ille vere ingeniosus : alioqui non pejus duxerim tardi esse ingenii, quam mali. He displays to us all these talents in the eldest of his two children, whose character he draws, and whose death he laments in so eloquent and pathetic a strain, in the beautiful preface to his sixth book. I shall beg leave to insert here a small extract of it, which will not be useless to the boys, as they will find a model which suits well with their age and condition. After having mentioned his younger son, who died at five years old, and described the graces and beauties of his countenance, the prettiness of his expressions, the vivacity of his understanding, which began to shine through the veil of childhood : " I had still left me," says he, " my son Quinctilian, in whom I placed all my pleasure and all my hopes, and comfort enough I might have found in him, for having now entered into his tenth year, he did not produce only blossoms like his younger brother, but fruits already formed, and beyond the power of disappointment. I have much experience—but I never saw in any child, I do not say only so many excellent dispositions for the sciences, nor so much taste, as his masters know, but so much probity, sweetness, good nature, gentleness, and inclination to please and oblige, as I discerned in him ; besides this, he had all the advantages of nature, a charming voice, a pleasing countenance, and a surprising facility in pronouncing well the two languages, as if he had been equally born for both of them. But all this

was no more than hopes—I set a greater value upon his admirable virtues, his equality of temper, his resolution, the courage with which he bore up against fear and pain, for how were his physicians astonished at his patience under a distemper of eight months continuance, when at the point of death he comforted me himself, and bade me not to weep for him! and delirious as he sometimes was at his last moments, his tongue ran of nothing else but learning and the sciences: O vain and deceitful hopes!” &c.

Are there many boys amongst us of whom we can truly say so much to their advantage as Quintilian says here of his son? What a shame would it be for them, if, born and brought up in a Christian country, they had not even the virtues of Pagan children! I make no scruple to repeat them here again—docility, obedience, respect for their masters, or rather a degree of affection, and the source of an eternal gratitude; zeal for study, and a wonderful thirst after the sciences, joined to an abhorrence of vice and irregularity; an admirable fund of probity, goodness, gentleness, civility, and liberality; as also patience, courage, and greatness of soul in the course of a long sickness. What then was wanting to all these virtues? That which alone could render them truly worthy the name, and must be in a manner the soul of them, and constitute their whole value—the precious gift of faith and piety; the saving knowledge of a Mediator; a sincere desire of pleasing God, and referring all our actions to him.

---

THE HONOUR AND ADVANTAGE OF A CONSTANT  
ADHERENCE TO  
TRUTH.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

**P**ETRARCH, a celebrated Italian poet who flourished about four hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the household of this nobleman, which was carried so far that recourse was had to arms. The cardinal wished to know the foundation of this affair; and that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves by a most solemn oath on the Gospels to declare the whole truth. Every one without exception submitted to this determination; even the Bishop of Luna, brother to the cardinal, was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath, the cardinal closed the book, and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your *word* is sufficient."\*

A story similar to this is related of Zenocrates, an Athenian philosopher, who lived three hundred years before Christ, and was educated in the school of Plato. The people of Athens entertained so high an opinion of his probity, that one day when he approached the altar to confirm by an oath the truth of what he had asserted, the judges unanimously declared *his word* to be sufficient evidence.

---

\* See the life of Petrarch, elegantly translated by Mrs. Dobson.

## IDLENESS AND IRRESOLUTION.

HORACE, a celebrated Roman poet, relates, that a countryman, who wanted to pass over a river, stood loitering on the banks of it, in the foolish expectation that a current so rapid would soon discharge its waters. But the stream still flowed, increased, perhaps, by fresh torrents from the mountains; and it must for ever flow, because the sources from which it is derived are inexhaustible.

Thus the *idle and irresolute youth* trifles over his books, or wastes in play his precious moments—deferring the task of improvement, which at first is easy to be accomplished, but which will become more and more difficult the longer it is neglected.

---

## AFFECTION TO PARENTS.

AN amiable youth was lamenting, in terms of the sincerest grief, the death of a most affectionate parent. His companion endeavoured to console him by the reflection that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect. "So I thought," replied the youth, "whilst my parent was living: but now I recollect with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement."

---

## THE TRUE CAUSE OF

## COLBERT'S GOOD FORTUNE.

SULLY and Colbert, to whom the glorious Særas of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. owed so much of their splendor, having frequently been mentioned, on occasion of the talents of Necker,

and the downfall of the French monarchy, it may not be unwelcome to our readers to be made acquainted with the real cause of Colbert's success.

Jéan Baptiste Colbert, born at Rheims in 1619, came very young to Paris to learn the business of a counting-house. From thence he went to Lyons, but disagreeing with his employer, returned to Paris, became secretary to a rector and procurator, and then commis to M. Sabathier, *tresorier des parties casuelles*.

Another J. B. Colbert, seigneur de St. Pouange, our Colbert's uncle on the mother's side, got him, in 1648, into the service of Le Tellier, secretary of state, whose sister he had married. The young man soon distinguished himself in this situation for his diligence and punctuality.

Le Tellier once dispatched him to Cardinal Mazarin, who then lived at Sedan, to deliver him a letter from the queen-mother; strictly enjoining him at the same time to bring the letter back with him. Colbert, on arriving at Sedan, delivered to the cardinal the queen's letter, together with the note with which Le Tellier had accompanied it.—Going the next morning to fetch the answer, the cardinal put into his hands a sealed packet. But, as he did not give him the letter from the queen, Colbert asked him for it, and was answered by the minister that it was put up in the packet, and that he had nothing to do but to take his departure. Colbert immediately broke open the seal, to convince himself of the truth. The minister, astonished at this piece of assurance, called him an impudent fellow, and snatched the packet out of his hand. Colbert, without being abashed, told him, that supposing the packet to have been made up by one of his secretaries, he thought it possible that in the hurry of business the letter of the queen mother might have been forgot; that he was thus

cautious, as M. Le Tellier, his master, had expressly ordered him not to come back without the letter.

The cardinal now pretended very urgent affairs, and appointed Colbert to wait on him again the next morning. At length, after various subterfuges and evasions, seeing that Colbert would not go away without the letter, he gave it to him, and Colbert examined it carefully on all sides to see whether it was the same. The minister asked him whether he thought him capable of imposing a false one upon him? Colbert remained an answer in his debt; and set out on his journey.

Some time afterwards, the cardinal made his appearance again at court, and requested of Le Tellier to procure him a clever person to write his agenda under him. Le Tellier recommended Colbert to him. The minister thought he knew his face, and asked him where he had seen him, and on what occasion?

Colbert, as may be easily imagined, was all in a tremor on telling him that he had been at Sedan—for he was afraid lest the minister might resent the earnest manner in which he extorted from him the restoration of the letter. But this recollection was so far from hurting him with his eminence, that he took him into his service on the express condition that he should serve him with the same zeal and fidelity he had shewn to his former master.

Colbert was so devoted to him, and gave him so many proofs of his prudence and sagacity, that, on the death of Joubert, he was appointed intendant to his eminence.—And this was the beginning of the prodigious success of this prudent young man.

Colbert died the 6th of September, 1683, in the 64th year of his age; and, to the disgrace of humanity, so great was the hatred of the populace of Paris against this truly great man, that it was



found expedient to bury him at midnight, and the corpse was only attended by the night-watch of the city.

Voltaire, in touching on the injustice of the public towards this minister, concludes with the following lines :

Cet homme unique, & l'auteur & l'appui  
D'une grandeur d'ame ou nous n'osions prétendre,  
Vit tout l'état murmurer contre lui,  
Et le Francois osa troubler la cendre  
Du bienfaiteur qu'il révere aujourd'hui.

### INKLE AND YARICO.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

**M**R. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs on board the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossessions towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth who is the

hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who had hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. On his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, upon a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him.—After the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it.—She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and beads. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and

sleep amidst the fall of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his own country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind and weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes.—When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect on his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. On this consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant, notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him. But he only made use of that information to rise in his demands on the purchaser!

---

## BRIEF REMARKS ON YOUTH.

*(Concluded from page 38.)*

**T**HE season of youth is peculiarly favourable for the cultivation of friendship: friends therefore should be sought and secured during the early part of our existence. There is a peculiar frankness and ingenuousness about youth, which is an excellent basis for friendly alliances: chicanery and deceit are not yet known—fraud or dissimulation are not needed in order to promote our worldly views; we appear in our native garments. Two minds thus attired coming in contact (provided they are of similarity of turn) are sure to form a close and most probably a lasting union. From the frankness innate in youth, it is undoubtedly certain that it is exposed to a great variety of dangers—it may be imposed upon by the artful and designing—it may become an instrument of evil in the hands of crafty persons: young people should therefore be cautious in their friendships; they should not be taken with first sights, or with the sincerest professions; but before they join in intimacy, they should diligently inquire into the character, and if this be unrepachable, they then should form alliances without reserve. For of this young people may be certain, that sooner or later in life they will stand in need of the assistance of their fellow-creatures: and friendships are never so strongly formed as when they are formed early in life. Beautiful in the extreme are the lines of Dr. Young upon this subject:

Deliberate on all things with thy friend—  
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,  
Nor every friend unrotten at the core,  
First on thy friend deliberate with thyself,

Pause, ponder, sift—not eager in the choice,  
Nor jealous of the chosen ; fixing, fix ;  
*Judge before friendship, then confide till death.*  
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.  
Poor is the friendless master of the world !  
A world in purchase for a friend is gain—  
High flavour'd bliss for gods !—on *earth* how  
rare !

Youth, again, is the best time for education. It has been remarked by medical persons that the sleep of one hour before midnight is preferable to the sleep of all the following hours of darkness—so one year of youth for learning is preferable to the whole life afterwards, could it be applied to that purpose. The things which youths should learn may be comprised under the two following heads—*self-government* and the *increase of knowledge*. In regard to the first of these, what period of our days so well as youth for this acquisition ?—We are then free from the custom of a foolish world, our passions being young are pliable, and can consequently be trained with greater facility than in after-life for any valuable purpose they were originally designed to answer. Prejudice and a particular bias then have no hold on our affections ; every thing being equally novel, has an equal chance to engage our affections. As we advance in years we insensibly imbibe the notions of those around us, unless we have previously fixed our opinions upon principles of rectitude. Fretted and vexed by the untoward events of life and the disappointments which attend human affairs, we give way in after-life to our forward passions, unless we have gained a complete mastery over them previous to our being immersed in the broils of public situations. As to the increase of knowledge, youth is the fittest time for this, since our faculties are more vigorous, our minds

less encumbered ; and although indolence too often prevents our progress in this stage of our days, yet it is a certain fact that in advanced life a far greater inactivity and listlessness will prevail, should there even be (which very seldom happens) an equal opportunity. Some few persons of great natural abilities, but of an indolent habit, have, after wasting a great part of their earlier life, in consequence of some event that has roused their native energies, exerted themselves, and acquired considerable celebrity—but these characters are very few. Those who have made the greatest display in the literary world have been close applicants to study in their early days. “ How shalt thou (says an excellent work) arrive at the knowledge of truth—how shalt thou ascend the footsteps of her throne ? If thou wouldst mount up into her throne, *first bow thyself at her footstool* ; if thou wouldst arrive at the knowledge of her, *first inform thyself of thine own ignorance*. The way to her is *labour* ; *attention* is the pilot that must conduct thee into her ports : but weary not in the way, for when thou art arrived at her, the toil shall be to thee for pleasure.”—These remarks are equally true when referred to knowledge and learning in general.

Lastly—Youth is the best season for attending to religion. Religion, I here take for granted is admitted to be of the first necessity. To examine the proofs of the Christian religion is not my intention in this essay. From our youth forming so great a part of our present life, I think we have a *presumptive* evidence that we are to live beyond the grave. Why, says reason, should we be *twenty* years acquiring knowledge, if forty or fifty years afterwards are the *only times* in which we can use it ? If we have so much of our life appropriated *expressly* for the acquisition of knowledge, and if we are capable of gaining more and more know-

ledge every day of our life, reason asserts that there must be another state in which this knowledge will be useful. Revelation steps forward and assists reason in finding this state, and tell us that attention to religion is the way to secure it. The young should not delay the acquisition of piety, which is the key to the heavenly mansion; for with youth, as well as with age, it is a fact, that in the midst of life we are in death: this moment we are alive, the next may find us a corpse! Well does the lovely Watts exclaim—

Good God, on what a *feeble thread*  
Hang everlasting things!

Youth is, farther, the best time for religion, since by imbibing pious principles early we shall steer through life with calmness, dignity, and judgment. When a young person sets out in life without religion (and too many are of this cast) he is tost to and fro by every wind—the jeers of the thoughtless, the jokes of the frivolous, the sarcasms of the infidels, and (if I may so speak) the *irrational rationality* of the atheist, all by turns distress and confuse him. How different is *his* happy case who sets out with the Bible in his hand: every custom and every sentiment he meets with, he brings and examines by this all-perfect standard. Integrity he holds fast, piety he defends, friendship with virtuous and enlightened men he cherishes, folly he persecutes, life he enjoys, death he welcomes.

Religion should our thoughts engage  
Amidst our earliest bloom:  
'Twill fit us for advancing age—  
'Twill fit us for the tomb.

FAWCETT.

To conclude—My young friends, resolve from this important period of your life (for a new year may

be called so) to be religious. Review the events of your past life, correct your evil propensities, confirm and extend your good resolutions, draw suitable and obvious inferences from the various bereavements by death or disappointments in life which you have experienced, and determine as much as lies in your power to be circumspect in regard to your conduct for the years which may yet await you, by being true to God, and consequently just to man. Be humble, be cautious—your blood beats high, prudence in all your pursuits is therefore the more necessary; act upon the directions left us by the Great Friend to sinners—then shall you have satisfaction during the remaining years of life, and look forward to a state of blessedness when time and years shall be no longer.

And ye who are parents and guardians of youth, recollect the charge which you possess; watch over their opening powers with attention: allure them to piety and goodness by shewing in your own example and practice the beauty of holiness; remember each year that passes brings them considerably nearer to a period of life when they will shake off your authority; seize therefore the present moment for giving instruction—for who can describe the sorrow you will feel should they from your negligence do wrong? Who can paint the pleasure which you will experience in seeing them grow up in virtue while you live, owing to your instruction? Or the still greater rapture with which, in a future state, you will each exclaim—“Lord, here am I with the children thou hast given me!” Let every parent engrave these verses of Cotton’s excellent poem on the Fire-side deep on his heart, and act under their influence, then shall joy and satisfaction attend them:



Our babes shall richest comforts bring,  
If *tutor'd right*, they'll prove a spring  
Whence pleasures ever rise ;  
We'll form their minds with studious care  
To all that's manly, good, and fair,  
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
And crown our hoary hairs :  
They'll grow in virtue every day,  
And they our fondest loves repay,  
And recompense our cares.

Happy Author, who could thus express himself—  
happy Parents who can thus act—happy Children  
who receive and obey such instruction and  
tutelage !

*Hackney,*  
Jan. 1. 1802,

J. FULLAGAR.

### THE LATE LORD CHATHAM.

LORD CHATHAM was educated at Eton, and in no very particular manner distinguished himself at that celebrated seminary. Virgil in early life was his favourite author. He was by no means a good Greek scholar ; and though he occasionally copied the arrangement and the expressions of Demosthenes with great success in his speeches, he perhaps drew them from the Collana translation of that admirable orator (that book having been frequently seen in his room by a great lawyer some time deceased). The sermons of the great Dr. Barrow and of Abernethy were favourite books with him ; and of the sermons of the late Mr. Mudge of Plymouth he always spoke very

highly. He once declared in the House of Commons that no book had ever been perused by him with equal instruction with the Lives of Plutarch.\*

Lord Chatham was an extremely fine reader of tragedy; and a lady of rank and taste, now living, declares with what satisfaction she has heard him read some of Shakespeare's historical plays, particularly those of Henry the Fourth and Fifth. She however uniformly observed that when he came to the comic or buffoon parts of these plays he always gave the book to one of his relations, and when they were gone through, he took the book again.

Dr. Johnson says acutely, that no man is a hypocrite in his amusements; and those of Lord Chatham seem always to have borne the stamp of greatness about them. His taste in laying out grounds was exquisite. One scene in the gardens of South Lodge on Enfield Chace (which was designed by him), that of the temple of Pan and its accompaniments, is mentioned by Mr. Whately in his "Observations on Modern Gardening," as one of the happiest of well-directed and appropriate decoration.

Endued with an elegant, an ardent, and an exalted understanding, he took no delight in that minuteness of detail which occupies the mind without enlarging it. He was not a man of much various and general knowledge; but the powers of his mind, like the soul of the dervise in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, seem to have been entirely under the command of his will: † he could throw

---

\* Lord Momboddo on the Origin of Language.

† "J'ai souvent entendu dire, que tout ce qu'on pouvoit faire soi-même, il ne falloit point pas le laisser faire par autrui. Pour moi je pense, et je soutiens tout le contraire. Tout ce qu'on peut

them into whatever subject it was necessary they should embrace. This sublime faculty induced Mr. Cummins, the celebrated American Quaker, to say of him, "The first time I come to Mr. Pitt upon any business, I find him extremely ignorant; the second time I come to him, I find him completely informed upon it."

The energy of mind of this great man (that distinguishing feature of his character) appeared even in little things. He was once, whilst he was secretary of state, directing the improvements in the grounds of a friend of his near London, and was called to that city sooner than he expected, on the arrival of some important dispatches. On receiving the summons in the evening, he immediately sallied out, attended by all the servants he could get together, with lanterns, and planted stakes in the different places for which he intended clumps and trees.

His lordship had in early life a very elegant turn for poetry, which occupations of greater moment prevented him from cultivating. By the kindness and liberality of the Marquis of Buckingham, this collection is enriched with a copy of verses written by Lord Chatham.

faire par autrui, il faut s'épargner la peine de le faire soi-même; mais s'il ne faut pas tout faire, il ne faut rien dédaigner. Surveiller tout ce qu'on fait en notre nom, avoir des principes, les consigner à ceux qui travaillent sous nous, prendre bien garde qu'ils ne se en écartent, s'assurer de leur besogne, enfin savoir se faire aider, c'est en cela qu'on reconnoît l'Homme d'Etat, l'homme capable de grandes choses. Savoir gouverner les causes secondes, et non être gouverné par elles, est un art sublime." — *Les Loix d'un Ministre, par M. D'Ar*

TO THE

RIGHT HON. RICHARD GRENVILLE TEMPLE,  
LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM.

## INVITATION TO SOUTH LODGE.\*

*From "Tyrrhena Regum Progenies," &c.*

FROM Norman princes sprung, their virtues heir,  
Cobham, for thee my vaults inclose  
Tokai's smooth cask unpierc'd. Here purer air,  
Breathing sweet pink and balmy rose,  
Shall meet thy wish'd approach. Haste then away,  
Nor round and round for ever rove  
The magic Ranelagh, or nightly stray  
In gay Spring Gardens glittering grove.  
Forsake the town's huge mass, stretch'd long and  
wide,  
Pall'd with profusion's sickening joys;  
Spurn the vain capital's insipid pride,  
Smoke, riches, politics, and noise.  
Change points the blunted sense of sumptuous pleasure;  
And neat repasts in sylvan shed,  
Where nature's simple boon is all the treasure,  
Care's brow with smiles have often spread.  
Now flames Andromeda's effulgent sire,  
Now rages Procyon's kindled ray,  
Now madd'ning Leo darts his stellar fire,  
Fierce suns revolve the parching day.

---

\* A seat of Mr. Pitt on Enfield Chase.

The shepherd now moves faint with languid flock  
To riv'let fresh and bow'ry grove,  
To cool retirements of high-arching rock,  
O'er the mute stream no zephyrs move.

Yet weighing subsidies and England's weal,  
You still in anxious thought call forth  
Dark ills, which Gaul and Prussia deep conceal,  
Or fierce may burst from lowering North.

All-seeing Wisdom, kind to mortals, hides  
Time's future births in gloomy night ;  
Too-busy care with pity, Heaven derides,  
Man's fond, officious, feeble might.

Use then aright the present. Things to be,  
Uncertain flow, like Thames ; now peaceful  
borne

In even bed, soft gliding down to sea ;  
Now mould'ring shores, and oaks upturn,

Herds, cottages, together swept away,  
Headlong he rolls ; the pendent woods  
And bellowing cliffs proclaim the dire dismay,  
When the fierce torrents rouse the tranquil floods.

They, masters of themselves, they happy live,  
Whose hearts at ease can say secure,  
" This day rose not in vain ; let Heav'n next give  
Or clouded skies, or sunshine pure."

Yet never what swift Time behind has cast,  
Shall back return. No pow'r the thing  
That was bid not have been ; for ever past,  
It flies on unrelenting wing.

Fortune, who joys perverse in mortal woe,  
Still frolicking with cruel play,  
Now may on me her giddy smile bestow,  
Now wanton to another stray.

If constant, I caress her; if she flies  
 On fickle plumes, farewell her charms!  
 All dower I wave (save what good Fame supplies),  
 And wrap my soul in Freedom's arms.

'Tis not for me to shrink with mean despair,  
 Favour's proud ships should whirlwinds toss;  
 Nor venal idols sooth with bart'ring prayer,  
 To shield from wreck opprobrious dross.

Midst all the tumults of the warring sphere,  
 My light-charge bark may haply glide;  
 Some gale may waft, some conscious thought shall  
 cheer,  
 And the small freight unanxious glide.

WILLIAM PITT,

1750.

Soon after Sir Robert Walpole had taken away his cornet's commission from this extraordinary man, he used to drive himself about the country in a one-horse chaise, without a servant. At each town to which he came, the people gathered round his carriage, and received him with the loudest acclamations.

Lord Chatham thought very highly of the effects of dress and of dignity of manner upon mankind. He was never seen on business without a full-dress coat and a tye-wig, and he never permitted his under-secretaries to sit down before him.

A general officer was once asked by Lord Chatham how many men he should require for a certain expedition? "Ten thousand," was the answer.—"You shall have twelve thousand," said the minister, "and then if you do not succeed, it is your fault."

The original of the character of Praxiteles, in Mr. Greville's very entertaining book of Maxims, is said to have been Lord Chatham.

The late King of Prussia, in his History of the Seven Years War, thus describes his lordship :—  
 “ L’eloquence et la genie de M. Pitt avoient rendu l’idole de la nation, c’étoit la meilleure tete d’Angleterre. Il avoit subjugué la Chambre Basse par la force de la parole. Il y regnoit, il en étoit, pour ainsi dire, l’ame. Parvenu au timon des affaires, il appliqua toute l’étendue de son genie à rendre à sa patrie la domination des mers ; et pensant en grande homme, il fut indigné de la Convention de Closter Seven, qu’il regardoit comme l’opprobre des Anglois.”

This great minister was never so unfortunate as to engage his country in that most fatal of all calamities, a war with a formidable enemy.\* He, indeed, on coming into administration, found his country under the pressure of that dreadful evil, which he carried on with a sagacity of plan and an energy

---

\* “ Incident to this point, The greatness of kingdoms (says Lord Bacon) is for a state to have those laws and customs which may reach forth unto them just occasions (as may be pretended) of war. For there is that justice unprinted in the nature of men, that they enter not upon wars (whereof so many calamities do ensue) but upon some, at the least, specious grounds and quarrels.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ As for the wars which were antiently made on the behalf of a kind of party, or tacit conformity of estate, I do not see how they may be well justified. As when the Lacedemonians and Athenians made wars to set up or pull down democracies or oligarchies ; or when wars were made by foreigners, under the pretence of justice or oppression, to deliver the subjects of others from tyranny and

of execution,\* which would have ensured a glorious and an honourable peace—such a peace as a conquering can ever dictate to a conquered nation—such a peace as a people still fresh in resources, and animated with that ardour of enterprize which success never fails to inspire, can enforce upon a people exhausted with various misery, and dispirited by continual defeats. Of his commanders both by land and by sea, he was certain: he gave them his confidence, and he had theirs in return. He never suffered the success of his measures, his own honour, and the safety of his country to be endangered by permitting persons to be imposed upon him as defenders of them, who were not under a necessity of looking up to him for their protection and support.

As an administrator of a commercial country, Lord Chatham was obliged to call in to its aid the mercenary troops of other nations: these, indeed,

---

sion, and the like.”—*Essay on the Greatness of Kingdoms.*

\* During the administration of Lord Chatham, Sir Charles Frederick, surveyor-general of the ordnance, was ordered one day to attend him, at that time confined to his bed with a severe fit of the gout. Mr. Pitt said, “The battering train in the Tower must be at Portsmouth on the morning of the next day at seven o’clock.” Sir Charles attempted to shew the impossibility of executing this order. Mr. Pitt interrupting him replied, “At your peril, Sir, let it be done!” and it was done accordingly. Sir C. Frederick left him at seven o’clock in the evening. Mr. Pitt received an express from every stage the train reached in its passage to Portsmouth.



he subsidised with a liberal, but with a prudent hand. He treated those traffickers in human blood in the same manner as a wise keeper of wild beasts, treats those animals from whose well-regulated exertions he draws his means of living. The remuneration in one case, like the piece of raw flesh in the other, was not dispensed till the necessary service was performed; till the animals had performed their gambols; till the soldiers had finished the task of devastation and of slaughter for which they were hired. He never so completely saturated stipendiarian rapacity that, in actual violation of the eternal law of attraction, it appeared to forego its affinity with gold itself, its best-beloved and most congenial metal—that metal which from time immemorial had inspired its efforts, had made it mock at peril, at danger, and despise even death itself.

Though imposed upon his sovereign, George the Second, as minister, Lord Chatham ever treated him with that respect which gratified the monarch, and did honour to himself. No infirmity occasioned by disease, nor even the solicitation of the sovereign, could prevail upon him to be seated in his presence. When he was not able to stand, he received his commands kneeling upon a stool—and with this elegant and flattering mark of respect the king expressed himself highly pleased to one of his attendants, after the first audience he ever afforded to the minister not chosen by himself.

---

*M A D E I R A.*

**D**URING the recent establishment of our troops at this island, they experienced from the natives the most polite and hospitable reception.—The inhabitants are fond of shew and ceremony; the superior orders are indolent and honourable; the middle class, industrious and honest; and the mobile, servile and lazy.

The 85th regiment occupied the Loo and Pico, or Spanish castles, the principal batteries commanding Funchal bay, &c. The Portuguese soldiers, if such they may be called, partook of the duty with much cordiality; they are very indifferent in point of discipline, and contemptible with regard to appointment; they have but a limited supply of ammunition, and that of the worst description—their balls being unsuited to their guns, and their guns (of which there is a profusion) being for the greater part unfit for service.

The revenues which the crown is entitled to receive from Madeira, including the taxes of Port. Sancto, amounts to 10 per cent. on all produce, except the imports of the islands, and consequently varies according to the richness of the vintages, and the demand for their wines in different seasons. However, the officer of the customs, a few years ago, agreed with government to pay a certain sum annually, and purchase the Fiscal income at his own risque. By that compromise it is supposed nearly two-thirds of the money collected from the taxable property and duties is clear gain to the gentleman employed in this department.

The public edifices most deserving notice are the governor's palace, the cathedral, the monastery of St. Francis and the college.

The palace is an old building that borders on the

sea. It is fortified by a parapet and some towers; the rooms are spacious, and were formerly very elegant, but are much injured by time. A governor, during a cannonade, would be in more danger from the massy stones of his castle, or the rebounding of his own guns, than from the explosions of those of the enemy.

The monastery of St. Francis is a spacious and convenient asylum for the pious and world-sick. The church is large and handsomely decorated, though part is left unfinished, and affords an apology for the brethren to solicit money for the purpose of completing it. To this religious institution is committed the care of the sacred images which are used in solemn processions. These friars have good accommodations, a fine garden, and, if we may judge from appearances, are not obliged by poverty to mortify the flesh with unreasonable fasting.

The cathedral is a venerable gothic pile, richly ornamented, and contains a number of good paintings. Here service is performed every day, and as it is of royal endowment, the paraphernalia of religion is splendid and superb. Between the cathedral and the church of St. Francis is a fine public garden, at one end of which is a marble obelisk, erected over a fountain, whose waters are spouted from the heads of satyrs into a capacious basin. On the north side is an hospital for aged and infirm of both sexes, where the sick and superannuated are comfortably and decently supported.

The college is a noble building, erected by the Jesuits. It is built in the style of Roman architecture, and adorned on the outside with a number of marble statues of the holy fathers, placed in niches, as large as life. It has extensive gardens, and is a monument of the power, wealth, and taste of its founders. The bishop has the presidency of this

seminary, and, under his direction, suitable professors and tutors are employed in educating young men for the priesthood. The students are obliged to dress in the clerical habit, and to officiate as assistants and choirsters in the celebration of Mass. As the institution is under the controul of the ecclesiastics, and the course of study pursued by the youth confined to theology, the college of Madeira will not be expected to produce many scientific luminaries.

The custom-house is spacious and convenient. It is guarded by a battery of six 32-pounders. In the area sentinels are placed night and day, and here the merchants assemble to transact business. Strong and well-secured apartments are situated in the rear, for the storage of goods and public property. The bishop's place of residence is plain, though beautiful, and distinguished by the appellation of a palace.

On the north side of the island of Madeira, but near the shore, is a large insulated rock, which is perforated entirely through—the hand of nature having formed a spacious arch, whose appearance, rugged and vast, with the sea dashing tumultuously under it, is truly sublime.

In this city a printing apparatus is not allowed, and the only newspaper that is tolerated is a written one; this is a mere price current, containing information a week old, and a French emigrant priest is editor and scribe. A theatre was built a few years ago, but was soon deserted by the buckined heroes, and it is now converted into a store-house.

## ALPHABET OF PRUDENCE.

Composed by Dr. Watts, and dedicated to Sir Thomas Abney's three Daughters in his excellent book "The Art of reading and writing true English," now out of print, and forgotten by an ungrateful nation.

A.

**A**TTEND the advice of the old and the wise.

B.

Be not angry; nor fret—but forgive and forget.

C.

Can you think it no ill to pilfer and steal?

D.

Do the thing you are bid, nor be sullen when chid.

E.

Envy none for their wealth, or their honor, or health.

F.

Fear, worship, and love the great GOD above.

G.

Grow quiet and easy when fools try to tease ye.

H.

Honor father and mother, love sister and brother.

I.

It is dangerous folly to jest with things holy.

K.

Keep your cloaths without spot, your books without blot.

L.

Let your hands do no wrong, nor backbite with your tongue.

M.

Make haste to obey, nor dispute nor delay.

N.

Never stay within hearing of cursing or swearing.

O.

Offer God all the prime of your strength and your time.

P.

Provoke not the poor though he live at your door.

Q.

Quit all evil thoughts, and mourn for your faults.

R.

Remember the liar has part in hell-fire.

S.

Shun the wicked and rude, but converse with the good.

T.

Transgress not the rule or at home or at school.

V.

Vie still with the best, and excel all the rest.

W.

When you are at your play, take heed what you say.

X.

Xcuse but with truth the follies of youth.

Y.

Yield a little for peace, and let quarrelling cease.

Z.

Zeal and charity join'd make you pious and kind.

If a few public-spirited tutors of youth, school-masters, and governesses were to join, this book would soon be re-printed and spread through the united kingdom.

## EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

ADDRESSED BY HIS HIGHNESS OMDUT UL OMERAH SA-  
HANDER, LATE NABOB OF THE CARNATIC,  
TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD CLIVE.

*Translated from the Persian in the Nabob's own hand-writing.*

**A** HUSBANDMAN had a rich and extensive garden, fair as the face of nature, planted with tall and majestic trees, whose fruit hung in vast clusters, like strings of amber, tinged by the ruby's brightest hue: a river, delicious as the streams of Samerkand, flowed through it, margined by the most delightful verdure, adorned by bowers that diffused odoriferous sweets, which, like the musk of Koton, perfumed the air. The Husbandman had a large family and numerous dependants, and from the produce of the garden they enjoyed the gaieties of profusion beneath the wide spreading vine of contentment. A *Stranger* from a far *distant country* appeared among them: the door of hospitality was opened to him, and he was welcomed with the embrace of sincerity. The Husbandman addressed the *Stranger*, and his language was devoid of guile:—you shall reside with us, and we will be *brothers*; our interest shall be *one*, and we will *reciprocally* assist each other; a *portion* of this garden shall be yours, and from the remainder (which Providence has blessed with abundance) you shall have a share of the choicest fruits in common with us.—The *Stranger* tuned the instrument of joy, and sung in praise of generosity and friendship, of candour and sincerity—but, alas! the words of the *Stranger* flowed not from the heart. In the neighbouring towns he soon formed con-

nections which rendered him *powerful*, and he followed the guidance of *ambition*. He complained to the Husbandman that the compact which had been formed between them had been departed from : that the servants of the Husbandman had committed violence against his people and possessions, and that in order to create security against *future depredations*, the separate authorities should be *united in one*, and that he should hold the reins. The Husbandman heard with sorrow the suggestions of the *Stranger*, and the thorn of affliction pierced him to the soul ; he placed in his view the occurrences of former times, and pressed on his consideration the unsolicited kindness which he had received when *accident* introduced them to the knowledge of each other. The *Stranger* heard the Husbandman with indifference, and treated him *with contempt*. The dwelling of the Husbandman was no longer the mansion of security—the people of the *Stranger* destroyed his bowers, the trees of the garden were deprived of their fruit ere they had been touched by the hand of maturity ; scarcity and want stalked through the once enchanting spot, and the vine of contentment withered and decayed. The *Stranger* viewed the dreary change with *exultation and triumph*, and charged the Husbandman with misconduct and *abuse of power*. The tongue of malevolence dwelt on the theme ; and the world, in recounting the misfortunes of the Husbandman, spoke of his misconduct and his abuse of power, and exclaimed—he is justly punished ! The Husbandman's anguish burst forth, and he said—The chilling blasts of calumny have destroyed the fair blossoms of my fame, and the voice of friendship is heard no more within my habitation. The sun of my glory, by its lengthened shade, shews how nearly it has approached the region where darkness commences, and where all is horror. My generosity



has proved injurious to my prosperity—my sincerity has procured reproaches, and the friend of my bosom turns against me with a hostile hand. Crushed are all my hopes, and the prospect of happiness vanishes from my sight—the rose has fallen, and the stalk, with all its thorns, alone remains in my hand!—What can I write more?

My lord, I complain!—I complain!—I complain!

### SINGULAR TAKING OF LOUISBOURG,

BY THE AMERICANS, IN 1745.

Communicated by John Evans, A. M.

*From Bellin's History of New Hampshire, just published.*

**T**HE island of Cape-Breton (so denominated from one of its capes) lies between the forty-fifth and forty-seventh degrees of north latitude; at the distance of fifteen leagues from Cape Ray, the south-western extremity of Newfoundland. It is separated from the main land of Nova Scotia by a narrow strait, six leagues in length, the navigation of which is safe for a ship of forty guns. The greatest length of the island, from north-east to south west, is about fifty leagues, and its greatest breadth thirty-three. It is about eighty-eight leagues in circuit as seamen estimate distances. Its general form is triangular, but it is indented by many deep bays.

The soil of this island is by no means inviting: it is either rocky and mountainous, or else cold and boggy, and much less capable of improvement than Nova-Scotia. Its only valuable productions are of the fossil kind, pit-coal and plaster. Its atmosphere in the spring and summer is an almost continual fog, which prevents the rays of the sun from perfecting vegetation. Its winter is severe and of long continuance; and as the island forms an eddy to the current which sets through the gulf of St.

Lawrence, its harbours are filled with large quantities of floating ice, with which its shores are environed till late in the spring.

Much has been said by French and English writers on the great importance and advantage of this island—and some political and temporary purposes were doubtless to be answered by such publication: but in fact the only real importance of Cape-Breton was derived from its central situation and the convenience of its ports. On the north and west sides it is steep and inaccessible, but the south-eastern side is full of fine bays and harbours, capable of receiving and securing ships of any burden, and, being situated between Canada, France, and the West-Indies, it was extremely favourable to the French commerce. It was not so good a station for the fishery as several parts of Nova-Scotia and Newfoundland. The greater part of the French fishery was prosecuted elsewhere; and they could buy fish at Canseau cheaper than they could cure it at Cape-Breton.

Whilst the French held possession of the coasts of Nova-Scotia and Newfoundland, this island was neglected; but after they had ceded these places to the crown of England, and the crown of England had ceded this island to them by the treaty of Utrecht (1713), they began to see its value. Instead of giving so much attention to the fur trade of Canada as they had before done, they contemplated building a fortified town on this island, as a security to their navigation and fishery. For this purpose they chose a fine harbour on the south-east side of the island, formerly called English harbour, where they erected their fortifications, and called the place Louisbourg.

The harbour of Louisbourg lies in latitude  $45^{\circ} 55'$ ; its entrance is about four hundred yards wide. The anchorage is uniformly safe, and ships may

run ashore on a soft muddy bottom. The depth of water at the entrance is from nine to twelve fathoms. The harbour lies open to the south-east. Upon a neck of land on the south side of the harbour was built the town, two miles and a quarter in circumference, fortified in every accessible part with a rampart of stone, from thirty to sixty feet high, and a ditch eighty feet wide; a space of about two hundred yards was left without a rampart on the side next the sea, it was enclosed by a simple dike and a line of pickets. The sea was so shallow in this place that it made only a narrow channel, inaccessible from its numerous reefs to any shipping whatever. The side fire from the bastions secured this spot from an attack. There were six bastions and three batteries, containing embrasures for one hundred and forty-eight cannon, of which sixty-five only were mounted, and sixteen mortars. On an island at the entrance of the harbour was planted a battery of thirty cannon, carrying twenty-eight pounds shot; and at the bottom of the harbour, directly opposite to the entrance, was the grand or royal battery of twenty-eight cannon, forty-two pounders, and two eighteen pounders. On a high cliff, opposite to the island battery, stood a light-house; and within this point, at the north-east part of the harbour, was a careening wharf secure from all winds, and a magazine of naval stores.

The town was regularly laid out in squares; the streets were broad—the houses mostly of wood, but some of stone. On the west side, near the rampart, was a spacious citadel, and a large parade, on one side of which was the governor's apartments. Under the rampart were casemates to receive the women and children during a siege. The entrance of the town on the land side was at the west gate, over a draw bridge, near to which was a circular

battery, mounting sixteen guns of twenty-four pounds shot.

These works had been twenty-five years in building, and though not finished, had cost the crown not less than thirty millions of livres. The place was so strong as to be called the 'Dunkirk of America.' It was in peace a safe retreat for the ships of France bound homeward from the East and West-Indies, and in war, a source of distress to the northern English colonies, its situation being extremely favourable for privateers to ruin their fishery and interrupt their coasting and foreign trade—for which reasons, the reduction of it was an object as desirable to them as that of Carthage was to the Romans.

In the autumn, Shirley wrote to the British ministry, representing the danger of an attack on Nova-Scotia, from the French, in the ensuing spring, and praying for some naval assistance.—These letters he sent by Capt. Ryal, an officer of the garrison which had been taken at Canseau, who, 'from his particular knowledge of Louisbourg, and of the great consequence of the acquisition of Cape-Breton, and the preservation of Nova-Scotia, he hoped would be of considerable service to the northern colonies, with the lords of the admiralty.' Thus early did Shirley conceive and communicate to Wentworth his great design; and the most prudent step which he took in this whole affair was to solicit help from England. His petition, supported by that worthy officer, was so favourably received by the ministry, that as early as the beginning of January orders were dispatched to Commodore Warren, then in the West-Indies, to proceed to the northward in the spring, and employ such a force as might be sufficient to protect the northern colonies in their trade and fishery, and distress the enemy; and for this purpose to consult with

Governor Shirley, orders of the same date were written to Shirley, inclosed to Warren, directing him to assist the king's ships with transports, men, and provisions. These orders, though extremely favourable to the design, were totally unknown in New-England till the middle of April following, before which time the expedition was completely formed.

It has been said, that a plan of this famous enterprise was first suggested by William Vaughan, a son of Lieutenant-governor Vaughan of New-Hampshire. Several other persons have claimed the like merit. How far each one's information or advice contributed toward forming the design, cannot now be determined. Vaughan was largely concerned in the fishery on the eastern coast of Massachusetts. He was a man of good understanding, but of a daring, enterprising, and tenacious mind, and one who thought of no obstacles to the accomplishment of his views. An instance of his temerity is still remembered:—he had equipped, at Portsmouth, a number of boats to carry on his fishery at Montinicus. On the day appointed for sailing, in the month of March, though the wind was so boisterous that experienced mariners deemed it impossible for such vessels to carry sail, he went on board one, and ordered the others to follow; one was lost at the mouth of the river, the rest arrived with much difficulty, but in a short time, at the place of their destination. Vaughan had not been at Louisbourg, but had learned from fishermen and others something of the strength and situation of the place; and nothing being in his view impracticable which he had a mind to accomplish, he conceived a design to take the city by surprise, and even proposed going over the walls in winter on the drifts of snow. This idea of a surprisal forcibly struck the mind of Shirley, and prevailed with him

to hasten his preparations before he could have any answer or orders from England.

In the beginning of January he requested of the members of the General Court, that they would lay themselves under an oath of secrecy, to receive a proposal from him of very great importance.— This was the first request of the kind which had ever been made to a legislative body in the colonies. They readily took the oath, and he communicated to them the plan which he had formed of attacking Louisbourg. The secret was kept for some days; till an honest member, who performed the family devotion at his lodgings, inadvertently discovered it by praying for a blessing on the attempt. At the first deliberation, the proposal was rejected; but by the address of the governor and the invincible perseverance of Vaughan, a petition from the merchants concerned in the fishery was brought into court, which revived the affair; and it was finally carried in the affirmative by a majority of *one* voice, in the absence of several members who were known to be against it. Circular letters were immediately dispatched to all the colonies as far as Pennsylvania, requesting their assistance, and an embargo on their ports.

With one of these letters Vaughan rode express to Portsmouth, where the assembly was sitting. Governor Wentworth immediately laid the matter before them, and proposed a conference of the two Houses to be held on the next day. The House of Representatives having caught the enthusiasm of Vaughan, were impatient of delay, and desired that it might be held immediately. It was accordingly held, and the committee reported in favour of the expedition; estimated the expence at four thousand pounds, and desired the governor to issue a proclamation for enlisting two hundred and fifty men, at twenty-five shillings per month, one month's pay

to be advanced ; they also recommended that military stores and transports should be provided, and that such preparations should be made as that the whole might be ready by the beginning of March. All this was instantly agreed to, on condition that proper methods should be found to pay the charges. This could be done in no other way than by a new emission of bills of credit, contrary to the letter of royal instructions. But, by the help of Shirley, a way was found to surmount this difficulty ; for on the same day he wrote to Wentworth, informing him that he had, in answer to repeated solicitations obtained a relaxation of his instructions relative to bills of credit, so far as to have leave to consent to such emissions as the exigencies of war might require, and advising him that, considering the occasion, it was probable his consenting to an emission would rather be approved than censured by his superiors. The next day he wrote again, assuring him that he might safely do it, provided that the sum to be emitted were solely appropriated to the service of the expedition. He also sent him a copy of the instruction, enjoining him to let no person know that he had sent it. Shirley himself had consented to an emission of fifty thousand pounds, to be drawn in by a tax in the years 1747 and 1748.

The House of Representatives passed a vote for an emission of ten thousand pounds toward defraying the charge of the expedition and farther carrying on the war, and the support of government ; to be drawn in by taxes in ten annual payments, to begin in 1755. The council objected, and said that the grant should be wholly appropriated to the expedition, and the payments should begin in 1751. The House adhered to their vote. The governor interposed, and an altercation took place, which continued several days. The governor adjourned

the assembly till he could again ask Shirley's advice and receive his answer. At length the House altered their vote, and appointed the year 1751 for drawing in the money; augmenting the sum to thirteen thousand pounds, and at the governor's express desire they publicly assured him that they 'could not find out any other way to carry on the expedition, or in any degree shorten the period for bringing in the money.' This was done to serve as an apology for the governor's consenting to the bill, notwithstanding he had no liberty to recede from his instructions—and thus, the matter being compromised, he gave his consent.

During this tedious interval, a report was spread that the House had refused to raise men and money for the expedition; and the author of the report was sought out, and called to account by the House for his misbehaviour. The next day they altered their terms of enlistment conformably to those offered in Massachusetts, and by the 17th of February two hundred and fifty men were enlisted for the service.

The person appointed to command the expedition was Wm. Pepperrell, Esq. of Kittery, colonel of a regiment of militia—a merchant of unblemished reputation and engaging manners, extensively known both in Massachusetts and New-Hampshire, and very popular. These qualities were absolutely necessary in the commander of an army of volunteers, his own countrymen, who were to quit their domestic connections and employments, and engage in a hazardous enterprise, which none of them, from the highest to the lowest, knew how to conduct. Professional skill and experience were entirely out of the question; had these qualities been necessary, the expedition must have been laid aside—for there was no person in New-England in these respects qualified for the command. Fidelity, resolution,



and popularity must supply the place of military talents—and Pepperrell was possessed of these. It was necessary that the men should know and love their general, or they would not enlist under him.\*

After this appointment was made, and while it was uncertain whether the assembly of New-Hampshire would agree with the governor in raising money for the expedition, Shirley proposed to Wentworth the raising men in New-Hampshire, to be in the pay of Massachusetts, and in the letter which he wrote on that occasion paid him the following compliment: 'It would have been an infinite satisfaction to me, and done great honor to the expedition, if your limbs would have permitted you to take the chief command.' Wentworth was charmed with the idea, and forgetting his gout, made an offer of his personal service, but not till after the assembly had agreed to his terms and the money bill was passed. Shirley was then obliged to answer him thus: 'Upon communicating your offer to two or three gentlemen in whose prudence and judgment I most confide, I found them clearly of opinion that any alteration of the present command would be attended with great risque, both with respect to the assembly and the soldiers being entirely disgusted.'

Before Pepperrell accepted the command, he asked the opinion of the famous George Whitefield,

---

\* The following private note was sent from Boston to Pepperrell, whilst at Louisbourg, and found among his papers.

'You was made general, being a popular man, most likely to raise soldiers soonest. The expedition was calculated to ESTABLISH Sh—, and make his creature W. governor of Cape-Breton, which is to be a place of refuge to him from his creditors.— Beware of snakes in the grass, and mark their hissing !'

who was then itinerating and preaching in New-England. Whitefield told him that he did not think the scheme very promising; that the eyes of all would be on him; that if it should not succeed, the widows and orphans of the slain would reproach him; and if it should succeed, many would regard him with envy, and endeavour to eclipse his glory: that he ought therefore to go with 'a single eye,' and then he would find his strength proportioned to his necessity. Henry Sherburne, the commissary of New-Hampshire, another of Whitefield's friends, pressed him to favour the expedition and give a motto for the flag; to which, after some hesitation, he consented—the motto was, '*Nil desperandum Christo duce.*' This gave the expedition the air of a crusade, and many of his followers enlisted. One of them, a chaplain, carried on his shoulders a hatchet, with which he intended to destroy the images in the French churches.

There are certain latent sparks in human nature, which, by a collision of causes, are sometimes brought to light; and when once excited, their operations are not easily controuled. In undertaking any thing hazardous, there is a necessity for extraordinary vigour of mind, and a degree of confidence and fortitude which shall raise us above the dread of danger, and dispose us to run a risque which the cold maxims of prudence would forbid. The people of New-England have at various times shewn such an enthusiastic ardor, which has been excited by the example of their ancestors and their own exposed situation. It was never more apparent, and perhaps never more necessary, than on occasion of this expedition. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that several circumstances which did not depend on human foresight, greatly favoured this undertaking.

The winters in this country are often severe, but

the winter in which this expedition was planned, and particularly the month of February, was very mild. The harbours and rivers were open, and the weather was in general so pleasant that every kind of labour could be done abroad. The fruitfulness of the preceding season had made provisions plenty. The Indians had not yet molested the frontiers; and though some of them had heard that an expedition against Cape Breton was in hand, and carried the news of it to Canada, such an attempt was so improbable, that the French gave no credit to the report—and those in Nova-Scotia did not receive the least intelligence of the preparations.—Douglass observes, that ‘some guardian angel preserved the troops from taking the small-pox,’ which appeared in Boston about the time of their embarkation, and was actually imported in one of the ships which was taken into the service. A concurrence of happy incidents brought together every British ship of war from the ports of the American continent and islands, till they made a formidable naval force, consisting of four ships of the line and six frigates, under the command of an active, judicious, and experienced officer. On the other hand, the garrison of Louisbourg was discontented and mutinous; they were in want of provisions and stores; they had no knowledge of the design formed against them; their shores were so environed with ice that no supplies could arrive early from France, and those which came afterward were intercepted and taken by our cruisers. In short, ‘if any one circumstance had taken a wrong turn on our side, and if any one circumstance had not taken a wrong turn on the French side, the expedition must have miscarried.’

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## FURTHER PARTICULARS

OF

## GOVERNOR WALL.

**A** COUNCIL was on Wednesday the 27th held by his Majesty at St. James's, when the case of the Governor, and a number of petitions in his favour, were taken into consideration. The deliberations continued for some time, and the minutes of the Lord Chief Baron, who presided at the trial, were read over. One of the sheriffs, accompanied by a veteran general officer, attended in an adjoining room, the latter of whom (an intimate friend of the unfortunate prisoner,) was frequently consulted by Lord Pelham. The council broke up at five o'clock, having determined upon the propriety of the sentence being carried into execution.

At half after six in the morning of the 28th, the ordinary, Dr. Ford, entered, when the prisoner devoutly joined him for some time in prayer; they then passed on to an anti-room, when the Governor asked "whether it was a fine morning?" On being answered in the affirmative, he said, "The time hangs heavily—I am anxious for the close of this scene!" One of the officers then proceeded to bind his arms with a cord, for which he extended them out firmly: but recollecting himself, he said, "I beg your pardon a moment," and putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out two white handkerchiefs, one of which he bound round his temples, so as nearly to conceal his eyes, over which he placed a white cap, and then put on a round hat; the other handkerchief he kept between his hands. He then observed, "the cord cuts me—but 's no matter!" on which Dr. Ford de-

sired it to be loosened, for which the prisoner bowed, and thanked him. As the clock struck eight, the door was thrown open, at which Sheriff Cox and his officers appeared: The Governor approaching him, said, "I attend you, Sir!" and the procession to the scaffold, over the debtors' door, immediately succeeded. He had no sooner ascended it, accompanied by the ordinary, than three successive shouts from an innumerable populace, the brutal effusion of one common sentiment, evidently deprived him of the small portion of fortitude which he had summoned up. He bowed his head under this extreme pressure of ignominy, when the hangman put the halter over it, but took it off again to replace it; this done, the Governor stooped forward and spoke to the ordinary, who (no doubt at his request) pulled the cap over the lower part of his face—when in an instant, without waiting for any signal, the platform dropped, and he was launched into eternity! From the knot of the rope turning round to the back of the neck, and his legs not being pulled, at his particular request, he was suspended in convulsive agony for eleven minutes. At length it was found necessary to pull his legs.—After hanging a full hour, his body was cut down, put into a cart, and immediately conveyed to a building in Cow-Cross-street, to be dissected. He was dressed in a mixed-coloured loose coat with a black collar, swan-down waistcoat, blue pantaloons, and white silk stockings. He appeared much emaciated—never having quitted the bed of his cell from the day of condemnation till the morning of his execution.

During the time of his confinement previous to trial, he occupied the apartment which was formerly the residence of Mr. Ridgway, the bookseller. His wife lived with him for the last fortnight—she is a very accomplished woman, about his own

age. Although he was allowed two hours a-day, from twelve to two, to walk in the yard, he did not once embrace this indulgence, and, during his whole confinement, never went out of his room, except into the lobby to consult with his counsel. He lived well, and was at times very facetious, easy in his manners, and pleasant in conversation; but during the night he frequently sat up in his bed and sang psalms, overheard by his fellow-prisoners. He had not many visitors, his only attendant was a prisoner who was appointed for that purpose by the turnkey. After trial he did not return to his old apartment, but was conducted into a cell; he was so far favoured as not to have irons put on, but a person was employed as a guard to watch him during the night, to prevent his doing violence against himself. His bed was brought to him in the cell, on which he threw himself in an agony of mind, saying it was his intention not to rise until they called him on the fatal morning. The sheriffs were particularly pointed and precise in their orders with respect to confining him to the usual diet of bread and water, preparatory to the awful event. This order was scrupulously fulfilled.

On Wednesday night his wife obtained permission to remain with him till eleven o'clock, when she took her last affectionate leave of him! This scene was truly distressing.

Mr. Kirby went into the cell with the man who was appointed to sit up with him. He enquired if any news had arrived—he was told none. Mr. Sheriff Cox, who called upon him frequently before trial, about this time visited him in his cell. He expected a respite till twelve o'clock—none then arriving, after the lapse of near an hour he enquired particularly whether the machine, in being brought out of the press-yard, would make a great noise, and enquired at what time. The attendant, being

unwilling to discompose his mind, pretended to be ignorant of those matters. He fell asleep between four and five o'clock, and did not hear the noise of the fatal machine, which was brought out at five o'clock, although it shook the whole prison: but about twenty minutes after, a mail-coach going by, he started, and, "Is not that the fatal scaffold?"—The same person answered, No, observing it was the mail, and he might hear the horn blow with it. He did not go to sleep again; he asked many questions, and inquired whether, being a tall man, he could not avoid the jerk in the falling of the scaffold, although it was done, he apprehended, to dislocate the neck of the sufferer, and put him sooner out of pain. He never had been off the bed since condemnation.

The interest made to save Governor Wall is well known. The whole of Wednesday his case occupied the attention of the great law officers; the judges met at the chancellor's in the afternoon—the conference lasted upwards of three hours.

Mrs. Wall is said to be sister to Lord Seaforth, and niece to the Marquis of Stafford, and Earl of Gallo way, one of the lords of the bed-chamber. All these interests and others were exerted with the utmost vigour to save Mr. Wall, and the petitions presented to the King were numerous, as well as from powerful quarters—but his Majesty with great firmness resisted every application, and insisted that justice should take its course.

However lamentable the unhappy fate of Governor Wall, its coincidence with that of the unhappy seamen who have recently suffered at Portsmouth, is fortunate for the character of the nation and its government. It will bear testimony to Europe, and to the world, that English justice still retains its original purity, and is still equally and impartially administered to the peer and to the peasant, making no distinc-

tion between the private and the commander, but punishing, protecting, and avenging all alike! It will be a consolation to such of the British seamen as may be dejected and cast down by the melancholy though just end of so many of their comrades, to find that no flimsy charge, no groundless imputation, no pretended mutiny, either imagined at the moment, or afterwards trumped up, as occasion may require, will be admitted as a justification of severity, causelessly and inhumanly inflicted.—When they see the death of a simple serjeant, without family or friends, in a country whence the report of his wrongs might never have reached home, now made the subject of a state prosecution, conducted by the two principal criminal officers of the crown, with the assistance of a number of other highly respectable council, and the attendance of every witness in the smallest degree necessary, collected with all the anxiety that could have been bestowed on the case at the commencement of the prosecution in 1784, by the widow and orphan children of the deceased (if such he had, and they were rich enough to afford the expence), will they not rejoice to see that punishments are not for them alone, and that the proudest of those who rule them cannot tyrannise over them with impunity! It is natural to the ignorance of a low situation to suppose that suffering is confined to its own class. In some countries this is unfortunately too much the fact—in ours, great crimes are rare in the higher ranks of society, but in the few instances that have occurred, the equality of justice has been enforced in a manner that gives every peasant in the land reason to thank Heaven that he was born in such a country.

The circumstances of the conviction and punishment of Mr. Wall are extremely striking. His withdrawing himself from justice in 1784; his voluntary return and surrender last year in the confi-



dence of escaping, and the presence of every witness who could have originally appeared against him, or who was enabled to contradict those brought forward in his defence, will be, to superstitious minds, a strong confirmation of the belief that Heaven interposes in a peculiar manner in the detection and punishment of murder. As a public example, there is nothing to diminish its effect. It is free from all those errors which might have infected a trial had under the immediate influence of popular odium arising from the recency of the fact. In a period of eighteen years, the malice (if any there was) of the individuals who instituted the prosecution, must have subsided, and they must now be governed by truth alone. Public horror and public animosity must have abated.—Mr. Wall was unquestionably not sacrificed to private faction, to popular fury, or to ministerial cabal. The statement of the Attorney General was a mixture of candour, moderation, and energy, perfectly consonant to the idea of Shakespeare—

“ Nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice :”

It was a plain narrative of facts, without any other comment than the opinion of the law how far they were criminal. Never did a jury go into a box with less of prejudice, or of any matter extraneous to the cause, that could be supposed to have an improper influence on their decision; never was the whole of the proceedings listened to with more attention, never was evidence summed up more accurately by a judge, law stated more distinctly, or facts put to the jury more fairly and properly. The verdict of the jury was unquestionably just. The law has done the rest!—We shall not expatiate upon the crime after an event which washes away all crimes, and suffers only the bare record to remain for the instruction of futurity. The fact will

live in our history, as a monument of national justice, and as a warning to those who are entrusted with great power, in places remote from controul and superintendence, to use these powers with justice and moderation ;—and our seamen will reflect with satisfaction, that while the judge advocate of the admiralty is prosecuting disobedience and breach of discipline, at Portsmouth—the attorney general of the king is obtaining justice against cruelty and abuse of power, in London.

The body of this unfortunate man was given up to his relations upon their paying fifty guineas to the Philanthropic Society, and on Thursday morning his remains were interred in the church-yard of St. Pancras—the corpse was attended by the person in Tottenham-court-road at whose house Wall lodged under the name of Thompson, and three other persons.

The similarity of the fate of Captain Fitzgerald and Governor Wall is somewhat remarkable—they both belonged to the 69th regiment of foot, and in 1765 they fought a duel at Galway ; the former was hanged for murder at Castlebar, and the latter for the same crime in London !

It might have been supposed that Governor Wall would have had a fellow-feeling for the men under his command, as he himself, when a captain in the African corps, had experienced nine months severe imprisonment at Gambia, by order of Lieutenant-governor M'Namara, against whom he afterwards brought an action, and recovered 1000*l.* damages for false imprisonment.

Mr. Ferritt, the surgeon who was called on to give evidence on the trial, has addressed a long letter to the public, in which (after some preliminary observations in vindication of his character) he says, “ My reason for not interfering on the behalf of Armstrong was briefly this—I *durst not*.”

He did not, at the moment, advert to the difference of the instrument used in the punishment of Armstrong, from that of the common *cat*, or the *thief cat*, generally used by Governor Wall.—Wall's was a system of terror, and which, had he opposed during Wall's paroxysm of rage and cruelty, might have cost him (Ferritt) his life.

Two other bills were found against Wall for murder, but not tried. The amount of his cruelty, at the period of his leaving his government at Goree, is summed up in the following affidavit :—“ James O'Shanley, lieutenant in his Majesty's African corps of foot, also maketh oath, and doth swear upon the holy Evangelists of Almighty God, that he was officer of the day both on the 10th and 11th days of July, 1782, and saw on the 10th, in the afternoon, the following men punished—Serjeant Armstrong with 800 lashes, and George Robinson 800 lashes; and on the following morning, being the 11th of July, Corporal Thomas Upton received 350 lashes, George Paterson 800 lashes, Wm. Evans 800 lashes, and Henry Fawcett 47 lashes. That this punishment was inflicted upon the said seven men without trial or public hearing; that they were flogged by several black men, changed at every 25 lashes, with inch rope, knotted: and that Corporal Upton died on the 13th, Serjeant Armstrong on the 15th, and George Paterson on the 19th of July, in consequence of the inhuman punishment imposed by Governor Wall.”

What adds to the singularity of the above events is, that Major Winter, who resided at Woolwich, coming to speak in favour of the Governor, in getting out of the coach, dropped down and instantly expired. Mr. James Dixon coming past at the time, recognised the gentleman, and had the body conveyed to the Rose public-house. He in-

stantly dispatched a proper person to the unhappy major's family.—We understand the major was in the artillery, and brother-in-law to Mr. Dudman, an eminent ship-builder at Deptford, and has left a family of ten children.

### POPULATION.

**T**HE population of the world is at present estimated at about 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants, spread over the surface of about 197 millions of square miles, but of which the habitable part contains hardly 45,300,000 square miles. The rest is covered by water.

In admitting this supposition of 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants,

Europe, in an extent of 3,300,000 square miles, at 69 12-100 to a degree, would have a population of 47 inhabitants per square mile, and 155,000,000 of inhabitants in total.

Asia, including New Holland and Siberia, which are almost deserts, would contain, in an extent of 18,000,000 of square miles, 45 inhabitants per square mile, and 815,000,000 inhabitants in total.

Burning Africa, in an extent of 100,000,000 of square miles, would contain 12 inhabitants per square mile, and 120,000,000 in the whole.

Newly-discovered America, in an extent of 14,000,000 of square miles would contain somewhat more than one inhabitant to a square mile, at the rate of 18,000,000 of inhabitants in total.

According to this computation, taking all the habitable parts of the world together, there would be 16 inhabitants per square mile.

### The Cabinet of Hith.

*Here let the jest and merry tale go round.*

**A** GENTLEMAN relating one night at a coffee-room in Oxford, that Dr. —, of Brazen Nose college, had *put out his leg* in crossing a kennel, five surgeons immediately set off for the doctor's apartments, but returned dismayed, saying no such thing had happened: "Why (replied the gentleman) how can a man cross a kennel without *putting out his leg*?"



### PARADOXICAL LINES.

*To a Young Lady remarkably fond of standing near a Fire.*

With sparkling eyes, in sparkling wine,  
I joy when Margaretta's *toasted*;  
Yet would I sooner worlds resign  
Than hear of Margaretta *roasted*.

Fair Marg'ret's muslin train to save  
From fire, thro' fire I'd boldly start,  
All worldly dangers freely brave—  
Yet wish a flame within her heart!

Yes, Margaretta, charming dame,  
I'd gladly kindle in thy breast  
An unextinguishable flame—  
Yet die to save from fire your vest!

*Brighton, Jan. 30, 1802.*

---

**DEATH OF JOHN EARL OF CLARE,****LATE LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.**

**T**HIS country has lately experienced a considerable loss in the death of the above great character. Some days prior to his death, he foresaw his dissolution; and so copious were the bleedings, that, upon a consultation of the most eminent physicians, he was given over. Even on being made acquainted with this melancholy truth, the firmness of his lordship's mind did not forsake him. He at length fell into a lethargic fit, and continued motionless for some time, when he died.—His remains were interred in St. Peter's church-yard, Dublin. The gentlemen of the law, to the number of at least 600, attended the funeral. Twenty-four servants, with scarfs, and twelve mourners, the Lords Ely, Shannon, Kilwarden, and Tyrawley, bearing the pall. His lordship's family coach was followed by 74 of the nobility and gentry.—He has bequeathed to his lady 1200*l.* a-year, and his seat at Mount-shannon during the minority of his eldest son: to her he has also confided the education of his children, with an allowance of 1600*l.* a-year for that purpose; to the present earl, his paternal and acquired property (about 6000*l.* per annum); to his second son and only daughter, 20,000*l.* each; and in case of failure of his own issue, he has devised his property to his nephews, the sons of Archbishop Beresford.—He particularly cautions his children against the sordid and disgraceful vice of gaming; and though he wishes their education to be in England, he recommends them to reside, after they come of age, in Ireland—the country to which they owe every thing. His executors are, Lord Kil-

warden, Robert French, and George Stewart, Esqrs.

John Fitzgibbon, his lordship's father, was a barrister of eminence. Although he had in his time to contend with the wisdom of a Malone, the legal erudition of a Tisdal, and the eloquence of a Hutchinson—names which have not yet lost their celebrity in Ireland—his practice became so considerable that he realized an estate of 6000*l.* per annum. Yet he died at no very advanced age, and had for several years retired from his professional labours. He was also a member of the House of Commons, and considered as an able speaker.

The late Earl of Clare completed his studies in Trinity college, Dublin, and having kept his terms in the Temple, his lordship was called to the Irish bar, and soon distinguished himself so much by solidity of argument and appositeness of remark, that he was employed by a great majority of the fellows and scholars of the university to enforce the complaints preferred by them to the visitors against the provost, in consequence of certain innovations and abuses. He displayed on that occasion a perfect knowledge of the laws, privileges, and customs of that learned body, and manifested a decision and spirit which surprised and awed the boldest of his adversaries. For this exertion he was (though opposed by the interest of government) elected in 1776 one of the members of the university.

The commencement of his political career was marked with an independence of principle of which we have very few instances. Neither the instrument of administration, nor the partizan of opposition, he found in his own judgment the standard of his conduct. *Plausu clarescere vulgi* was not one of the objects of his pursuits, and he learned, while a very young man, to despise that silly and precarious popularity, which has since idolized as a deity,

and disfranchised as a traitor, his celebrated rival and contemporary in college, at the bar, and in the senate—Mr. Grattan.

In 1784 he succeeded Mr. Yelverton as attorney-general, and for his vigorous opposition on the memorable question of the regency in 1789 to the address of the House of Commons, requesting the Prince of Wales to take upon himself the government of Ireland, he was on the death of Lord Lifford, created Baron Fitzgibbon, and raised to the high dignity of chancellor—an office never before conferred upon an Irishman. Whatever difference of sentiment existed between him and his countrymen with respect to catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, it was acknowledged by men of all parties that he discharged the duties of his important situation with an ability, impartiality, and promptitude, productive of the most beneficial effects. The administration of equity was no longer subject to those tedious and very expensive proceedings which prevented the poor and friendless, and frequently deterred the opulent, from preferring their rightful claims. His lordship's sagacity, vigilance, and perseverance, succeeding in detecting and defeating the tricks of chicanery, and the wiles of fraud, throughout the mazes of the most intricate chancery suit; all idle and oppressive delay was banished from his court, and the equity of his decisions has been the subject of general encomium.

He had, however, since his elevation to the bench, a field more extensive, and occasions more arduous for displaying his talents and rendering still more essential services to the state. The leading part which he took in unmasking the real views of the society of United Irishmen, and the assistance derived from his counsels by the executive power in the suppression of the rebellion, possess irresistible claims to the gratitude of government and the inha-



bitants of Great Britain and Ireland. In promoting the legislative union of both countries, his exertions were also particularly conspicuous, and his speech delivered in the House of Lords on the 10th of February, 1800, is allowed, even by the enemies of the measure, to be a masterly vindication of the incorporative system. The necessity of union appears to have been impressed upon his mind in the earliest stages of his public life, and there is every ground to believe that he advocated the cause unbiased by party politics, and untainted by selfish considerations. In concluding that very able speech, his lordship observed—"It is with cordial sincerity, and a full conviction that it will give to this to my native country lasting peace and security for her religion, her laws, her liberty, and her property, an increase of strength, riches, and trade, and the final extinction of national jealousy and animosity, that I now propose to this grave assembly, for their adoption, an entire and perfect union of the kingdom of Ireland with Great Britain. If I live to see it completed, to my latest time I shall feel an honorable pride in reflecting on the little share which I may have in contributing to effect it."

Of the intrepidity and firmness of his lordship's character, a few instances will convey an adequate idea. While attorney-general, and at a moment when the popular mind was violently agitated by the rejection of petitions in favour of parliamentary reform and protecting duties, and a meeting was convened at Dublin by the high sheriffs of the county, for the election of delegates or representatives in order to carry into execution the objects of the petitions, he proceeded alone to the meeting, forced a passage through the multitude, and interrupted the discussion, by stating to the sheriffs who presided, the illegality of their conduct, and threat-

ening them with an information, *ex officio*, if they presumed to continue an assembly which tended to change the constitution of the country. The threat produced the desired effect, and the convention was instantly dissolved. The boldness of this conduct is the more remarkable, as he was then more unpopular than any other person, and the mob had, for some time, been in the practice of treating not only with disrespect, but personal violence, those whose sentiments were known to be unfriendly to the new system of reform.

At the commencement of the late rebellion, and even while the insurgents were in arms, and the metropolis itself was not in perfect security from the attempts and force of the rebels, it is remembered by numbers that his lordship was not, in a single instance, known to alter his former habit of walking at all hours through the streets, very often without a friend or a single attendant.

A strong proof of his inflexible resolution occurred in the court of chancery, when, in consequence of the opposition given by Prime-serjeant Fitzgerald to the union of Great Britain and Ireland, that gentleman was dismissed from his situation, and it was resolved at a meeting of the bar that they should continue to grant to him the same precedence as when he held the office of prime-serjeant. This agreement was defeated by the steadiness of Lord Clare. It was motion day, and according to the usage of the court, the attorney and solicitor-generals having made their motions, the chancellor called upon Mr. Smith, the father of the bar—who bowed and said Mr. Saurin had precedence of him; Mr. Saurin being also called on, said Mr. Ponsonby had precedence, who in his turn said Mr. Curran had precedence of him; when the latter gentleman was called upon, he declared he could not think of making any motion before Mr. Fitzgerald, who

certainly had precedence of him. The chancellor then called on Mr. Fitzgerald—who declined making any motion. His lordship then addressed the bar—"I see, gentlemen, you have not then relinquished the business: it would be better at once for his majesty's counsel, if they do not choose to conform to the regulation of the court, to resign their silk gowns, than act thus in a sort of rebellion against their sovereign.—I dismiss the causes in which these gentlemen are retained, with costs on both sides." This transaction led to the abolition of all precedence on motions in the court of chancery, which are now listed and heard in the order of the roll.

As a lawyer, in almost every branch of English jurisprudence, Lord Clare was entitled, in the opinion of the best judges, to a rank as distinguished as any of his brethren on the bench. The few appeals which have taken place since his elevation to the dignity of chancellor, furnish the most satisfactory proofs of his penetration and impartiality in administering the arduous duties of his office.

As a public speaker, he possessed the rare merit of strictly adhering to the particular subject in discussion. He was concise and energetic, and appears to be strongly impressed with the force of the old maxim—"*Qui nimis probat, nihil probat*," for he contented himself with the use of a few arguments that are adequate to the attainment of his object; but these are skilfully arranged, and enforced in the most powerful manner. His voice was clear and distinct, but was destitute of fulness and melody, and his delivery at all times free from languor or coldness.

For variety of intellectual acquirement, very few of our most celebrated characters was superior to the late Earl of Clare: his mind was enriched from the purest sources of ancient and modern learning,

and deeply versed in political and legal knowledge. Nor did he neglect the theory of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. For his progress in the study of almost every department of polite and classical literature, he was indebted to a taste and perseverance which he displayed while at college, and which he afterwards continued to exercise when allowed to retire from his official duties and the business of the state.

In private life his lordship's manners were plain and unaffected; and was never known to withhold from distressed worth, or unfriended merit, the relief and encouragement which they should experience from the generous and benevolent mind.

### POPULATION OF AMERICA.

	<i>Representatives.</i>	<i>Slaves.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Virginia .....	22 .....	347,000 .....	886,000
Pennsylvania .....	18 .....	1,600 .....	604,000
Massachusetts .....	17 .....	None .....	575,000
New York .....	17 .....	20,000 .....	568,000
North Carolina .....	12 .....	133,000 .....	478,000
South Carolina .....	8 .....	146,000 .....	345,000
Maryland .....	8 .....	103,000 .....	322,000
Connecticut .....	7 .....	1,000 .....	251,000
New Jersey .....	6 .....	12,000 .....	211,000
Kentucky .....	6 .....	40,000 .....	220,000
New Hampshire .....	5 .....	Only 8 .....	183,000
Vermont .....	4 .....	None .....	154,000
Georgia .....	4 .....	60,000 .....	162,000
Tennessee .....	3 .....	Not made .....	—
Rhode Island .....	2 .....	380 .....	70,000
Delaware .....	1 .....	6,000 .....	64,273
Grand total			5,093,273

Or, including the state of Tennessee, may be estimated at 5,200,000 souls, being an increase of 34 per cent, for ten years. The males are to the females in the proportion of 20 to 19: The appointment of representatives is in the ratio of 33,000 persons to one member.



VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

## THE DRAMA.

Thus with our judgments as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

1848

### COVENT GARDEN.

**A** NEW opera was performed on the 9th, for the first time, called the *Cabinet*. The dialogue and songs are from the pen of young Dibdin; the music by Moorehead, Reeve, Davy, Braham, and Corri. The characters were—

Curvoso, an old Italian nobleman,	MR. EMERY.
Lorenzo, his son,	MR. INCLEDON.
Orlando, a young prince, in love	} MR. BRAHAM.
with Curvoso's daughter,	
Whimsiculo, his valet,	MR. FAWCETT.
Marquis de Grand Chateau, a	} MR. BLANCHARD.
rich old French nobleman, rival to Orlando,	
Manikin, page to the marquis,	MR. SIMMONS.
Peter, an Englishman, servant	} MR. MUNDEN.
to Curvoso,	
1st Falconer,	MR. KING.
2nd Falconer,	MR. WILLIAMS.
the 1st Adants,	Messrs. HARLEY, SEATON, WALKINSON
the 2nd Adants,	THURMAN & CO.

Constantia, daughter to Curvoso, Mrs. H. JOHNSTONE.  
 Flonetta, her maid,..... Sig. STORACE,  
 Crudella, rival to Constantia..... Mrs. DIBDIN.  
 Curioso, her maid,..... Mrs. MATTOCKS.  
 Leonora, sister to Orlando, and }  
 beloved by Lorenzo,..... } Mrs. ATKINS.  
 Doralice, stepmother to Orlando, Mrs. POWELL.  
 Biancha, a fisherman's widow,... Mrs. DAVENPORT.  
 Female Attendants, Mrs. NORTON, ILIFF, CASTELL,  
 BURNETT, LLOYD, MASTERS, FINDLAY, &c.

Scene—Italy, alternately on the adjoining territories of  
 Curvoso and Orlando. Time—One day.

Of this opera the highest praise may be termed  
 an agreeable dramatic illusion, by which the spec-  
 tator is led from one scene to another, without a  
 rigid adherence to those rules which constitute a  
 superior effort of the muse. The story is frequently  
 complicated, and now and then indebted to the  
 powers of romance; but the whole is such a com-  
 bination of dialogue, scenery, and music, as with  
 some exceptions, is well calculated to display the  
 abilities of the various performers. No wonder  
 then that it was received with those flattering testi-  
 monies of approbation which best bespeak public  
 partiality. As a lyrical composition, the *Cabinet*  
 deserves considerable panegyric, many of the songs  
 or airs indicating those sympathies which make a  
 strong impression on the human mind; some of the  
 most favourite may be therefore viewed as aiming  
 at a popularity beyond the common reach of the  
 theatre. If the dialogue be deficient in wit, it has  
 much sprightliness, and that vivacity, aided by the  
 active exertions of the players, covered the author  
 (according to the French phrase) if not with glory,  
 at least with temporary applause. The *Cabinet*  
 proves, what has been demonstrated ere now, that  
 the Author is a good judge of stage-effect—for

the plot, the machinery, the music, all conspired to the attainment of the same object. The new opera had this singularity, that it was productive of the united powers of Incledon and Braham, whose different votaries will be highly pleased with the exertions of their respective favourites. Those who prefer nature to art, or the fascinating strains of *English* simplicity will vote for the former performer; those who admire the most extraordinary efforts of the *Italian* school, in which very difficult passages are executed to the surprise of the audience, will be unbounded in their plaudits of the latter. Incledon, however, we think, was unaccountably placed in the back ground, having little or nothing to do.—To all the performers the author is very much indebted. Storace entered into the true spirit of her part, and accompanied the pleasantries of Fawcett in a very happy manner. Munden, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Atkins, and Mrs. H. Johnstone, were very successful in the parts allotted to them. The house was uncommonly crowded; the *encores* were frequent; and the piece was announced for a repetition amidst the loudest applause.

---

### DRURY LANE.

THE acting manager seems to think the revival of old pieces novelty sufficient. In lieu, therefore, of new pieces *The Fair Penitent*, *Orphan*, &c. have been promised to the public—tragedies worn out at every private theatre! The former of these has been performed with very little attraction.

---

---

THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND.*

FOR FEBRUARY, 1802.

---

PEACE.

**H**AIL, balmy offspring of the courts above,  
Thou fairest emblem of immortal love!  
Thou com'st—revenge and war forget to roar,  
And the still world is hush'd from shore to shore.

The rural throng, now fearless, on the plain  
Form the gay dance to some artless strain;  
On the cool bank, with flowery verdure spread,  
The shepherd fondly clasps the blushing maid,  
Culls all the ripening beauties of the year,  
And binds with fragrant wreaths her flaxen hair—  
While frisking lambs in playful gambols chace  
Their fleecy mothers round the peaceful place.

Gay spring advances, and o'er nature pours,  
With hand profuse, a thousand verdant stores;  
While youths and maidens joyful trip it round  
The lofty pole, with various fillets bound,  
With fragrant flowers and blooming garlands gay,  
And numerous wreaths, the pride of teeming May:  
Then, stretch'd beneath the hay-cock's balmy  
shade,

Share the sweet feast, with milk and cheesecakes  
made;

Youth lolls at ease along the fragrant earth,  
And hoary age partakes the general mirth.



Harvest comes on, and all the yellow plain  
 Glows to the sun, and swells with ripen'd grain :  
 A sea of ears the laughing landscape fills,  
 The reapers' shouts re-echo round the hills.  
 See the bright sickles each wide field invade,  
 And rank on rank the yellow spoil is laid ;  
 Collected next, and plac'd along the land,  
 The well-bound sheaves in bounteous order stand :  
 Then cars or horses the rich loads receive—  
 And toil and labour gain a glad reprieve.

There the young gleaners, an industrious train,  
 With sun-burnt hands collect the scatter'd grain ;  
 And joyful from the labours of the morn,  
 Return at night with little sheaves of corn.

Shaded by flags from Phoebus' scorching beams,  
 Where the still river rolls its silver streams,  
 A cottage youth sits with his rustic reed,  
 And sings the ballads of his native mead—  
 Th' ascending numbers sweep the level plain,  
 And distant hills return the youngling's strain.

O'er the brown glebe, with persevering care,  
 The whistling ploughman drives the shining share,  
 On either hand the parting furrow flies,  
 As labour bids th' obedient ridges rise.

The cheerful sower with full hand succeeds,  
 And scatters future plenty as he treads ;  
 E'er wintry winds the face of heaven deform,  
 Or rains descend, a hail, a clattering storm,  
 The precious seed, with prudent thrifty toil,  
 Is safely buried in the friendly soil—  
 So ardent hope can forward dart her eyes,  
 And see succeeding springs and harvests rise.

Discord now flies with her extinguish'd brand,  
 And war and tumult leave each gladden'd land ;

Fix'd in their ports, dismantled navies lie,  
And harmless streamers flutter in the sky :  
No longer their tremendous cannons roar—  
In peaceful ranks they line the busy shore,  
While eager commerce spreads her thousand sails,  
And wins her way in spite of hostile gales ;  
From land to land dispersing plenty flies,  
And sees around her happiness arise.—  
These are the blessings Britain's empire knows,  
These are the blessings heaven-born PEACE be-  
stows !

Offspring of God ! O may'st thou ever stay ;  
In these fair realms—while the bright power of day  
Does through the zodiac drive his panting steeds,  
May Britain's isle be full of peaceful deeds !  
May freedom triumph the wide world around,  
Till nature hears her funeral trumpet sound,  
Feels from her frame all energy retire,  
And sees her system sink in its own fire !

*Sidmouth.*

E B.

A  
VALENTINE EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, FEB. 14.

“ ’TIS nature's sweet restorer," spring,  
Now bids the world rejoice :  
The feather'd tribes now spread their wing,  
And raise their tuneful voice.  
No venal praise to heaven's high dome,  
Their joyous armies bear,  
Agile they quit each little home,  
And cleave the balmy air.  
Let riot's sons, whose guilty hours  
Joys falsely call'd pervade,  
Who seek where mirth insipid roars,  
The rout and masquerade.

R

Let them their joys, their pleasures boast,  
While pale-eyed sickness comes,  
Their days of health thus idly lost,  
And calls to early tombs.

Not so the calm and tranquil mind  
That innocence enjoys,  
It drinks, serene, and unconfin'd,  
The bliss which never cloy.

When Phoebus starting from the east,  
Rolls his resplendent wheels,  
Or when the god, his circuit past,  
Sweeps down the western hills.

When the grey evening cloaths the plain,  
And twilight mingles shades,  
Or night's bright lamp leads forth her train,  
And its pale glory spreads.

Alike, in every varying scene,  
The mind where reason sways,  
Expatriates, chearful and serene,  
And on hope's anchor stays.

Such, Mary, is thy gentle soul,  
Be health and joy thy lot,  
And as thy silver moments roll,  
May sorrow touch thee not.

With virtue's blossoms bright and rare,  
With powers to please endu'd,  
Let not those powers, O lovely fair !  
Expire in solitude.

The hermit's cold and lonely cell,  
Mistaken zeal has prais'd,  
But virtue's noblest children dwell  
Where vice's throne is rais'd.

So let the world thy virtues share,  
 Nor seek to live unknown,  
 A partner choose, to soften care,  
 Nor taste e'en joy alone.

Some favour'd youth, O, Mary, bless  
 With those enchanting smiles—  
 When beauty pities our distress,  
 We glory in her toils.

The season this when nature's face  
 Looks gay in every part,  
 So, Mary, come, with love and grace,  
 And cheer the drooping heart.

Bright star of lovely virtue, hail!  
 Long may thy lustre shine—  
 Long o'er each gloomy cloud prevail  
 With rays almost divine.

For ever cherish'd shall thy name  
 On mem'ry's altar shine,  
 And but with life expire the flame  
 That bids me wish thee mine.

*Sidmouth.*

E. B.

## ON THE DEATH OF MY FRIEND,

MR. THOMAS NELSON.

**H**OW fast the baleful foe of life destroys!  
 On each side fall my friends—my soul's  
 distrest:

Ere long he'll tear me from all earthly joys—  
 Amongst departed shades my body rest.

'Tis awful to behold, and chills the stream  
 Warm flowing from the vivid fount of life;  
 Another's gone! and mournful is the theme  
 To tell the sorrows of the wretched wife!

For her lost friend she weeps—her husband dear,  
 The tender husband, and the father mild;  
 Deep is her grief—she frantic views the bier,  
 Then groans in sadness o'er each darling child.

Ah, hapless babes! your parent low is laid  
 In the cold grave, where mortals all must rest,  
 Like little lambs you lately round him play'd,  
 Your sports, health-prompted, charm'd his glowing breast.

The lisping babe in vain now calls his sire,  
 His father's smiling face no more is seen—  
 No more between his knees, aside the fire,  
 He fondly creeps with sweet and lovely mien.

Mute is that tongue which prudent praise bestow'd,  
 That youth from error by persuasion won;  
 Cold is that breast where ev'ry virtue glow'd,  
 And sunk those eyes which once with fondness shone!

Yet shall those eyes again with fondness beam,  
 Glow that kind breast with virtue's ardent fire,  
 Of praise, that tongue again pour forth the stream  
 In heaven's bright court, amidst th' angelic quire.

Firm was his friendship, ardent and sincere,  
 Benign his soul when want implor'd his aid,  
 O'er human frailty he would drop the tear—  
 His mind no bigot prejudices sway'd.

Attach'd to virtue, by conviction rul'd,  
 He saw her lovely, and obey'd her laws;  
 In superstition's rites he ne'er was school'd,  
 Fair truth he worship'd, and espous'd her cause.

The social board he lov'd, where lively wit  
 And sterling sense the mental feast supply'd;

The low buffoon's grimace, the tale unfit,  
 The sneer ill-natur'd, he would sternly chide  
 Such Nelson was, whom numerous friends deplore :  
 Each breast is sadden'd, gloom'd is ev'ry brow,  
 Tears unaffected from each eye run o'er—  
 When heroes die, how few the tears which flow !  
 To bliss will soon arise the slumb'ring dead—  
 Beneath the western wave so sinks the sun,  
 Extinguish'd is his light, his glory's fled,  
 Anon with brighter beams he will return.  
 In manhood's prime he fell—like some fair oak  
 That in the vale long flourish'd unannoy'd,  
 Abrupt the whirlwind roars—he feels the stroke,  
 By lightnings blasted, and by storms destroy'd.

Fort Street,  
 Jan. 28, 1802.

I. S.

# ON WAR.

**H**UMANITY's dread foe, why flash thine  
 eyes  
 With savage rage? Unprovok'd thou giv'st  
 The stroke of death, and desolates the world.  
 Tho' on the beamy blade fast clings the gore,  
 Remorse thou feel't not, tho' it silent calls  
 Thee murd'rer ! fiend ! fell enemy of peace !  
 From ev'ry pore she bleeds by thy dire hand—  
 And soon she will expire, unless thy breast,  
 By pity mov'd, repentant sheathes the sword.

High as the Alps must mounds of slain be pil'd  
 To glut thy rage, and swell thy ruthless breast  
 With exultation?—proud of mighty deeds  
 By thy nerv'd arm and deathful faulchion done.

Loud acclamation from the servile croud  
 Intoxicates thy brain, and yields thee joy :—  
 But joy like this is transient as the beam  
 That shoots from heav'n on a starry eve.  
 The conqueror's laurell'd brow thine eyes enchant—  
 Ah ! that the olive half so fair appeared !  
 But thou, like Alexander, would be Ammon's son :  
 A crown, tho' lip'd with thorns, thou dost prefer  
 To pure contentment in sweet virtue's cot.  
 Strange delirium ! Felicity supreme,  
 Devoid of toil, thou may'st enjoy—yet this  
 Thou scorn'st : in woe's dark cave thou find'st thy  
 heav'n.

With joy thou dost behold the smoaking cot,  
 Where dwelt in innocence a happy pair,  
 Whose smiling offspring play'd around the door,  
 And pluck'd the woodbine's flowers to make a  
 wreath,

By vivid fancy taught, for their lov'd sire.—  
 With tearless eyes thou dost survey yon aged man,  
 On whose sacred head the snow of time is seen :  
 Ah ! see he wrings his hands with silent grief !  
 Big tears of sorrow from his dim eyes roll,  
 And seek the channels which age and anguish  
 Has too deeply delv'd in his pale cheeks.

Hark ! that shriek, it pierc'd mine ears with woe !  
 Ah ; it louder sounds ! Curs'd be the villain——  
 Oh, Heav'n ! where sleep thy bolts ?—Ye light-  
 nings,

Blast the wretch whose dire polluted arms  
 Dare clasp th' unwilling, helpless, loathing maid.  
 And, fiend-like, force her to his lewd embrace !

The captive group behold, with chains oppress'd,  
 Naked and shiv'ring, and faint, they ask for bread :  
 But coarse and scant's the food thy barb'rous  
 slaves

Supply. Unpitying, thou surveyest their  
 Bleeding feet, by marches long o'er flinty  
 Roads deep-wounded; in vain to thee they cry—  
 Their limping gait, and writhed form and face,  
 Wild-tortur'd, yield thy bosom savage joy!

Where now is seen the peopled hamlet fair,  
 The cultur'd field, the meadow bright with flow'rs,  
 The smiling swain, the ruddy chearful maid?—  
 The village minstrel's mute that of the lay  
 Attun'd on days of revelry and mirth;  
 No more is seen the mirth-inspir'd group  
 Around the aged beech, to tabor dancing gay—  
 Now all is sad! The bearded thistle grows  
 Where golden corn rear'd its head to zephyrs'  
 Downy wings, and the rank nettle overspreads  
 The mead; the peasants' cots in ruin black  
 Are seen—and e'en unspat'd 's the sacred fane!  
 In mouldering heaps, the regal palace lies;  
 The rock-supported fortress falls prostrate,  
 Its pond'rous ruins fill the valley deep;  
 The splendid temple, and the mansion grand,  
 Thy cruel ministers like fiends destroy!

Violence and murder support thy throne,  
 And fury at thy nod consumes the world!  
 Thy hands affright, deep died in human gore,  
 No minist'ring angels on thy steps attend,  
 No strains divine e'er charm thy tuneless ears—  
 Millions of ghosts before thy footsteps glide,  
 And sounds of woe on every gale are borne!  
 Nor shall the son'rous drum, or trumpet loud,  
 Deafen thine ears to mis'ry's piercing moan!  
 And tho' from thee no pity does she find,  
 To Heav'n her voice is rais'd—and Heav'n will  
 hear

And grant her earnest pray'r: on thee  
 (Not far remote the time) will vengeance fall!



Mighty are their wrongs, the oppress'd, by Heav'n  
 Inspir'd, will drag thee fiercely from thy throne,  
 Bind thee in chains, and make thee linger life's  
 Remaining years in iron cage inclos'd,  
 Not doom to death, as thou wast wont to do,  
 But leave thee time for penitence and grief.

Perhaps remorse may gnaw thy stubborn heart,  
 And conscious guilt thy iron soul subdue;  
 Tears from thy fiery deep-sunk eyes may flow,  
 The small still voice of conscience thou may'st  
 hear,

Which bids thee groan for sanguinary deeds,  
 And the dire misery thou has giv'n the world.  
 Peace then will flourish while the world endures,  
 And each man joyous sit beneath his vine  
 And fig-tree's spreading boughs; the lion fierce  
 With placid lamb may play, and wily snake  
 Leave unmolested the defenceless babe;  
 The sword shall plough the long neglected ground,  
 And into pruning-hooks the spears be turn'd;  
 Loud hymns of joy from every clime will sound—  
 The God of Peace in ev'ry 'clime ador'd.'

Jan. 25, 1802.

J. S.

---

## THE UNFORTUNATE LOVER'S

FAREWELL TO HIS MISTRESS.

---

**F**AREWELL my Anna, dear and lovely fair,  
 I leave you now oppress'd with grief and  
 care;

And though my outward form may seem to rove,  
 My harass'd soul still clings to her I love.

My sad heart still, like the needle true,  
Beats perturb'd, and will point to you—  
To you, the soul of my affections here:  
Be you but blest, and I disdain to fear.  
In vain thro' foreign climes I roam  
In search of happiness, left at home:  
Memory still paints to my impassion'd mind  
The hours we pass'd in converse sweet and kind,  
When every blessing crown'd our present state,  
And sorrow frown'd not on our future fate.  
I leave you now, my Anna dear,  
But trust me, love, you need not fear,  
For in my constant heart I bear  
The impress'd image of my fair,  
And hope, with fond persuasive guide,  
Shall still my ling'ring steps beguile,  
And joy conduct me to my native isle.

M. A.

---

TRANSLATION

OF

HORACE'S ODE VI. BOOK I.

---

TO AGRIPPA.

---

**L**ET Varius celebrate thy name,  
And bring to light thy deeds of fame,  
Enumerate thy conquests great,  
And in Mæonian verse relate  
What actions, both by sea and land,  
Have ceded to thy mighty hand.  
We, humbler poets, dare not try  
Thus to describe thy bravery;

Or name th' enrag'd Achille's force,  
 Who ne'er submitted ; or the course  
 Th' experienc'd Ulysses trode ;  
 Or cruel Pelops' dire abode.  
 Our modest and unwadlike lays  
 Dare not recite great Cæsar's praise ;  
 Nor will our ignorance aspire  
 To lessen thy heroic fire.  
 Who has the god of war pourtray'd,  
 In adamantine vest array'd ?  
 Or who describe in language just  
 Great Merion stain'd with Trojan dust ?  
 Or Diomed, by Pallas' aid,  
 To inhabit high Olympus made ?  
 We, thoughtless, sing of festive days,  
 Of Bacchanalian sportful plays,  
 And often burn with ardent love—  
 But ever gay our verse shall prove.

Newgate-street.

B. F.

### COUPLET

FAIT EN VOYANT LE PORTRAIT DE MADEMOISELLE. 08. 3. TRESSANT DES CHEVEUX.

**D**ES cheveux que tresse ta main,  
 EMMA, veux-tu faire une chaîne ?  
 As-tu le projet inhumain  
 De garotter l'espèce humaine ?  
 C'est trop de soins, en vérité :  
 EMMA, connois mieux ton empire ;  
 Pour nous ravir la liberté  
 Tu n'as besoin que de sourire.

## JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

### ENIGMATICAL LIST OF THE INHABITANTS OF RUSSEL-PLACE, FITZROY-SQUARE.

*By a Female Resident.*

1. **A** SMALL piece of wire of great use to females, and a vowel easily.
2. Quick and clever.
3. The sweetest scented flower that blows.
4. An old enmity, dropping the first letter.
5. Four-sixths of a tree emblematical of sorrow, three-fifths of the Latin for Also, and a serpentine letter.
6. The spiritual head of a diocese.
7. The French for Father, and an epoch.
8. Two-fifths of a noble, and an industrious insect.
9. A consonant, and the Italian for Criminal transposed.
10. An article of dress worn by belles in the winter, changing a letter, and half a small particle.
11. What cats do, and a fish.
12. What no man is.
13. What during inclement seasons is very comfortable, and the reverse of short.

14. A plant and a vowel.
15. A common.
16. To catch hastily, changing a letter; and the Irishman's blunder.
17. To adorn, doubling the last letter and adding a serpentine one.
18. To promenade, and two-thirds of to do wrong.
19. Three-fourths of a testament, and a male heir.
20. The Scotch for Son, and to present, omitting a letter.
21. Four-fifths of brittle, and an interjection.
22. What no man can do without.
23. The reverse of high.
24. Four-sevenths of to overcome, and three-fourths of an army.

### REBUS.

A BAD PARSON.

Kettle  
Metal  
Pot  
Sot  
Head  
Bread  
Tea  
Sea

Wine  
Fine  
Gold  
Bold  
Table  
Stable  
Hard  
Yard.

---

## Literary Review.

---

*Life of Bonaparte, First Consul of France, from his birth to the peace of Lunewille; to which is added, an account of his remarkable actions, replies, speeches, and traits of character; with anecdotes of his different campaigns. Translated from the French.*—Robinsons. 8s. in boards.

THE curiosity excited in the public mind respecting this great man, now the First Consul of France, will here receive a degree of gratification. We could have wished that these memoirs were more copious—the accounts are short—the transitions rapid, and the narrative is marked by a sententious brevity.

NAPALION BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 25th of August, 1769. Educated in the military school at Brienne Champagne, here the fruits of his application first unfolded themselves, though he finished his studies at Paris. From the commencement of the revolution to the siege of Toulon (December, 1793) he was employed in the study of tactics, and of course remained in obscurity. At this siege he was an officer in the artillery, and distinguished himself by extraordinary instances of bravery. On this account he was made general of brigade. But Italy was destined to be the theatre on which his talents were to be displayed. Here a series of victories are detailed, which excite the profoundest astonishment. The next grand affair in which he was engaged, is the expedition to Egypt, which was conducted

with equal wisdom and bravery; he eluded the British fleet, landed his troops, and, after various adventures, got complete possession of the country. After this period he returned to France, obtained the reins of government, and has since given peace to the world. He is at present only thirty-two years of age.—This account ends with the mention of an attempt to destroy him going to the opera, which terminated in the destruction of the conspirators. Such is this wonderful man: he is the admiration of the present age—he will be the wonder of posterity!

In the preface we find the following curious sketch of BONAPARTE;—"Like Alexander, he is of the middle stature, of a pale and delicate, tho' tolerably strong complexion, dark eyes, aquiline nose, the chin prominent, the forehead wide, and the whole countenance indicative of a discerning and elevated mind. He is habitually of a taciturn and contemplative disposition, yet is not devoid of the French politeness and gaiety. To a courage at once energetic and daring, he unites a coolness which nothing can derange; to the vast conceptions of genius, all those stratagems of war which Hannibal practiced so ably against the Romans; the deepest reflection to the most rapid execution; all the impetuosity of youth to the experience of riper years; the sagacity of the politician to the talents of a great general; and lastly, to a desire of glory and the daring spirit of former conquerors, the virtues of sober wisdom and every sentiment of humanity and moderation: politics and the military art are so much the favourite studies of his mind as to be carried almost to enthusiasm and passion; and from the opposite qualities of her first consul, equally great in peace as in war, France may justly boast that SHE also has *her* WASHINGTON!"

*The History of Netterville, a chance Pedestrian; a Novel, in two volumes.*—Crosby and Co.

THIS little work (which we understand is the production of a clergyman's widow) does credit to the pen which was employed in its composition. The sentiments are just, the language appropriate, and the tendency favorable to virtue and piety. Many of the scenes are indeed happily drawn, and in reading them it is impossible not to be gratified. We are always happy in bestowing on a novel such commendations—for the generality of fictitious writings are of a pernicious cast: they inculcate false principles, they engender bad passions, and destroy the best feelings of the heart; of such monstrous effusions, we do not hesitate to declare they are, in every sense of the word, the pest of the rising generation.

*Select Sermons and Funeral Orations; translated from the French of Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux; to which is prefixed, an Essay, considerably augmented, on the Eloquence of the Pulpit in England.* Third edition. Clarke.

PULPIT eloquence flourished in France at one period in great perfection. Flechiere, Massillon, and Bossuet, are names well known in this department, and their discourses have at different times been laid before the public by some excellent translators. Blair mentions these celebrated preachers in his *Lectures*, and bestows upon them a considerable degree of approbation.

The present writer seems desirous that pulpit eloquence should be assiduously cultivated among his own countrymen. The English divines Tillotson, Clarke, Barrow, Abernethy, Bourne, &c. have



produced admirable sermons; but in the art of reasoning they chiefly excel—judgment is the predominant quality for which they are distinguished. Warmth, however, ought to be united along with sense, energy of language, and even the best argumentation; and earnestness in the preacher always ensures attention. The perusal of this volume is recommended to young divines—they will gather up many valuable hints, which cannot fail of promoting their improvement. It has been justly remarked by the late Mr. Robinson of Cambridge, that “the pulpit has been the seat of wisdom, and the sink of nonsense.” Be it the ambition of the English clergy, both in the established church and among the dissenters, to make it uniformly the *seat of wisdom*, and after such a manner that the christian ministry may prove efficacious upon the higher and lower classes of the community.

---

*The Works (never before published) of Jeanne Marie Philimon Roland, wife of the ex-minister of the Interior, containing her philosophical and literary Essays written previous to her marriage, her Correspondence and her Travels. Translated from the French.—Johnson.*

**T**O the talents and learning of females we have always borne a willing testimony: justice ought ever to be done to their literary acquisitions; their excellence in any department generates strong impressions, and tends powerfully to the melioration of the world.

The name which stands at the head of the above volume will be justly renowned in the page of history. The part which she took in the late French revolution was distinguished: but she, together

with many other eminent characters, fell victims to Robespierre, that execrable foe to humanity!

Her *philosophical* and *literary essays*, which appear to have been written at an early period, bear evident marks of an active and enlightened mind. The reflections are dictated by good sense, and do honour to her sensibility. Her *correspondence* is sprightly and animated, shewing the energy of her mind when directed to any particular object. Her *travels* are very entertaining; few interesting objects escape her notice, and her remarks are just and impressive. Her trip to England is pleasingly drawn up; the account of London must be gratifying to English readers: the principal places in our metropolis were inspected by her, and she has furnished us with minute descriptions of them.—The volume is indeed valuable, and well worthy an attentive person's perusal. It is not a commonplace publication.

---

*Essay on Men and Manners by William Shenstone, Esq.*—Hurst. 6s. 6d.

THESE *Elegant Essays* are well known to the public, and their merits have been long ago appreciated. Their Author was celebrated in his day for wit and urbanity—He has, indeed, paid the debt of nature, but his writings dictated by a feeling heart will always interest our sensibility. We wish the present neat Volume to be circulated, because containing just ideas of *Men and Manners*; we are of opinion that its contents cannot fail of being beneficial to mankind.

---

## *Retrospect of the Political World*

FOR FEBRUARY, 1802.

**I**N the present article we have little to detail respecting the political world. An uninteresting sameness prevails—we cannot pretend, therefore to amuse our readers with much variety.

The DEFINITIVE TREATY still offers materials for speculation. That it should have been so long in signing, has been to many readers a matter of astonishment; but it is (as we formerly remarked) to be remembered that a multiplicity of jarring interests calls for regulation. Where the difficulty lies, it is not in our power to say, though we are of opinion that a speedy termination of the business cannot fail of proving favourable to the interests of our country.

The most important event that has taken place on the continent is, that of *Buonaparte* becoming *President of the Italian States*! He certainly knew best his own motives for undertaking so arduous an office: a disinterested spectator should imagine that *France* ought to have contented the ambition of this wonderful man—but he seems to stretch his arms over other regions of the earth. May the extension of his power never prove injurious to the liberties and happiness of mankind!

At home our attention has been occupied by the debate in the House of Commons respecting the application of his Majesty for more money to defray the expences of his household and civil government. This circumstance has brought on debates also respecting the Prince of Wales's income, when some curious particulars transpired. On these matters we presume not to hazard an opinion: the business lies in hands where we trust every thing

will be adjusted according to the rules of justice and equity.

We close with mentioning that the execution of *Governor Wall*, which has been the subject of conversation among all ranks, may be pronounced a noble instance of public justice! We pity the unhappy man, and reprobate the cruelty by which his character was debased! So many singular circumstances have attended his life and death that we are inclined to believe that the crime of murder cannot remain long unpunished. May this *memorable execution* be eminently useful to check every species of barbarity! It ought to be held by *officers* of all descriptions in everlasting remembrance!

## MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR FEBRUARY, 1802.

1. **A**BOUT six in the morning, two fellows entered a public house near Fleet-market, and asked a boy (the only person then up) for a man who lodged in the house. Being told that the man was not stirring, they wanted the boy to call him, saying, that in the mean time they would make some purl. This the boy refusing to do, one of them knocked him down, and held his hand over his mouth to prevent his crying out, while the other took away a dial which was hanging up in the room.—Such is the audacity of modern robbers!

4. Her Majesty held a drawing-room, which was crowded with nobility. It was the first after the celebration of her Majesty's birth-day.

5. The musical Society of the Choral Fund, under the patronage of the Duke of Clarence, had their annual benefit concert at the Haymarket the-

area, which was most numerously and respectably attended.

6. Lord Mendip's remains were interred with suitable pomp in Westminster Abbey

7. A letter was received by the commissioners of the navy, announcing a donation of 10,000*l.* to Greenwich hospital, and the same sum to the Chest at Chatham. The author of this princely donation, though unknown, signs himself—*A Friend to the Navy.*

10. The 1st battalion of the 3d regiment of the guards came on duty at St. James's for the first time since its return from Egypt. Sir Sydney Smith, General Coote, and other officers of distinction, dined with Colonel Johnston on the occasion.

12. News received of the loss of a Margate hoy, heavily laden with corn, together with thirty passengers, beside the crew, consisting of the master and four men: it was overtaken by violent gusts of wind between Birchington and Reculver, and fell a victim to the tempest! Dreadful to relate—twenty-five persons, men, women, and children, are said to have perished! The sufferers were principally the inhabitants of Margate and its vicinity. Nothing could present a more awful spectacle than the repeated arrivals at Margate of various carriages with the bodies of the sufferers from the wreck.

13. The remains of his grace the Duke of St. Albans were interred at Hanworth, Middlesex, with appropriate solemnity.

15. Mr. Shaw Lefevre presented to the House of Commons a petition of the booksellers and the printers, stating the disadvantages under which they labour, in consequence of the excessive duty on paper. An interesting debate ensued. The petition is to be referred to a committee.

16. Curious trial in the court of King's Bench between Mr. Johnnes, M. P. and a caricature seller in Piccadilly. The former ordered of the latter all the caricatures which could be produced. They were sent in, with a bill of 200*l*. This he refused to pay—hence the prosecution. It was referred to arbitration. Mr. Erskine on this trial shewed his wit, by happily remarking that this cause respecting caricatures might probably add to their number. Some rival of Hogarth (said he) would probably publish the *AMATEUR'S PROGRESS*. No. I. would display the *Amateur* giving an order for all that ever was published; No. II. would exhibit the *Amateur* when he received the tradesman's bill; No. III. the *Amateur* would be seen consulting with his lawyer; No. IV. the *Amateur* would be present at the trial of his cause; and in No. V. the *Amateur* would be seen cursing *verru* upon hearing the foreman of the jury pronounce—Verdict for the plaintiff, damages 1000*l*. !!!

20. A discovery made respecting the stealing of dead bodies from church-yards. The principal thief proved to be the grave-digger, and on searching his house, upwards of 150 shrouds were found. From the number of empty graves, it is supposed that nine bodies out of ten were stolen which had been-carried there! The culprit was committed to prison.

22. The Lord Mayor went in state to Bow church to attend the anniversary sermon for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts. When the business of the society was finished, the city marshals, by his lordship's order, conducted the bishops to the mansion-house, where a splendid entertainment was provided for them.

## MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

*(From the London Gazette.)*

**D**AVID HUGHES, late of Liverpool, Lancaster, draper. Samuel Booth, Romiley, Cheshire, muslin-manufacturer. Thomas Mattingly, Stanford in the Vale, Berks, corn-dealer. Joseph Sharpe, Luton, Bedford, shopkeeper. Joshua Collier, Little Bush-lane, Cannon-street, and of Leadanhall-street, London, oil-broker, and filtering-machine manufacturer. John Scott, Knottingley, Yorkshire, scrivener. Benjamin George, Pope's-head alley, London, fishing-tackle maker. George Simcock, of the Bolt and Tun yard, Fleet street, London, coach-master. William Rothwell, Manchester, manufacturer. William Smalley, Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. John Lupton, now or late of Middleham, York, dealer and chapman. Joseph Wilson, Strand, umbrella-maker. John Robert Anderson, Throgmorton-street, London, merchant and factor. John Gray, late of Birmingham, Warwick, horse-dealer. Joseph Lees and Samuel Slater, late of Manchester, Lancaster, dealers in worst and twist, and co-partners. Robert Clarke, King-street, Covent-garden, linen-draper. Ralph Stubbs the elder, Ralph Stubbs the younger, George Stubbs, and James Stubbs, Stockton-upon-Tees, Durham, upholsterers and co-partners. George Danson and Abraham Zimon Doncker Cuvelie, Lancaster, brokers and merchants. Thomas Smith, Derby, worsted-spinner. Thomas Cook, Much Cowarn, Hereford, farmer. John Cox, Church-street, Hackney, oil-

man and tallow-chandler. John Barnesley and Joseph Smith, Bedwardine, Worcester, Morocco shoe manufacturers. Robert Joseph Lambe, late of Madras, in the East Indies, but now of London, merchant. James Dyke, Manley, Cheshire, corn-dealer. John Watson, of Brocksfield, Northumberland, corn-merchant. Henry Ring, Tunbridge, Kent, carpenter. Richard Bayley Jameson, Droitwich, Worcester, miller. John Gilpin, Wrexham, Denbigh, linen-draper. Thomas Rudderforth, Bishopsgate-street, stay-maker and draper. Charles Rogerson, Warrington, Lancaster, merchant. John Spencer, Circus-street, St. Mary-le-bone, builder. Matthew Benjamin, Lime-street-square, merchant. John Elvy the younger, Maidstone, Kent, tailor. John Graham, Berwick-upon-Tweed, baker. James Cunningham, Yoxford, Suffolk, grocer and linen-draper. John Edward Holmes and William Hall, Crosby-square, merchants. William Tremlett, Tottness, Devon, shop-keeper. Thomas Bent, Bayhulme, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. Rose Dale, Exeter, earthenware-men. Fr Leigh, Pontefract, York, vintner. Walter J Bristol, merchant. Isaac Hancock, Bristol, che factor. William Earle and John Hemet, Aamarle-street, booksellers. Arnaud Dulau, Soho-square, bookseller. James Ashworth, Wadsworth, York, shopkeeper. Richard Salisbury Biley, Old-street, twine-manufacturer. Henry Turner, St. Martin's-le-grand, silk-manufacturer. Ralph Bell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, butcher. Jeremiah Jones, Chester, shoe-maker and flour-dealer. Emanuel Von Wertheim, Arundel-street, Strand, merchant. James Jones, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer. Anthony Johnson, Chesterfield, Derby, grocer. Samuel Wells, Leonard-square, Shoreditch, corn-chandler. Benjamin Jackson, Wentworth, York, corn-dealer and meal-seller. Thomas Gamble the



younger, Leicester, woolcomber. Christopher Alderson, Beccles, Suffolk, shopkeeper. William Fisher the younger, Bristow, Yorkshire, clothier. George Hawkins, Fish-street-hill, London, druggist. John Snowden, Liverpool, merchant. Samuel Newton, Manchester, cornfactor. Samuel Every, Liverpool, ship-chandler. George Dike, Abingdon-street, Westminster, boot and shoemaker. John Kees, Chandos-street, Covent-garden, dealer and chapman. Thomas Starry, Newgate-street, wholesale linen-draper. Richard Comber, Lewes, Sussex, watch-maker. John Rothwell, Nottingham, hosier. John Eglinton Wallis, Colchester, merchant. Emanuel Parquet, Somers - Town, Middlesex, distiller. Michael M'Garry, Bell Wharf, Shadwell, victualler. James Lyon, Savage-gardens, merchant. Robert Bakewell, Bridges-street, Covent-garden, coffee-house-keeper. Henry Hiams, Waller-row, Lambeth, umbrella-maker. Philip Winton, of the Jamaica-house, Brompton, victualler. John Underwood, Fleet-street, apothecary. Alexander Lupton and Richard Bracken, late of Philpot and Co., merchants.

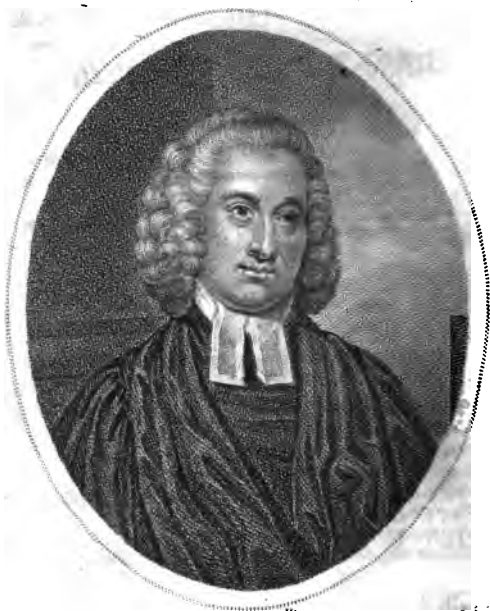
### To Correspondents.

The article signed T. W. has been received, and will be attended to. Hints by O. P. do not exactly meet the opinion of the Proprietors of the Monthly Visitor.

Lines on the Execution of Governor Wall are come to hand.

The Rev. Mr. Butcher's Lines on Peace appear the first article in our Parnassian Garland for the present month.





*Chapman sc.*

EDWARD YOUNG, D.D.

*Publ. April 1762. by T. Hurst, Printer in Bow.*

---

THE  
MONTHLY VISITOR.

---

MARCH, 1802.

---

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

*Embellished with a fine Portrait.*

---

Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,  
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,  
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see ;  
I see the circling hunt of noisy men  
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,  
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey,  
As wolves for rapine, as the fox for wiles—  
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all !

YOUNG.

**F**EW names are more generally known to the public than that of YOUNG—his *Satires*, his *Plays*, and, above all, his *Night-thoughts*, cannot fail of conveying his fame down to distant generations. His ideas are highly original, and his expressions glow with that fervor which recommends itself to the serious and thinking mind. Few authors are read with more delight and satisfaction.

Vol. 16.—No. 63. T

DR. EDWARD YOUNG was born in 1681, being the only son of his father, who was Dean of Sarum. He received his education at Winchester college, whence he proceeded to the New College, Oxford, but was afterwards removed to Corpus Christi.—In 1708, Archbishop Tension nominated him to a fellowship at All Souls, where, in 1719, he took the degree of bachelor of civil law; and five years after he reached to that of doctor of laws, which he preserved through life.

A report has been circulated that our author was not at this period perfectly regular in his conduct and manners. We should be sorry to suggest any thing of the kind without proper authority—but from his connection with the gay world, and from the immediate patronage of the witty though profligate Wharton, it is probable that the report is not wholly without foundation—he, however, seems always to have preserved a regard for religion: his speculative views appear never to have been altered. Tindal, the deist (who used to pass much of his time at All Souls), was known to have exclaimed—“The other boys I can always answer, because I know whence they have their arguments, which I have read an hundred times—but that fellow, YOUNG, is continually pestering me with something of his own!” This curious declaration bears testimony not only to his sentiments, but to that originality by which his writings are distinguished.

In 1713 he published his *Last Day*, which established his reputation for poetry; the awfulness of the topic would interest every thoughtful mind, and being the production of a layman, it of course attracted great attention. Johnson indeed confers upon it, in his *Lives of the Poets*, a kind of mixed praise: “It has (says this celebrated critic) an equability and propriety which he afterwards either never endeavoured for, or never attained. Many

paragraphs are noble, and few are mean—yet the whole is languid; the plan is too much extended, and a succession of images divides and weakens the general conception. But the great reason why the reader is disappointed is, that the thought of the *last day* makes every man more than poetical, by spreading over his mind a general obscurity of sacred horror, that oppresses distinction and disdains expression! What justice there may be in these remarks must be left to the opinion of the reader; certain it is that the poem possesses uncommon merit, and raised its author to a considerable eminence in the religious world.

The next poem offered to the public was entitled *The Force of Religion* (founded on the death of Lady Jane Grey and her husband). This piece does not appear to have been much noticed; Dr. Johnson indeed in a very summary way passes judgment upon it in these words: “It is written with elegance enough, but was never popular, for *Jane* is too heroic to be pitied.”

—In the year 1719, his tragedy of *Buritis* was acted at Drury-lane, having been written many years before, but kept by him for reasons with which we are unacquainted. It is supposed that his works underwent frequent revision previous to publication,—this was a sure way of contributing towards the solidity of his reputation.

The *Revenge*, the most popular of all his tragedies, soon after made its appearance. The passion is wrought up to the highest pitch of excess; *Zanga* is a dreadful character, treasuring up a deadly hatred for an injury received from his master, by whose blood alone he is pacified! The piece cannot be read without interest, and (continuing still to be acted) its merits on the stage are indisputable. The writer of the tragedy must have been deeply

acquainted with the human heart, and by depicting the operation of so violent a passion, has furnished a valuable lesson to mankind.

The *Love of Fame*, the UNIVERSAL PASSION, must be next mentioned, in seven characteristic satires, published at different times between the years 1725 and 1728. This work had a very extensive circulation, and the talents of the author were much applauded. Dr. Johnson with his usual discernment, pronounces this favourable judgment respecting it: "It is a very great performance. It is said to be a series of epigrams—and if it be, it is what the author intended. His endeavour was at the production of striking distiches and pointed sentences—and his distiches have the weight of solid sentiment, and his points the sharpness of resistless truths. His characters are often selected with discernment, and drawn with nicety; his illustrations are often happy, and his reflections often just. His species of satire is between those of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, and he has the gaiety of *Horace* without his laxity of numbers, and the morality of *Juvenal* with greater variety of images."

An ode called *Ocean*, with an introductory address to the king, and an *Essay on Lyric Poetry*, were published by him on the accession of George the First; but neither of these pieces, though evidently written with labour, ever attained to any distinction.

We are now arrived at that remarkable epoch in our poet's life, when he became a DIVINE. Nearly fifty years of age, he entered the church, and was soon made chaplain to the king. What his particular reasons were for assuming the clerical profession we are not competent to declare: he seems always to have had a mind strongly disposed towards religion, and he probably from his connections had considerable prospects of preferment.

His first publication after becoming a divine was his *Vindication of Providence, and Estimate of human Life*. It contains many original and striking observations—the plan however was never finished. A loyal sermon on the 30th of January, called an *Apology for Princes*, was his next production, tho' we do not hear of its meeting with any appropriate reward.

The year 1730 saw him presented to the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, worth about 300*l.* per annum; here he continued through the remainder of his life, though he certainly expected farther preferment.

The year after he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, the widow of Colonel Lee, and daughter of the Earl of Litchfield. By her he had one son—of which some notice shall be taken in another part of this biography.

Having published about this period various little pieces, such as a *Naval Ode*, two *Epistles to Pope*, *Sea-piece*, &c. he soon began his *Night-thoughts*, the best of all his works. The following was the occasion on which this celebrated work is thought to have been written. Losing, about the year 1741, his own wife, her daughter by Colonel Lee, and the daughter's husband, Mr. Temple—his attention was powerfully directed to the contemplation of the invisible world! Such severe and repeated losses would agitate his passions and impress his heart; he therefore vented his sorrow in the composition of these mournful strains; he gave a loose to his sensibility—he suffered his imagination to expatiate uncontronled on *life, death, and immortality!*

The effusions are addressed to *Lorenzo*, a man of pleasure—not his son, for the seventh night is dated 1744 in the original edition, so that the son was then only seven years of age. The son-in-law.



is thought to be *Philander*, and his lady's daughter, *Narcissa*, who died of a consumption in France. Being a Protestant, he buried her by night with his own hands—a scene which he describes in his *Night-thoughts* with his characteristic energy.

Of the merits of the *Night-thoughts* much might be said; for it has attracted very general admiration. Some parts are certainly obscure, and it is said that even he himself, upon being afterwards applied to, could not explain them. Other parts also seem to paint human life with too deep a gloom, so as to amount, in the opinion of some persons, to a reflection on Providence—an idea indeed which we doubt not the poet himself would have disavowed. The *Night-thoughts* were published at various times, and then gathered into one complete volume; these excessive colourings are principally to be found in the first books, and therefore, apart from the other books, appeared more objectionable. Accordingly they were attacked, on their publication, with spirit and ability by the Rev. Joseph Burroughs, a dissenting minister of great learning and piety: his piece was called *Day-thoughts*, or a Vindication of the Divine Goodness; it was written in blank verse, the exceptionable passages of YOUNG being interwoven in italics. Inferior to the *Night-thoughts* in poetry, it abounded with excellent observations. We have no right to say that it led our poet to more cheerful strains—though it is certain, in the subsequent nights there is a considerable alteration for the better: to use the words of Dr. YOUNG—the *Triumph cancels the Complaint*; so that, taken all together, the work is entitled to our hearty approbation. The writer of this article has the *Day-thoughts* in his possession, and deems it a literary curiosity.

The *Night-thoughts*, with the exception of a few obscure and extravagant passages, must be pro-

nounced an admirable production. Dr. Johnson speaks of its merits in this decisive manner: "In his *NIGHT-THOUGHTS* he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wildness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage—the wild diffusion of the sentiments, and the digressive sallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work is not exactness but copiousness; particular lines are not to be regarded—the power is in the whole, and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to a Chinese plantation—the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity!"

To this happy delineation of the *Night-thoughts* it may be added, that there is a vein of melancholy running through every part of it particularly interesting to the serious and thoughtful mind. The gay and licentious will find no charms in the composition; but to the soul broken down, by affliction—to the mind wearied out by the cares and anxieties of life—the sentiments inculcated will meet with the most cordial reception. Harassed by the vicissitudes of mortality, we leave off the wearisome pursuit of happiness in which we have been engaged, and turn our attention to the complete blessedness of the eternal world!

We shall now just mention the few other publications which he gave to the public:—his *Poetical Reflections* related to the rebellion of 1745; his tragedy, the *Brabbers*, which appeared in 1753, the profits of which were presented to the society for the propagation of the Gospel, made up by the author 1800l.—his *Centaur not fabulous*, in which

the excessive love of pleasure is justly exposed and reprobated; his *Conjectures on original Compositions*, addressed to Richardson the novelist, and containing some excellent observations, in a style more indicative of youth than age; and lastly, his *Resignation*, thought to be the least vigorous of his productions, though Johnson allows it to be written with his usual spirit and ability.

He died at *Welwyn*, April 5th, 1765, in the 84th year of his age, and was interred (agreeable to his request) by the side of his lady, under the altar-piece of that church; a marble monument was erected by his only son and heir, Mr. Frederic Young, with an appropriate inscription.

This son had indeed incurred his displeasure—but with the particulars of this unpleasant affair we are not acquainted: the following letter (lately published in a periodical miscellany) throws light on this subject, and, relating to the last moments of so extraordinary a genius, is well worth attention:—

*Welwyn, April 13, 1765.*

“I HAVE now the pleasure to acquaint you that the late DR. YOUNG, though he had for many years kept his son at a distance, has now at last left him all his possessions, after the payment of certain legacies, so that the young gentleman, who bears a fair character, and behaves well as far as I can hear or see, will, I hope, soon enjoy and make a prudent use of a very handsome fortune. The father on his death-bed, and since my return from London, was applied to in the tenderest manner by one of his physicians and by another person, to admit the son to his presence to make submission, intreat forgiveness and obtain his blessing! As to an interview

The son, he intimated that he chose to decline obscure—more than low and his nerves weak.

With regard to the next particular, he said; “*I heartily forgive him!*” and upon mention of the last, he gently lifted up his hand; and letting it gently fall, pronounced these words, “*God bless him!*” After about a fortnight’s illness; and enduring excessive pains, he expired a little before eleven of the clock at night of Good Friday last, the 5th instant, and was decently buried yesterday about six in the afternoon, in the chancel of this church, close by the remains of his lady, under the communion-table, the clergy (who are the trustees of his charity-schools), and one or two others, attending the funeral—the last office, of interment, being performed by me.—He was pleased to make respectful mention of me in his will, expressing his satisfaction in my care of his parish, bequeathing to me a handsome legacy.”

“JOHN JONES, HIS CURATE.”

With respect to the character of DR. YOUNG, it must be acknowledged, that he in the first part of life was guilty of gross flattery towards the great, and was too much under the influence of ambition. There are passages in his *Night-thoughts* written evidently in the anguish of disappointment. But his good sense afterwards saw the folly of his former conduct, and reprobates it with becoming indignation. His mind was strong, his imagination fervid, and his expressions are marked by an originality. In his *Night-thoughts* his genius appears with the greatest advantage; this seems to have been his own opinion, for in the last edition of his works the title-page runs thus—“*By the Author of the Night-thoughts;*” thus assigning to that performance a decisive superiority.

He had a wonderful mixture of seriousness and cheerfulness in his disposition—the two following anecdotes will corroborate this assertion:—

A friend who was upon a visit to DR. YOUNG, was introduced into his garden, for the purpose of an evening walk. The doctor was pointing out the several embellishments which decorated this spot of ground; coming at length to the centre of the inclosure, "Here," says the doctor, turning to his friend, "stood a sun-dial of curious construction, with this motto, alluding to time—*EHEU PUGAX!* *Alas! it flies away, it disappears!* which," added the reverend divine, "was sadly verified; for my sun-dial, stolen away, disappeared the next morning!"

The other little tale relates to his being in the garden walking with some ladies, to one of whom he was then paying his addresses, and afterwards married. The servant came and informed his master that a gentleman wanted him in the house; the doctor, unwilling to quit the ladies, refused to go; they, however, taking him by the hand, led him to the gate, and obliged him to leave them; when parting with them, he, looking back, exclaimed in the following extempore lines:

Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driv'n,  
And thus disputed orders sent from Heav'n;  
Like him I go, and yet to go am loath—  
Like him I go, for angels drove us both!  
Hard was *his* fate—but *mine* still more unkind,  
*His* Eve went with him—but *mine* stays behind!

We close this biographical detail by declaring it to be our opinion that the *beneficial effects* of DR. YOUNG'S writings will extend themselves to LATEST POSTERITY!

Islington.

J. E. I

## THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LX.]

## THE FARMER'S BOY.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

"Again the YEAR's *decline*, 'midst storms and floods,  
The thund'ring chace, the yellow fading woods,  
Invite my song!"

FARMER'S BOY.

**P**URSUING the seasons of the year in regular succession, we have passed through Spring and Summer, and are now arrived at *Autumn*—a period well entitled to our attention. The hope of the husbandman is about to be realised—his manifold labours are about to be rewarded. The blossoms of Spring, however beautiful to the eye, have disappeared, and now burst forth into substantial reality.

The characteristic traits of *Autumn* are portrayed by Mr. Bloomfield with his usual fidelity. Take the following specimens, with which the reader of taste must be pleased.

The swine feeding deliciously on the fallen acorns are thus described.

'No more the fields with scatter'd grain supply  
The restless wand'ring tenants of the sky—  
From oak to oak they run with eager haste,  
And, wrangling, share the first delicious taste  
Of fallen ACORNS, yet but thinly found,  
Till the strong gale have shook them to the ground:  
It comes—and roaring woods obedient wave;  
Their home, well pleas'd, the joint adventurers leave,  
The trudging sow leads forth her numerous young  
(Playful, and white, and clean) the briars among.

Till briars and thorns increasing fence them round,  
 Where last year's mouldering leaves bestrew the  
     ground,  
 And o'er their heads, loud lash'd by furious squalls,  
 Bright from their cups the rattling treasure falls !

The *business* of Autumn is thus touched upon in a truly picturesque manner :

No idling hours are here when fancy trims  
 Her dancing taper over outstretch'd limbs,  
 And in her thousand thousand colours drest,  
 Plays round the grassy couch-of noontide rest ;  
 Here GILLS for hours of indolence atones,  
 With strong exertion and with weary bones—  
 And knows no leisure, till the distant chime  
 Of sabbath bells he hears at sermon time,  
 That down the break sound sweetly in the gale,  
 Or strike the rising hill, or skim the dale.

The *country church* and *church-yard* are very happily described :

Mean structure ! where no bones of heroes lie !  
 The rude inelegance of poverty  
 Reigns here alone—else why that roof of straw,  
 Those narrow windows, with the frequent flaw ?  
 O'er whose low cells the dock and mallow spreads,  
 And rampant nettles lift their apiry heads ;  
 Whilst from the hollows of the tower on high,  
 The grey-capp'd daws in saucy legions fly,  
 Round these lone walls assembling neighbours meet,  
 And tread departed friends beneath their feet ;  
 And new brier'd graves, that prompt the secret sigh,  
 Shew each the spot where he himself must lie !—  
 Midst timely greetings village news goes round  
 Of crops late shorn, or crops that lick the ground,  
 Experienc'd ploughmen in the circle join,  
 While sturdy boys, in feats of strength to shine,  
 With pride elate, their young associates brave  
 To jump from hollow-sounding grave to grave,  
 Then close consulting, each his talent lends,  
 To plan fresh sports, when tedious service ends !

Then follows his delineations of *lovely Poll*, the *ma-*  
*niac* of the village—a most interesting portrait of hu-  
 man misery. We refer to it in the volume, being too  
 long for transcription; it does credit to the head and  
 heart of the poet, who has drawn his picture from  
 melancholy reality.

The *hut* will please those who are fond of rural  
 imagery.

Keen blows the blast, or ceaseless rain descends,  
 The half-stript hedge a sorry shelter lends—  
 O for a *hovel* e'er so small or low,  
 Whose roof, repelling winds and early snow,  
 Might bring home's comforts fresh before his eyes!  
 No sooner thought than see the structure rise  
 In some sequester'd nook, embank'd around,  
 Sod for its walls, and straw in burdens bound,  
 Dried fuel hoarded, is his richest store,  
 And circling smoke obscures his little door—  
 Whence creeping forth, to duty's call he yields,  
 And strolls the *Crusoe* of his lonely fields!

The *sport* of hunting, so common at this season of  
 the year, is well depicted, and is introduced by the  
 following just eulogy on the Duke of Grafton:

Bereft of song and ever-cheering green,  
 The soft endearments of the summer scene,  
 New harmony pervades the solemn wood,  
 Dear to the soul, and healthful to the blood;  
 For bold exertion follows on the sound  
 Of distant sportsmen; and the chiding bound  
 First heard from kennel bursting, mad with joy—  
 Where smiling *Basset* boasts her good *Fitzroy*,  
 Lord of pure alms and gifts that wide extend,  
 The farmer's patron, and the poor man's friend!

The poet closes the *hunting scene* by paying a com-  
 pliment to poor faithful *Trauncer*, over whom this in-  
 scription is placed in *Euston park*:

Foxes rejoice! here buried lies your foe!



Indulging many pleasing reflections on the *past* of the year, Mr. Bloomfield closes in the following appropriate manner:

Then welcome cold! welcome ye snowy nights!  
 Heaven midst your rage shall mingle pure delight,  
 And confidence of hope the soul sustain,  
 While devastation sweeps along the plain.  
 Nor shall the child of poverty despair,  
 But bless the Power that rules the changing year,  
 Assur'd, tho' horrors round his cottage reign,  
 That Spring will come, and nature smile again!

### SINGULAR TAKING OF LOUISBOURG,

BY THE AMERICANS, IN 1745.

Communicated by John Evans, A. M.

*From Belknap's History of New Hampshire, just published.*

(Concluded from page 170.)

**I**N the undertaking and prosecuting of an enterprise so novel to the people of New-England, it is amusing to see how many projects were invented, what a variety of advice was given from all quarters, and what romantic expectations were formed by advisers and adventurers. During the incitement, one of the officers was heard to say with great solemnity, that he intended to carry with him three shirts, one of which should be ruffled, because he expected that the general would give him the command of the city when it should be taken. An ingenious and benevolent clergyman presented to the general a plan for the incampment of the army, the opening of trenches, and the placing of batteries before the city. To prevent danger to the troops from subterraneous mines, he proposed that two confidential persons, attended by a guard, should,

during the night, approach the walls, that one should with a beetle strike the ground, while the other should lay his ear to it, and observe whether the sound was hollow, and that a mark should be set on all places suspected. Another gentleman, of equal ingenuity, sent the general a model of a flying bridge, to be used in scaling the walls of Louisbourg; it was so light that twenty men could carry it on their shoulders to the wall, and raise it in one minute. The apparatus for raising it consisted of four blocks, and two hundred fathoms of rope. It was to be floored with boards, wide enough for eight men to march abreast; and to prevent danger from the enemy's fire, it might be covered with raw hides. This bridge, it was said, might be erected against any part of the wall, even where no breach had been made; and it was supposed that a thousand men might pass over it in four minutes.

But the most extraordinary project of all was Shirley's scheme for taking the city by surprise, in the first night after the arrival of the troops, and before any British naval force could come to their assistance. It is thus delineated in a confidential letter which he wrote to Wentworth, when he urged him to send the New-Hampshire troops to Boston, to proceed thence with the fleet of transports:—  
 "The success of our scheme for surprising Louisbourg will entirely depend on the execution of the first night after the arrival of our forces. For this purpose it is necessary that the whole fleet should make Chappellan-rouge point just at the shutting in of the day, when they cannot easily be discovered, and from thence push into the bay, so as to have all the men landed before midnight (the landing of whom it is computed by Capt. Durell and Mr. Bastide, will take up three hours at least). After which, the forming of the four several corps to be

employed in attempting to scale the walls of Louisbourg, near the east gate fronting the sea, and the west gate fronting the harbour, to cover the retreat of the two before-mentioned parties in case of a repulse; and to attack the grand battery (which attack must be made at the same time with the two other attacks)—will take up two hours more at least. After these four bodies are formed, their march to their respective posts from whence they are to make their attacks and serve as a cover to the retreat, will take up another two hours—which (supposing the transports to arrive in Chapeau-rouge bay at nine o'clock in the evening, and not before, as it will be necessary for them to do, in order to land and march under cover of the night) will bring them to four in the morning, being day-break, before they begin the attack, which will be full late for them to begin. Your excellency will from hence perceive how critical an affair the time of the fleet's arrival in Chapeau-rouge bay is, and how necessary it is to the success of our principal scheme that the fleet should arrive there in a body at that precise hour."

It is easy to perceive that this plan was contrived by a person totally unskilled in the arts of navigation and of war. The coast of Cape-Bruton was dangerous and inhospitable, the season of the year rough and tempestuous, and the air a continual fog—yet a fleet of an hundred vessels, after sailing nearly two hundred leagues (for by this plan they were not to stop) must make a certain point of land "at a precise hour," and enter an unknown bay in an evening! The troops were to land in the dark, amidst a violent surf, on a rocky shore; to march through a thicket and bog three miles to the city, and some of them a mile beyond it to the royal battery. Men who had never been in action were to perform services which the most experienced

veteran would think of with dread; to pull down pickets with grappling irons, and scale the walls of a regular fortification with ladders (which were afterward found to be too short by ten feet!) all in the space of twelve hours from their first making the land, and nine hours from their debarkation. This part of the plan was prudently concealed from the troops.

The forces which New-Hampshire furnished for this expedition were three hundred and fifty men, including the crew of an armed sloop which conveyed the transports and served as a cruiser: they were formed into a regiment consisting of eight companies, and were under the command of Col. Samuel Moore. The sloop was commanded by Capt. John Fernald; her crew consisted of thirty men. The regiment, sloop, and transports were, by Governor Wentworth's written instructions to the general, put under his command. Besides these, a body of one hundred and fifty men was enlisted in New-Hampshire, and aggregated to the regiment in the pay of Massachusetts. Thus New-Hampshire employed five hundred men—about one-eighth part of the whole land force. In these men, there was such an ardor for action, and such a dread of delay, that it was impracticable to put them so far out of their course as to join the fleet at Boston. Shirley therefore altered the plan, and appointed a rendezvous at Canseau; where the forces of New-Hampshire arrived, two days before the general and his other troops from Boston.

The instructions which Pepperell received from Shirley were conformed to the plan which he had communicated to Wentworth, but much more particular and circumstantial. He was ordered to proceed to Canseau, there to build a block-house and battery, and leave two companies in garrison; and to deposit the stores which might not imme-

diately be wanted by the army ; thence he was to send a detachment to the village of St. Peter's, on the island of Cape-Breton, and destroy it, to prevent any intelligence which might be carried to Louisbourg ; for which purpose also, the armed vessels were to cruise before the harbour. The whole fleet was to sail from Canseau, so as to arrive in Chappeau-rouge bay about nine o'clock in the evening. The troops were to land in four divisions, and proceed to the assault before morning. If the plan for the surprisal should fail, he had particular directions where and how to land, march, encamp, attack, and defend ; to hold councils and keep records ; and to send intelligence to Boston by certain vessels retained for the purpose, which vessels were to stop at Castle William, and there receive the governor's orders. Several other vessels were appointed to cruise between Canseau and the camp, to convey orders, transport stores, and catch fish for the army. To close these instructions, after the most minute detail of duty, the general was finally 'left to act upon unforeseen emergencies according to his discretion'—which, in the opinion of military gentlemen, is accounted the most rational part of the whole. Such was the plan for the reduction of a regularly constructed fortress, drawn by a lawyer, to be executed by a merchant, at the head of a body of husbandmen and mechanics, animated indeed by ardent patriotism, but destitute of professional skill and experience. After they had embarked, the hearts of many began to fail. Some repented that they had voted for the expedition, or promoted it ; and the most thoughtful were in the greatest perplexity.

The troops were detained at Canseau three weeks, waiting for the ice which environed the island of Cape-Breton to be dissolved. They were all this time within view of St. Peter's, but were

not discovered. Their provisions became short; but they were supplied by prizes taken by the cruisers. Among others, the New-Hampshire sloop took a ship from Martinico, and retook one of the transports, which she had taken the day before. At length, to their great joy, Commodore Warren, in the *Superbe*, of sixty guns, with three other ships of forty guns each, arrived at Canoeau, and, having held a consultation with the general, proceeded to cruise before Louisbourg. The general having sent the New-Hampshire sloop to cover a detachment which destroyed the village of St. Peter's and scattered the inhabitants, sailed with the whole fleet, but instead of making Chapeau rouge point in the evening, the wind falling short, they made it at the dawn of the next morning; and their appearance in the bay gave the first notice to the French of a design formed against them.

The intended surprisal being thus happily frustrated, the next thing after landing the troops was to invest the city. Vaughan, the adventurer from New-Hampshire, had the rank and pay of a lieutenant-colonel, but refused to have a regular command. He was appointed one of the council of war, and was ready for any service which the general might think suited to his genius. He conducted the first column through the woods, within sight of the city, and saluted it with three cheers. He headed a detachment, consisting chiefly of the New-Hampshire troops, and marched to the north-east part of the harbour in the night, where they burned the warehouses containing the naval stores, and saved a large quantity of wine and brandy. The smoke of this fire being driven by the wind into the grand battery, so terrified the French, that they abandoned it and retired to the city, after having spiked the guns and cut the halliards of the flag-staff. The next morning, as Vaughan was

was returning, with thirteen men only, he crept up the hill which overlooked the battery, and observed that the chimneys of the barrack were without smoke, and the staff without a flag. With a bottle of brandy, which he had in his pocket (though he never drank spirituous liquors), he hired one of his party, a Cape-Cod Indian, to crawl in at an embrasure and open the gate. He then wrote to the general these words; "May it please your honor, to be informed, that by the grace of God, and the courage of thirteen men, I entered the royal battery at nine o'clock, and am waiting for a reinforcement and a flag." Before either could arrive, one of the men climbed up the staff, with a red coat in his teeth, which he fastened by a nail to the top. This piece of triumphant vanity alarmed the city, and immediately an hundred men were dispatched in boats to retake the battery. But Vaughan, with his small party, on the naked beach, and in the face of a smart fire from the city and the boats, kept them from landing till the reinforcement arrived. In every duty of fatigue or sanguine adventure, he was always ready; and the New-Hampshire troops, animated by the same enthusiastic ardor, partook of all the labours and dangers of the siege. They were employed for fourteen nights successively in drawing cannon from the landing place to the camp, through a morass; and their Lieutenant-colonel Messervé, being a ship-carpenter, constructed sledges, on which the cannon were drawn when it was found that their wheels were buried in the mire; the men, with straps over their shoulders, and sinking to their loins in mud, performed labour beyond the power of oxen, which labour could be done only in the night or in a foggy day, the place being within plain view and random shot of the enemy's walls. They were much disappointed and chagrined when they found that these

meritorious services were not more distinctly acknowledged in the accounts which were sent to England, and afterwards published.

In the unfortunate attempt on the island battery by four hundred volunteers from different regiments, the New-Hampshire troops were very active. When it was determined to erect a battery on the light-house cliff, two companies of them (Mason's and Fernald's) were employed in that laborious service, under cover of their armed sloop; and when a proposal was made for a general assault by sea and land, Colonel Moore, who had been an experienced sea commander, offered to go on board the Vigilant with his whole regiment, and lead the attack, if in case of success he might be confirmed in the command of the ship; but when this was denied, most of the men who were fit for duty readily went on board the Princess Mary, to act as marines on that occasion.

It has been said that "this siege was carried on in a tumultuary and random manner, resembling a Cambridge commencement." The remark is in a great measure true. Though the business of the council of war was conducted with all the formality of a legislative assembly; though orders were issued by the general, and returns made by the officers at the several posts; yet the want of discipline was too visible in the camp. Those who were on the spot, have frequently in my hearing laughed at the recital of their own irregularities, and expressed their admiration when they reflected on the almost miraculous preservation of the army from destruction. They indeed presented a formidable front to the enemy; but the rear was a scene of confusion and frolic; while some were on duty at the trenches, others were racing, wrestling, pitching quoits, firing at marks or at birds, or running after shot from the enemy's guns, for which they received



a-bounty, and the shot were sent back to the city. The ground was so uneven and the people so scattered, that the French could form no estimate of their numbers; nor could they learn it from the prisoners, taken at the island battery, who, on their examination, as if by previous agreement, represented the number to be vastly greater than it was. The garrison of Louisbourg had been so mutinous before the siege, that the officers could not trust the men to make a sortie, lest they should desert; had they been united and acted with vigor, the camp might have been surprised, and many of the people destroyed.

Much has been ascribed, and much is justly due to the activity and vigilance of Commodore Warren and the ships under his command; much is also due to the vigor and perseverance of the land forces—and the success was doubtless owing, under God, to the joint efforts of both. Something of policy, as well as bravery, is generally necessary in such undertakings; and there was one piece of management which, though not mentioned by any historian, yet greatly contributed to the surrender of the city.

The capture of the *Vigilant*, a French sixty-four gun ship, commanded by the marquis de la Maison Forte, and richly laden with military stores for the relief of the garrison, was one of the most capital exploits performed by the navy. This ship had been anxiously expected by the French; and it was thought that the news of her capture, if properly communicated to them, might produce a good effect—but how to do it was the question. At length the commodore hit on this expedient, which he proposed to the general, who approved and put it in execution. In a skirmish on the island with a party of French and Indians, some English prisoners had been taken by them, and

used with civility. This circumstance was made known to the marquis, and he was requested to go on board of all the ships in the bay where French prisoners were confined, and observe the condition in which they were kept. He did so, and was well satisfied with their fare and accommodations. He was then desired to write to the governor of the city, and inform him how well the French prisoners were treated, and to request the like favour for the English prisoners. The humane marquis readily consented, and the letter was sent the next day by a flag, intrusted to the care of a Capt. Mardonald. He was carried before the governor and his chief officers, and by pretending not to understand their language, he had the advantage of listening to their discourse, by which he found that they had not before heard of the capture of the Vigilant, and that the news of it, under the hand of her late commander, threw them into a visible perturbation. This event, with the erection of a battery on the high cliff at the light-house (under the direction of Lieutenant-colonel Gridley, by which the island battery was much annoyed), and the preparations which were evidently making for a general assault, determined Duchambon to surrender—and accordingly in a few days he capitulated.

Upon entering the fortress and viewing its strength, and the plenty and the variety of its means of defence, the stoutest hearts were appalled, and the impracticability of carrying it by assault was fully demonstrated.

No sooner was the city taken, and the army under shelter, than the weather (which, during the siege, excepting eight or nine days after the first landing, had been remarkably dry for that climate) changed for the worse, and an incessant rain of ten days succeeded. Had this happened before the surrender, the troops who had then begun to be

sickly; and had none but very thin tents; must have perished in great numbers. Reinforcements of men, stores, and provisions arrived, and it was determined in a council of war to maintain the place and repair the breaches. A total demolition might have been more advantageous to the nation; but in that case individuals would not have enjoyed the profit of drawing bills on the navy and ordnance establishments. The French flag was kept flying on the ramparts, and several rich prizes were decoyed into the harbour. The army supposed that they had a right to a share of these prizes; but means were found to suppress or evade their claim; nor did any of the colony cruisers (except one), though they were retained in the service under the direction of the commodore, reap any benefit from the captures.

The news of this important victory filled America with joy, and Europe with astonishment. The enterprising spirit of New-England gave a serious alarm to those jealous fears which had long predicted the independence of the colonies. Great pains were taken in England to ascribe all the glory to the navy, and lessen the merit of the army. However, Pepperell received the title of a baronet, as well as Warren; the latter was promoted to be an admiral, the former had a commission as colonel in the British establishment, and was empowered to raise a regiment in America, to be in the pay of the crown. The same emolument was given to Shirley, and both he and Wentworth acquired so much reputation as to be confirmed in their places. Vaughn went to England to seek a reward for his services, and there died of the small pox. Solicitations were set on foot for a parliamentary reimbursement, which, after much difficulty and delay, was obtained; and the colonies who had expended their substance were in credit at the British trea-

sure.—The justice and policy of this measure must appear to every one who considers that (excepting the suppression of a rebellion within the bowels of the kingdom) this conquest was the only action which could be called a victory, on the part of the British nation, during the whole French war, and afforded them the means of purchasing a peace.

---

*HISTORY OF THE LONDON BREWERY,*  
FROM THE BEGINNING OF KING WILLIAM'S  
REIGN TO THE PRESENT TIME.

---

BY ALEXANDER MORRICE.

---

**I**N the beginning of King William's reign the duty on strong beer or ale was 1s. and 3d. per barrel: the brewer then sold his brown ale at 16s. per barrel, and the small beer (which was made from the same grains) at 6s. per barrel. These were mostly fetched from the brew-house by the customers themselves, and paid for with ready money; so that the brewer kept but few servants, fewer horses, had no stock of beers or ales by him, no purchasing of leases of public houses, no bad debts, and but a trifling number of casks, and his money consequently returned before he either paid his duty, or for his malt. The victualler then sold this ale for two pence per quart. Soon after, our wars with France occasioned further duties on this commodity. I think that in 1689 9d. per barrel more was laid upon strong beer, and 3d. per barrel on small beer. In 1690, the duty was advanced 2s. and 3d. per barrel on strong beer, and 9d. per barrel upon small; and in 1692, an additional duty of 9d. per barrel was laid upon strong beer

only. At this period the brewer raised his price from 16s. to 18s. and 19s. per barrell; and the victualler raised his price to 2½d. per quart. Now we come to the queen's time, when, France disturbing us again, the malt-tax, the duty on hops, and that on coals, took place; and, as the duty on malt surpassed that on hops, the brewers endeavoured at a liquor wherein more of the latter should be used: thus the drinking of beer became encouraged in preference to ale. This beer, when new, they sold for 22s. per barrel; and, at the same time advanced their ale to 19s. and 20s. per barrel; but the people, not easily weaned from their heavy sweet drink, in general drank ale mixed with beer from the victualler at 2½d. to 2¾d. per quart. The gentry now residing in London more than they had done in former times, introduced the pale ale and pale small beer, which they were habituated to in the country, and either engaged some of their friends, or the London brewers, to make for them this kind of drink; and affluence and cleanliness promoted the delivery of them in the brewer's own casks, and at his charge. Pale malt being dearest, the brewer being loaded with more tax and expence, fixed the price of such small beer at 8s. and 10s. per barrel: the latter was sold by the victualler at 4d. per quart, and under the name of two-penny. This little opposition excited the brown beer trade to produce, if possible, a better sort of commodity, in their way, than heretofore had been made. They began to hop their mild beers more, and the publican started three, four, or six butts at a time; but so little idea had the brewer, or his customer, of being at the charge of large stocks of beer, that it gave room to a set of monied people to make a trade, by buying these beers from brewers, keeping them some time, and selling them, when stale, to victuallers, for 25s. or 26s. per barrel.

Our tastes but slowly alter or reform. Some drank mild and stale beer; others, what was then called 3-threads, at 3*d.* per quart; but many used all stale, at 4*d.* per quart. On this footing stood the trade until about the year 1722, when the brewers conceived that there was a mean to be found preferable to any of these extremes—which was, that beer should be well brewed, and, from being kept its proper time, becoming mellow (*i. e.* neither new nor stale) it would recommend itself to the public. This they ventured to sell at 23*s.* per barrel, that the victualler might retail it at 3*d.* per quart. Though it was slow at first in making its way, yet as it was certainly right in the end, the experiment succeeded beyond expectation. The labouring people, porters, &c. found its utility—from whence came its appellation of porter, or entire butt. As yet, however, it was far from being in the perfection which we have since had it.

Porter was at different times raised to 30*s.* per barrel, where it remained till the year 1799, and was retailed at 3½*d.* per quart, when, in consequence of malt rising in price to, from 4*l.* to 4*l.* 10*s.* and 5*l.* per quarter, and hops from 4*l.* 10*s.* to 17*l.* 18*s.* and 20*l.* per cwt. porter was raised to 1*l.* 15*s.* per barrel, and retailed at 4*d.* per quart. Ale likewise experienced a rise of from 2*l.* 2*s.* to 2*l.* 12. 6*d.* per barrel.

---

REMARKS ON THE CHARACTERS  
OF THE  
COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

*From Swift's Works, just published.*

(The original Characters \* are printed in Roman, Swift's Remarks † in Italics.)

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

**A** TALL handsome man for his age, with a very obliging address, of a wonderful presence of mind, so as hardly ever to be discomposed;

\* These characters, drawn up in the name of John Macky, (but written by Mr. Davis, an officer in the customs) were annexed to Memoirs of the Secret Services of John Macky, Esq. during the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George I. printed in 1739, from a MS. said to be attested by his son, Spring Macky, Esq.

† Dr. Swift's notes are transcribed from a copy formerly belonging to John Putland, Esq. a near relation to the dean, who took them from Swift's own handwriting. This volume afterward came into the possession of Philip Carteret Webb, Esq. and is now the property of Thomas Astle, Esq. a gentleman to whom the public are indebted for some very accurate and curious publications, and whose valuable collections are rendered infinitely more so by that obliging readiness with which he communicates them at all times, when they are likely to promote the success of any literary undertaking.

of a very clear head, and sound judgment; very bold; never daunted for want of success; every way capable of being a great man, if the great success of his arms, and the heaps of favours thrown upon him by his sovereign, do not raise his thoughts above the rest of the nobility, and consequently draw upon him the envy of the people of England. He is turned of 50 years of age. *Detestably covetous.*

#### DUKE OF ORMOND.

WITH all the qualities of a great man, except that of a statesman, hating business. He is about 40 years of age. *Fairly enough writ.*

#### DUKE OF SHREWSBURY.

NEVER was a greater mixture of honour, virtue (*none*), and good sense in any one person, than in him: a great man, attended with a sweetness of behaviour, and easiness of conversation, which charms all who come near him: nothing of the stiffness of a statesman, yet the capacity and knowledge of a piercing wit. He speaks French and Italian as well as his native language: and although but one eye, yet he has a most charming countenance, and is the most generally beloved by the ladies of any gentleman in his time. He is turned of 40 years old.

#### DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Is of a middle stature, well shaped, a very black complexion, a lover of music and poetry; of good judgment (*not a grain, hardly common sense*); but, by reason of a great hesitation in his speech, wants expression. He is about 42 years old.

#### DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Has been the finest and handsomest gentleman



of his time; loves the ladies, and plays; keeps a noble house and equipage; is tall, well made, and of a princely behaviour. Of nice honour in every thing, but the paying his tradesmen. Past 60 years old. *A very poor understanding.*

#### DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

HE is a nobleman of learning, and good natural parts, but of no principles. Violent for the high church—yet seldom goes to it. Very proud, insolent, and covetous, and takes all advantages. *This character is the truest of any.*

#### EARL OF NOTTINGHAM.

HE has the exterior air of business, and application enough to make him very capable. In his habit and manners very formal; a tall, thin, very black man, like a Spaniard, or Jew; about 50 years old. *He fell in with the whigs—was an endless talker.*

#### EARL OF ROMNEY.

HE was the great wheel on which the revolution rolled. *He had not a wheel to turn a mouse.* Of great honour and honesty, with a moderate capacity. *None at all.*

#### DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HE has one only daughter, who will be the richest heiress in Europe. *Now Countess of Oxford; cheated by her father.*

#### DUKE OF RICHMOND.

HE is a gentleman good natured to a fault; very well bred, and has many valuable things in him; is an enemy to business, very credulous, well shaped, black complexion, much like King Charles; not 30 years old. *A shallow conceit.*

## DUKE OF BOLTON.

Does not make any figure at court. *Nor any where else. A great booby.*

## DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

He is a man of honor, nice in paying his debts ; and, living well with his neighbours in the country, does not much care for the conversation of men of quality or business. Is a tall black man, like his father the king ; about 40 years old. *He was a most worthy person, very good natured, and had very good sense.*

## DUKE OF GRAFTON.

GRANDSON to King Charles II. a very pretty gentleman ; has been abroad in the world ; zealous for the constitution of his country. A tall black man, about 25 years old. *Almost a slobberer, without one good quality.*

## SIR NATHAN WRIGHT,

*Lord Keeper.*

Is son of a clergyman\* ; a good common lawyer, a slow chancellor, and no civilian. Chance more than choice brought him the seals. *Very covetous.*

## JOHN (Ralph) DUKE OF MONTAGU.

SINCE the queen's accession to the throne he has been created a duke, and is near 60 years old. *As arrant a knave as any in his time.*

## MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

One of the best beloved gentlemen, by the

\* His father was rector of Thurstaston, in Leicestershire.

country party, in England. *A very poor understanding.*

#### LORD SOMERS.

OF a creditable family in the city of Worcester. *Very mean: his father was a noted rogue.* He is believed to have been the best chancellor that ever sat in the chair. *I allow him to have possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue; he had violent passions, and hardly subdued them by his great prudence.*

#### LORD HALIFAX.

HE is a great encourager of learning and learned men, is the patron of the muses, of very agreeable conversation, a short fair man, not 40 years old. *His encouragements were only good words and good dinners. I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by another.*

#### EARL OF DORSET

ONE of the finest gentlemen in England in the reign of King Charles II. of great learning, (*small, or none,*) extremely witty, and has been the author of some of the finest poems in the English language, especially satire. The Mæcenas and prince of our English poets. One of the pleasantest companions in the world, when he likes his company (*not of late years, but a very dull one*). He is very fat, troubled with the spleen, and turned of 50 years old.

#### EARL RIVERS.

HE was one of the greatest rakes in England in his younger days; but always a lover of the constitution of his country; is a gentleman of very good sense, and very cunning; brave in his person, a lover of play, and understands it perfectly well; has a very good estate, and improves it every day; something covetous; is a tall handsome man, and

of a very fair complexion. He is turned of 40 years old. *An errant knave in common dealings, and very prostitute.*

#### EARL OF PORTLAND.

He is supposed to be the richest subject in Europe, very profuse in gardening, birds, and household furniture, but mighty frugal in every thing else, of a very lofty mien, and yet not proud; of no deep understanding, considering his experience, neither much beloved nor hated by any sort of people, English or Dutch. He is turned of 50 years old. *As great a dunce as ever I knew.*

#### EARL OF DERBY.

ON his brother's death he came to the House of Peers, where he never will make any great figure, the sword being more his profession; he is a fair complexioned man, well shaped, taller than the ordinary size, and a man of honor. He is turned of 40 years old. *As arrant a \*\*\*\*\* as his brother.*

#### EARL OF PETERBOROW.

He affects popularity; and loves to preach in coffeehouses and public places; is an open enemy to revealed religion; brave in his person; has a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt; and very poor. A well shaped thin man, with a very brisk look, near 50 years old. *This character is for the most part true.*

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE NATURE OF THUNDER DESCRIBED.

FROM EULER'S LETTERS.

**L**ET a bar of metal, any of iron, be placed on a pillar of glass, or any other substance whose pores are close, that when the bar acquires electricity it may not escape or communicate itself to the body which supports the bar, as soon as a thunder-storm arises, and the clouds which contain the thunder come directly over the bar, you perceive in it a very strong electricity, generally far surpassing that which art produces; if you apply the hand to it, or any other body with open pores, you see bursting from it not only a spark, but a very bright flash, with a noise similar to thunder; the man who applies his hand to it receives a shock so violent that he is stunned. This surpasses curiosity, and there is good reason why we should be on our guard, and not approach the bar during a storm.

A professor at Petersburg, named Richmann, has furnished a melancholy example. Having perceived a resemblance so striking between the phenomena of thunder and those of electricity, this unfortunate naturalist, the more clearly to ascertain it by experiment, raised a bar of iron on the roof of his house, cased below in a tube of glass, and supported by a mass of pitch. To the bar he attached a wire, which he conducted into his chamber, that as soon as the bar should become electric, the electricity might have a free communication with the wire, and so enable him to prove the effects in his apartment. And it may be proper to inform you, that this wire was conducted in such a manner as nowhere to be in contact but with bodies whose pores

are close, such as glass, pitch, or silk, to prevent the escape of electricity.

Having made this arrangement, he expected a thunder-storm, which, unhappily for him, soon came. The thunder was heard at a distance; Mr. Richmann was all attention to his wire, to see if he could perceive any mark of electricity. As the storm approached, he judged it prudent to employ some precaution, and not to keep too near the wire; but happening carelessly to advance his chest a little, he received a terrible stroke, accompanied with a loud clap, which stretched him lifeless on the floor.

About the same time, the late Dr. Lieberkuhn and Dr. Ludolf were about making similar experiments in this city, and in that view had fixed bars of iron on their houses; but being informed of the disaster which had befallen Mr. Richmann, they had the bars of iron immediately removed—and, in my opinion, they acted wisely.

From this you will readily judge that the air or atmosphere must become very electric during a thunder-storm, or that the ether contained in it must then be carried to a very high degree of compression. This ether, with which the air is surcharged, will pass into the bar, because of its open pores, and it will become electric, as it would have been in the common method, but in a much higher degree.

Thunder then is nothing else but the effect of the electricity with which the clouds are endowed; and as an electrified body, applied to another in its natural state, emits a spark with some noise, and discharges into it the superfluous ether, with prodigious impetuosity. The same thing takes place in a cloud that is electric, or surcharged with ether, but with a force incomparably greater, because of the terrible mass that is electrified, and in which,

according to every appearance, the ether is reduced to a much higher degree of compression than we are capable of carrying it by our machinery.

When, therefore, such a cloud approaches bodies prepared for the admission of its ether, this discharge must be made with incredible violence: instead of a simple spark, the air will be penetrated with a prodigious flash, which, exciting a commotion in the ether contained in the whole adjoining region of the atmosphere, produces a most brilliant light, and in this lightning consists.

The air is at the same time put into a very violent motion of vibration, from which results the noise of thunder. This noise must, no doubt, be excited at the same instant with the lightning; but you know that sound always requires a certain quantity of time, in order to its transmission to any distance, and that its progress is only at the rate of about a thousand feet in a second; whereas light travels with a velocity inconceivably greater. Hence we always hear the thunder later than we see the lightning: and from the number of seconds intervening between the flash and the report, we are enabled to determine the distance of the place where it is generated, allowing a thousand feet to a second.

The body itself, into which the electricity of the cloud is discharged, receives from it a most dreadful stroke: sometimes it is shivered to pieces; sometimes set on fire and consumed, if combustible; sometimes melted, if it be of metal—and in such cases we say it is thunderstruck, the effects of which, however surprising and extraordinary they may appear, are in perfect consistency with the well-known phenomena of electricity.

A sword, it is known, has sometimes been by thunder melted in the scabbard, while the last sustained no injury; this is to be accounted for, from

the openness of the pores of the metal, which the ether very easily penetrates, and exercises over it all its powers, whereas the substance of the scabbard is more closely allied to the nature of bodies with close pores, which permit not to the ether so free a transmission.

It has likewise been found, that of several persons on whom the thunder has fallen, some only have been struck by it, and that those who were in the middle suffered no injury. The cause of this phenomenon likewise is manifest. In a group exposed to a thunder-storm, they are in the greatest danger who stand in the nearest vicinity to the air that is surcharged with ether; as soon as the ether is discharged upon one, all the adjoining air is brought back to its natural state, and consequently those who were nearest to the unfortunate victim feel no effect, while others, at a greater distance, where the air is still sufficiently surcharged with ether, are struck with the same thunder-clap.

In a word—all the strange circumstances, so frequently related, of the effects of thunder, contain nothing which may not be easily reconciled with the nature of electricity.

Some philosophers have maintained, that thunder did not come from the clouds, but from the earth, or bodies. However extravagant this sentiment may appear, it is not so absurd, as it is difficult to distinguish, in the phenomena of electricity, whether the spark issues from the body which is electrified, or from that which is not so, as it equally fills the space between the two bodies; and if the electricity is negative, the ether and the spark are in effect emitted from the natural or non-electrified body. But we are sufficiently assured that in thunder the clouds have a positive electricity, and that the lightning is emitted from the clouds.



You will be justifiable, however, in asking, if by every stroke of thunder some terrestrial body is affected? We see, in fact, that it very rarely strikes buildings, or the human body; but we know, at the same time, that trees are frequently affected by it, and that many thunder-strokes are discharged into the earth and into water. I believe, however, it might be maintained, that a great many do not descend so low, and that the electricity of the clouds is very frequently discharged into the air or atmosphere.

The small opening of the pores of the air no longer opposes any obstruction to it, when vapours or rain have rendered it sufficiently humid, for then we know the pores are open.

It may very possibly happen in this case that the superfluous ether of the clouds should be discharged simply into the air; and when this takes place, the strokes are neither so violent, nor accompanied with so great a noise, as when the thunder bursts on the earth, when a much greater extent of atmosphere is put in agitation.

#### *The Possibility of preventing and of averting the Effects of Thunder.*

It has been asked, whether it might not be possible to prevent, or to avert the fatal effects of thunder? You are well aware of the importance of the question, and under what obligation I should lay a number of worthy people, were I able to indicate an infallible method of finding protection against thunder.

The knowledge of the nature and effects of electricity, permits me not to doubt that the thing is possible. I corresponded some time ago with a Moravian priest, named Procopius Divisch, who assured me that he had averted, during a whole sum-

mer, every thunder-storm which threatened his own habitation and the neighbourhood, by means of a machine constructed on the principles of electricity. Several persons, since arrived from that country, have assured me that the fact is undoubted, and confirmed by irresistible proof.

But there are many respectable characters who, on the supposition that the thing is impracticable, would have their scruples respecting the lawfulness of employing such a preservative. The ancient pagans, no doubt, would have considered him as impious who should have presumed to interfere with Jupiter in the direction of his thunder. Christians, who are assured that thunder is the work of God, and that Divine Providence frequently employs it to punish the wickedness of men, might with equal reason alledge that was impiety to attempt to oppose the course of sovereign justice.

Without involving myself in this delicate discussion, I remark that conflagrations, deluges, and many other general calamities, are likewise the means employed by Providence to punish the sins of men; but no one surely ever will pretend that it is unlawful to prevent or resist the progress of a fire or an inundation. Hence I infer that it is perfectly lawful to use the means of prevention against the effects of thunder, if they are attainable.

The melancholy accident which befel Mr. Richmond at Petersburg, demonstrates that the thunder-stroke which this gentleman unhappily attracted to himself, would undoubtedly have fallen somewhere else, and that such place thereby escaped; it can therefore no longer remain a question whether it be possible to conduct thunder to one place in preference to another—and this seems to bring us near our mark.

It would, no doubt, be a matter of still greater importance to have it in our power to divest the clouds of their electric force, without being under the necessity of exposing any one place to the ravages of thunder; we should, in that case, altogether prevent these dreadful effects which terrify so great a part of mankind.

This appears by no means impossible; and the Moravian priest, whom I mentioned above, unquestionably effected it; for I have been assured that this machinery sensibly attracted the clouds, and constrained them to descend quietly in a distillation, without any but a very distant thunder-clap.

The experiment of a bar of iron, in a very elevated situation, which becomes electric on the approach of a thunder-storm, may lead us to the construction of a similar machine, as it is certain that in proportion as the bar discharges its electricity, the clouds must lose precisely the same quantity: but it must be contrived in such a manner that the bars may immediately discharge the ether which they have attracted.

It would be necessary, for this purpose, to procure for them a free communication with a pool, or with the bowels of the earth, which, by means of their open pores, may easily receive a much greater quantity of ether, and disperse it over the whole immense extent of the earth, so that the compression of the ether may not become sensible in any particular spot. This communication is very easy by means of chains of iron, or any other metal, which will with great rapidity carry off the ether with which the bars are surcharged.

I would advise the fixing of strong bars of iron in very elevated situations, and several of them together, their higher extremity to terminate in a point, as this figure is very much adapted to the

attraction of electricity. I would afterwards attach long chains of iron to these bars, which I would conduct under ground into a pool, lake, or river, there to discharge the electricity; and I have no doubt that, after making repeated essays, the means may be certainly discovered of rendering such machinery more commodious, and more certain in its effect.

It is abundantly evident that on the approach of a thunder-storm, the ether with which the clouds are surcharged would be transmitted in great abundance into these bars, which would thereby become very electric, unless the chains furnished to the ether a free passage to spend itself in the water and in the bowels of the earth.

The ether of the clouds would continue therefore to enter quietly into the bars, and would by its agitation produce a light, which might be visible on the pointed extremities.

Such light is, accordingly, often observed during a storm on the summit of spires—an infallible proof that the ether of the cloud is there quietly discharging itself; and every one considers this as a very good sign of the harmless absorption of many thunder-strokes.

Lights are frequently observed at sea on the tops of the masts of ships, known to sailors by the name of Castor and Pollux; and when such signs are visible, they consider themselves as safe from the stroke of thunder.

Most philosophers have ranked these phenomena among vulgar superstitions; but we are now fully assured that such sentiments are not without foundation—indeed they are infinitely better founded than many of our philosophic reveries.

## THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

ON Tuesday morning, the 2nd instant, at eleven o'clock, died, at his seat at Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire, in the 37th year of his age, Francis Duke of Bedford, Marquis of Tavistock, Earl of Bedford, Baron Russell, of Cheney, Thornhaugh, Howland, and of Streatham. His grace was born August 11, 1765, of Elizabeth, daughter of the late William Anne, Earl of Albemarle, and sister of the late Admiral Viscount Keppel.—His father, the Marquis of Tavistock, dying in 1767, in consequence of a fall from his horse, and leaving three sons, he, as eldest, on the death of his grandfather in 1771, succeeded to the princely honors and fortunes of his family. His grace, till about a fortnight since, had enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health, when on a sudden he became so violently affected with a disorder, termed by the faculty a *strangulated hernia*, that it was found expedient to call in the surgical assistance of Sir James Earle, who, after a consultation with others of the profession, performed a skilful operation upon his grace, on Saturday the 27th of Feb. but, unfortunately, without the hoped-for success;—other professional aid was then called in, but in vain—for his grace languished in great agony, till a mortification took place on Sunday evening, and the second day afterwards he expired, after having made some important arrangements, with the greatest fortitude and presence of mind.—His grace dying unmarried, and without issue, is succeeded in titles and estates by his next brother, Lord John Russell, a representative in the present parliament for the borough of Tavistock, who was born July 6, 1766, and in 1786 married Georgiana Elizabeth Byng, second daughter of Lord Viscount Torrington.

ton, formerly British ambassador to the court of Brussels; she died last year, leaving issue several sons and daughters.

The late Duke of Bedford was in such perfect health on Friday morning preceding his death, as to have played at tennis during the early part of it. He got very heated, and having put on a thin jacket to play in, it is supposed he caught cold, which occasioned a violent sneezing and coughing, and the falling of the rupture. There is not the least reason to doubt, but that had his grace had such assistance at hand as he chose to rely upon, his life would not even have been in danger, since nothing is more common than the disease alluded to: but having waited for Sir James Earle's arrival, the *viscera* had begun to gangrene before it could be driven back into its proper place; and the operation seemed to be performed only with the hope of prolonging life a few hours.

The duke continued sensible to the last moment, and was perfectly composed and resigned to his fate. When Dr. Hallifax and Sir James Earle informed him of the necessity of a speedy operation, he said, "Very well; but I must previously have two hours for some necessary arrangements of my papers, &c." Retiring for this purpose into his study, he wrote nearly the whole of that time, and afterwards sealed up two large packets, and addressed them to his brothers, Lord John and Lord William Russel. His grace then came back to the gentlemen of the faculty, and said, "Now, Sirs, I am at your service; but probably it may be proper that I should be bound, to which I shall also cheerfully submit." Sir James Earle said, he relied upon the fortitude of his grace's mind, and therefore thought it not necessary. The operation was then proceeded upon on a couch, and took a much longer time, and consequently inflicted more acute

sensations to the patient than were at first looked for; however, they were borne without a struggle, only two deep groans being uttered by his grace during the whole course of this painful process.

His solicitor, Mr. Gotobed, went down on Monday; and the equanimity and fortitude of his grace left him in full possession of himself, to make what arrangements of his property he deemed proper. A short time before his death he saw his brothers, Lord John and Lord William; he likewise saw Lord Holland—of all of them he took the most affectionate leave. The scene was solemn and impressive.

From the very first moment of his being obliged to call in medical assistance, his recovery was extremely doubtful. Nothing could exceed the skill of the operator in this delicate business, and there was reason to believe that the operation would have effected a complete cure, provided the mortification could be stopped. Unhappily, neither the power of medicine, nor art of the faculty, could retard its dire progress—and thus, after an illness of four days, his grace died in the prime of youth, to the very great grief of his own family and connections, as well as to the regret of hundreds who were fed by his bounty and encouragement.

At the close of life the duke desired to be left by all present, except Dr. Halifax, and fell into an apparent doze for near an hour—when, erecting up his head suddenly, he said, “Doctor, I have something of importance to communicate to John (meaning Lord John), send for him instantly.” His lordship immediately attending, his grace gave him the information he wished, but added, that his solicitor, Mr. Gotobed, had better reduce it to writing, for fear of any mistake—which was begun accordingly, but before it could be completed, his grace

reclined his head across the arm of Lord John, and calmly expired.

Lord Lauderdale, who was his grace's most intimate friend, had gone down on Monday to take his farewell, but when he arrived there, the duke wished to decline seeing him, anticipating the sorrows which both must experience. His lordship accordingly returned to Bedford-house.

The Duke of Bedford's favourite pursuit was agriculture, and the encouragement of those useful arts that may be justly called the basement pillars of every well regulated state; his princely fortune enabled him to carry these pursuits to an extent that gradually evinced the incalculable powers of art, when called forth in aid of nature.

The Duke of Bedford's will was on Friday proved in Doctor's Commons; it is very short—the following is a copy of it:

*"I, Francis, Duke of Bedford, do give unto my brother, John Russell, all my personal property.*

*Dated this 27th of February,  
1802.*

*"BEDFORD."*

The will was witnessed by Lord Preston, Dr. Kerr, of Northampton, and Mr. Parker, the surgeon. It was written in the duke's own hand, on half a sheet of common paper, resembling the cover of a letter—the writing is not so steady as usual. His grace appears first to have signed the will without witnesses, as his first signature is scratched out with a pen, and the name signed again below. By the date it appears that his grace believed himself in danger on Saturday. Besides his will, he has left a very long paper, sealed up, of instructions to his successor, which was ordered not to be opened till after the will was proved. This circumstance hastened the proof of the will; his friends were anxious to know what the will contained. A sur-



legate from Doctor's Commons went to Woburn to swear his grace respecting this paper. The duke is supposed to have made in it various legacies and dispositions of his property, as he had not time so to do in a detailed will, which requires certain legal forms. His brother John is, of course, sole heir to all his effects, real and personal, and on his honor alone depends the fulfilment of his grace's wishes. The duke well knew the honor of his brother, and that he could safely confide to him this important trust. No executor being named in the will, John was obliged to send up with it to Doctor's Commons a bond for due administration. His sureties, in 100,000*l.* each, are Lords Preston and Villiers.—We have already noticed that the late duke's first signature to his will is erased; the same is the case with regard to the signature of the present duke to the instrument above-mentioned, "*John Russell.*" This signature is also erased, and above it is signed "*Bedford.*" John thought too much of the loss of his brother to recollect his new title.—The late duke's disorder was first brought on by a blow from a cricket ball while a boy in Westminster school.

The mourning for the Duke of Bedford, it is thought, will extend more generally through the principal families of distinction than has been remembered on any similar occasion for a century past; it will include, as relations, the Marlboroughs, Albemarle, Spencer, Torrington, Jersey, Keppel, Adair, and Byng families, besides those of private friends, which will greatly augment the mournful list.

The complaint which occasioned the much-lamented death of the Duke of Bedford, is unusually frequent in England, insomuch that almost every twentieth man is afflicted with it, and consists in the protrusion of part of the intestines

through the ring of the belly into the groin, whence they descend still lower. Sudden exertion, such as severe coughing, lifting great weights, &c. are apt to occasion a sudden protrusion of a greater quantity of the intestine than does in the common state of the disease fall down. This additional bulk, if too great to be retained, becomes filled with wind and forces, and the ring of the belly contracts round it, and it becomes, in the medical phrase, *strangulated*. Various, but too ineffectual, are the means used to replace it; and if they do not quickly succeed, recourse must be had to the knife, or mortification will soon be the consequence. The operation is one of the nicest in the whole art of surgery, but, like other capital ones, it is tedious and painful. As much depends upon its being timely performed, it must (independent of the danger arising from exposing a natural close cavity to the external air) be a precarious remedy.

It is remarkable that there has been no regular succession in the illustrious family of Bedford: the earls and dukes have all been brothers, cousins, or grandsons of their immediate predecessors.

#### THE FUNERAL.

The afflicting ceremony of the funeral of this illustrious personage and truly great man took place on Thursday the 11th of March; it was conducted without ostentation, agreeably to his own request: there required no splendor or pomp of preparation to interest the feelings of his country on the mournful event—all hearts sympathised in the common loss which the death of such a man brings upon society.

The present duke being extremely indisposed, he was advised to quit Woburn, that the appearance of the preparations for the funeral might not increase his illness; accordingly he left the Abbey

on Wednesday morning, in company with his brother, Lord William Russell, for Streatham. Lord Preston remained to give directions respecting the funeral, &c.

Every thing being properly arranged, the procession left the Abbey about ten o'clock on Wednesday night. The coffin is covered with the best crimson velvet, and contains three thousand silver nails. The hearse was drawn by six horses; it was followed by three mourning coaches: in the first were Mr. Gotobed, the auditor and solicitor, Mr. Farey, the resident agent for the Woburn estate, and Mr. Brown, a solicitor; in the second were the Rev. Mr. Parry, the clergyman of Woburn, Mr. Salmon, the resident surveyor, and Mr. Shaw of Woburn; and in the third were the three principal servants of the household, one of which was the kitchen gardener, who has been fifty-five years employed by the family in that capacity. They were followed by his grace's carriage, empty, drawn by six bay horses, and six footmen behind it. The procession passed through Hockliffe, Dunstable, Market-street, and Redburn, in the most solemn manner. The inhabitants in the places thro' which the procession passed, were in the roads with lights, and the greatest order prevailed. At Rickmansworth they were joined by a great number of persons who had come from Woburn and other parts of Bedfordshire. A procession was then formed from thence to Cheynies: twenty-eight horsemen, Colonel Moore, and a number of gentlemen on foot, two and two. They were followed by the hearse and carriages, and the whole was closed by about thirty of the principal tenants and servants, and about sixty farmers, tenants, who live on the estate at Cheynies. The procession arrived at the church about one o'clock, and at that time we suppose at least 5000 persons were assembled.

bled in the village. After the coffin was taken out of the hearse and placed in the vault, the evening service was read by the curate of the parish, and a most excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Morris, tutor of his grace, from the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, the 5th chapter and 1st verse—

*“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God—an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.”*

He paid a warm tribute to the splendor and usefulness of the duke's character, and observed truly, that his successor inherited his virtues as well as his titles and estates.

A funeral anthem was sung and performed by a very respectable band of vocal and instrumental performers. The funeral service was likewise read by Mr. Morris in the family vault over the corpse. The following inscription is on the coffin :

THE MOST NOBLE FRANCIS, DUKE OF BEDFORD,

*Born the twenty-third Day of July, 1765,*

*And died the second Day of March, 1802.*

This makes fifty-one of the family whose remains have been deposited there; two of them are embalmed, and stand upright in leaden coffins. This vault has been the burying-place to the family for upwards of 300 years, and an old mansion-house (one of the oldest in the family) adjoins the church-yard; part of it has been pulled down, and what remains now is a farm-house.

Just as the coffin was going into the church, a most unbecoming scene of confusion took place, which is too common on those occasions, by the populace stealing the escutcheons from the hearse.

A man was knocked down and trampled on by a horse, and his leg torn and bruised in a most shocking manner.

On the mourners endeavouring to follow the corpse, some of them were literally carried into the church, and others could not gain admittance, the crowd being so extremely great. The confusion was occasioned by a number of a notorious gang of pickpockets from London, who went down in post-chaises. Several persons were robbed of considerable sums of money at the time the corpse was going into the church. These villains made a crowd of themselves.

The windows of the church were broken by the populace, who endeavoured to force into the church that way.

In London the most marked testimonies of respect were paid to his memory. The theatre of Drury-lane (of which he was the landlord) was shut, as were many of the shops on his extensive estates. Never did any character receive so many and such various tokens of sincere veneration and regret as the late Duke of Bedford. It is honorable to the character of the country, that all ranks and descriptions shewed themselves sensible to the grandeur of that nobleness of sentiment which made him devote his life to their service. May the glory of his life be an example to the British nobility!

---

Beauties of the Drama.

DISSIPATION AND FOLLY.

FROM THE COMEDY OF THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

SCENE II.

*An apartment in SIR CHARLES CROPLAND's house;  
SIR CHARLES CROPLAND at breakfast—his va-  
let de chambre adjusting his hair.*

*Sir Charles.*

**H**AS old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

*Valet.* Yes, Sir Charles—with orders to attend you this morning.

*Sir Cha. (Yawning and stretching)* What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country at this damned dull time of the year!

*Valet.* It is very pleasant, to day, out in the park, Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of Spring? All the world's in London.

*Valet.* I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

*Sir Cha.* Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful—it spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate, here, is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday, when I left town on this wise expedition?

*Valet.* The first of April, Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* Umph!—When Mr. Warner comes, shew him in.

*Valet.* I shall, Sir Charles.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Cha.* This same lumbring timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes issued from

the bank of Nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly.—So, Mr. Warner!

*Enter* WARNER.

*Warner.* Your honor is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on your estate some time, Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* A very tedious time—three days, Mr. Warner.

*Warner.* Ah, good Sir! things would prosper better if you honored us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* Look ye, Warner, I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts and the spring months I must be in town, at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer, I must be at the watering places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent—

*Warner.* The most beautiful part of the country—

*Sir Cha.* Curse beauty! we don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent—

*Warner.* A land of milk and honey!—

*Sir Cha.* I hate milk and honey.

*Warner.* A land of fat!—

*Sir Cha.* Damn your fat!—listen to me—My estate being in Kent—

*Warner.* So woody!

*Sir Cha.* Curse the wood—no, that's wrong, for it's convenient—I am come on purpose to cut it.

*Warner.* Ah, I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then the axe to the root! Money lost

at play, and then, good lack! the forest pays for it.

*Sir Cha.* But you are not the forest, and why the devil do you groan for it?

*Warner.* I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

*Sir Cha.* And I shall have views for my posterity—I shall take special care the trees sha'n't intercept their prospect.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Mr. Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to enquire after your health.

*Sir Cha.* Shew him in. [*Exit Servant.*]

The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning.—In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount immediately—'tis my peremptory order, Sir.

*Warner.* I shall obey you, Sir Charles, but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

*Sir Cha.* What do you mean by duties?

*Warner.* Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—such as to support the dignity of an English landholder, for the honor of old England, to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Cha.* A tiresome old blockhead!—But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physick and shooting may enliven me: and, to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is by no



means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient. Ha! Ollapod!

*Enter OLLAPOD.*

*Olla.* Sir Charles, I have the honor to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—Sore throats very plenty; so were woodcocks. Flush'd four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsey. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles: shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good Sir, do you take?

*Sir Cha.* Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

*Olla.* He, he! yes, Sir Charles—I have now the honor to be cornet in the volunteer association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden—like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

*Sir Cha.* Explain.

*Olla.* Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter—You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

*Sir Cha.* Well, no more on that head now—Proceed.

*Olla.* On that head! he, he, he! That's very well, very well indeed—Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measy pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient—when, who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant-Grains, the

brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardor.

*Sir Cha.* Inoculated! I hope your ardor was of a favourable sort.

*Olla.* Ha, ha! That's very well, very well, indeed!—Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. We first talked of shooting—He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before, I had killed six brace of birds—I thumt on at the mortar—We then talked of physic—I told him, the day before, I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients: I thumt on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while—for he looked devilish flashy, to be sure, and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know—so 'twas natural. He, he!—Do you take, good Sir, do you take?

*Sir Cha.* Take! Oh, nobody can miss!

*Olla.* He then talked of the corps itself: said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

*Sir Cha.* Well, you jumped at the offer?

*Olla.* Jump'd! I jumped over the counter—kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains's smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle—embraced him and his offer—and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's head, of the association corps of cavalry, at your service.

*Sir Cha.* I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

*Olla.* Water for—Oh, laurel water—he, he ! Come, that's very well, very well, indeed—Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

*Sir Cha.* A mistake !

*Olla.* Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over ; I reached the martial ground, and jallopped—gallopped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished, with great *eclât* ; but when the word " Fire " was given, meaning to pull out my pistol in a hell of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the damned diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle, and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

*Sir Cha.* But, in the midst of so many pursuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies ?

*Olla.* He, he ! I should be sorry not to feel the pulse of a pretty woman, now and then, Sir Charles. Do you take, good Sir, do you take ?

*Sir Cha.* Any new faces since I left the country ?

*Olla.* Nothing worth an item—nothing new arrived in our town. In the village, to be sure, hard by, a most brilliant beauty has lately given lustre to the lodgings of farmer Harrowby.

*Sir Cha.* Indeed ! Is she come-at-able, Olla-pod ?

*Olla.* Oh, no ! Full of honor as a corps of cavalry ; though, plump as a partridge, and mild as emulsion. Miss Emily Worthington, I may venture to say,——

*Sir Cha.* Hey ? who ? Emily Worthington !

*Olla.* With her father——

*Sir Cha.* An old officer in the army?

*Olla.* The same.

*Sir Cha.* And a stiff maiden aunt?

*Olla.* Stiff as a ramrod,

*Sir Cha.* (*singing and dancing.*) Tol de rol lol!

*Olla.* Bless me! he is seized with St. Vitus's dance.

*Sir Cha.* 'Tis she, by Jupiter!—My dear Olla-pod! (*embracing him.*)

*Olla.* Oh, my dear Sir Charles! (*returning the embrace.*)

*Sir Cha.* The very girl who has just slipt thro' my fingers in London.

*Olla.* Oho!

*Sir Cha.* You can serve me materially, Olla-pod. I know your good nature, in a case like this, and——

*Olla.* State the symptoms of the case, Sir Charles,

*Sir Cha.* Oh, common enough—Saw her in London by accident—wheedled the old maiden aunt—kept out of the father's way—followed Emily more than a month without success—and eight days ago she vanished—There's the outline.

*Olla.* I see no matrimonial symptoms in our case, Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* 'Sdeath! do you think me mad?—But introduce yourself to the family, and pave the way for me. Come, mount your horse—I'll explain more as you go to the stable:—but I am in a flame, in a fever, till I hear further.

*Olla.* In a fever! I'll send you physic enough to fill a baggage-waggon.

*Sir Cha.* (*aside.*) So! a long bill is the price of his politeness!

*Olla.* You need not bleed, but you must have medicine.

*Sir Cha.* If I must have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I shall bleed pretty freely.

*Olla.* He, he! Come, that's very well, very well, indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Before dinner, a strong dose of colocintida, senna, scammony, and gambouge;—

*Sir Cha.* Oh, damn your scammony and gambouge.

*Olla.* At night, a narcotic; next day, saline draughts, camphorated julep, and—

*Sir Cha.* Zounds! only go, and I'll swallow your whole shop.

*Olla.* Gaken forbid! 'Tis enough to kill every customer I have in the parish!—Then we'll throw in the bark—By the bye, talking of bark, Sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettiest pointer bitch—

*Sir Cha.* Well, well, she is yours.

*Olla.* My dear Sir Charles! such sport, next shooting season! If I had but a double barrell'd gun—

*Sir Cha.* Take mine that hangs in the hall.

*Olla.* My dear Sir Charles!—Here's a morning's work! Senna and colocintida—(aside.)

*Sir Cha.* Well, be gone then. (Pushing him.)

*Olla.* I'm off—Scammony and gambouge—

*Sir Cha.* Nay, fly, man!

*Olla.* I do, Sir Charles—A double barrell'd gun—I fly—the bark—I'm going—Juno, the bitch—a narcotic—

*Sir Cha.* Oh, the devil! (Pushing him off.)

[Exeunt.]

## MEMOIRS OF REGNARD.

## THE FRENCH POET. \*

THE life of this celebrated French comic poet appears to have been a life of real romance. He was born at Paris in 1647. His great passion throughout life was that of travelling. In returning from Italy to France by an English merchant ship, he was taken prisoner by an Algerine vessel, and carried with the rest of the crew to Algiers, where he was sold for a slave to one of the principal persons of that city. Regnard being a very good cook, was, in consequence of his knowledge in that very useful art, taken notice of by his master, and treated with great lenity. He was however detected in an intrigue \* with one of the women of his master's seraglio, and was sentenced either to be impaled, or to turn Mahometan. The French consul at Algiers, who had just received a very considerable sum of money to purchase Regnard's liberty, made use of it to procure him both that and his life. Regnard, again a free man, returned to France; having however the *goût de la vie vagabonde* (as he calls it) he travelled into Flanders and Holland, and from thence to Denmark—the sovereign of which country advising him to visit Lapland, he and two other Frenchmen (whom he chanced to meet at Copenhagen) went together into Lapland as far as the extremity of the Gulph of Botneo, and extended their travels even to the Frozen Sea. Stopping here, as they could not possibly go any farther, Regnard had these lines engraved upon a stone on a mountain near that immense repository of ice:

---

\* The principal circumstances of this intrigue Regnard has worked up into a novel called *La Provençale*.

Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa, Gangem  
 Hausimus, Europamque oculis lustravimus omnem.  
 Casibus et variis acti terræque marique  
 Sistimus hic tandem quæ nobis defuit orbis.

In Gallia born, by scorching Afric view'd,  
 And bath'd in Ganges' consecrated flood,  
 We've seen whate'er of nature and of art,  
 To wond'ring eyes, all Europe can impart;  
 By fate's kind power enabled to withstand  
 The various perils of the sea and land.  
 Here then we stop, here fix our last retreat;  
 Where the world closes on our wandering feet.

No one seems to have felt more sensibly, or to have described more forcibly, the miseries of an idle and undesignated life than M. Regnard. In some port in which he was becalmed, he thus expresses his sensations on the subject:—"The whole time in which we were becalmed," says he, "was not entirely lost to me. Every day I went to the top of some high and pointed rock, from which the view of the sea, and of the precipices that surrounded it, corresponded perfectly well with my meditations. In these conversations with myself, I laid open my own self to myself. I endeavoured to discover, in the very inmost recesses of my heart, the sentiments that had been before concealed from me; and I saw them as they were in reality, and without disguise. I threw my eyes back upon the agitations of my past life, where I saw designs without execution, and enterprizes without success. I considered my present state of life, my continual change of place, my constant though useless travels, and the continual emotions with which I was harassed. I recognised myself but too well under every one of these situations, into which mere caprice, mere fickleness had directed me, without being able to allow even my vanity and self-love

to tell me any thing in my favour. I then began to make a just estimate of what I had been doing; I became but too sensible how contrary all that I had ever done was to the proper business of life—which consists in quiet and tranquillity; and that that happy state of mind is only to be found in some agreeable profession or business, which arrests the human mind in the same manner as an anchor stops a vessel in the midst of a storm.

“There is perhaps,” adds M. Regnard, “nothing more difficult in human life than the choice of a profession. Hence it happens that there are so many persons who live without any profession, and who exist in a perpetual and disgraceful indolence, not spending their time in the way which they would wish to spend it, but as they have been accustomed to spend it, whether from their apprehension of difficulties, from their love of idleness, or their dislike to labour. The life of these miserable persons is a state of perpetual agitation; and if at an advanced period of life they seemed to be fixed to any thing, it is not the dislike to motion, but their inability to move, that is the cause of it. These persons are continually accusing fortune of having treated them ill: they are continually complaining of the badness of the times, and the wickedness of the age. They are continually flying from one place to another, and are never pleased with any. In winter they are too cold, in summer they are too hot. If they make a voyage by sea, they are soon tired of the inconveniencies of being on ship-board; if they travel by land, they are incommoded by dust, by bad horses, by bad inns. If they go to any place, they are soon tired of it, and go to some other place. Thus flying ever from themselves, they always carry with them their own inconstancy of mind, yet appear to forget that the cause of their wretchedness is within themselves,



and do not remember what Horace has long ago told them :

——— *Patriz quis exul,  
Se quoque fugit ?*

thus exquisitely translated by Mr. Hastings :—

What vagrant from his native land  
E'er left himself behind ?

One of the most striking pictures that was ever made of the wretchedness and misery of an idle and unappropriated life is to be met with in Lord Clarendon's Dialogue on the Want of Respect due to Old Age, where he gives the following melancholy account of one of his country neighbours :

“ When I visited this gentleman in the morning, I always found him in his bed ; and when I came in the afternoon, he was asleep, and to most men besides myself was denied, but was very willing to be called when I came, and always received me with cheerfulness. Once walking with him, I doubted he was melancholy, and by spending his time so much in his bed, and so much alone, that there was something which troubled him, otherwise that it could not be that a man upon whom God had poured down so many blessings, in the comfort of so excellent a wife, who had brought him so many hopeful children, and in the possession of so ample an estate, should appear in the course of his life, and in the spending of his time, to be so little contented as he appeared to be. To which, with a countenance a little more erect and cheerful, he answered, that he thought himself the most happy man alive in a wife, who was all the comfort he could have in this world : that he was at so much ease in his fortune, that he could not wish it greater. But he said he would deal freely with me, and tell me, if he were melancholy (which he suspected :

himself of), what was the cause of it : that he had somewhat he knew not what to do with—his time he knew not how to spend, which was the reason he loved his bed so much, and slept at other times, which, he said, he found did already do him no good in his health. I told him that I had observed in his closet many books finely bound, which I presumed he might find good divertisement in reading. To which he replied, that they were all French romances, which he had read enough, and never found himself the better, for want of some learning, which was necessary to make those observations which might arise even from these books useful; and he confessed that he could not read any book for half an hour together without sleeping—All which, he said with a deep sigh, was to be imputed to the ill education he had had, which made him spend that time in which he ought to have laid up a stock of knowledge, which would have made his age delectable to him, in dancing and such other trifles, the skill and perfection wherein men grow weary of as soon as they are grown perfect men, and yet when it is too late to cultivate their minds with nobler studies, which they are unapt then to enter upon, because they see what progress much younger men have made in those studies before they begin, and so chuse rather to flatter themselves in their ignorance.”—In the course of the narration, it appears that the father of this unhappy man had, from a foolish notion that his son might learn some vices at the English universities, sent him to one of the French academies, where, as himself told Lord Clarendon, “Trust me, neighbour,” said he, “all that is learned in these academies is riding, fencing, and dancing, beside some wickednesses they do not profess to teach, and yet are too easily learnt, and with difficulty avoided, such as I hope our univer-

sities are not infected with. It is true," added he, "they have men there who teach arithmetic, which they call philosophy; and the art of fortification, which they call mathematics;—but what learning they have there I might easily imagine, when he assured me, that in three years which he spent in the academy, he never saw a Latin book, nor any master that taught any thing there, who would not have taken it very ill to have been suspected to speak or understand Latin. Oh, neighbour," continued he, "I do promise you that none of my children shall have that breeding, lest when they shall come to my age, they know not better how to spend their time than I do." Lord Clarendon adds, that "this unhappy gentleman's melancholy daily increased with the agony of his thoughts, till he contracted those diseases which carried him off at the age of thirty-six years."

---

*For the Monthly Visitor.*

---

MARRIAGE.

---

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their *hearts*, their *fortunes*, and their *beings* blend!

SUCH is the beginning of a description of the marriage state as given by Thomson—the sweetest pastoral poet that Britain ever produced. Vivid as the colouring of the picture is, it is not too much to say, that it not only can, but ought to be realised. When two persons enter into this state with proper views, it is calculated beyond every other earthly possession to afford absolute felicity. But while we admit this, with gratitude to God for having instituted such a connection for our comfort in life, let it ever be remembered, that

whenever people enter into it *without* proper views, it, from its very nature, unavoidably renders them miserable. This being the case, and acknowledged by all, it is most surprising that marriages ever should be contracted merely for convenience, either in the increase of wealth, or for the promotion of honor—yet it appears from the reasoning of many people, that one grand end of matrimony is family alliance; and hence has sprung the dispute so often argued, whether or not *early* marriages are best. The foundation of every marriage ought to be mutual and ardent affection. Which period of life is the best for entering into this state, is, I think, a question not precisely to be determined, since different persons, from a difference in their natural constitutions, may be stricken with the dart of affection at very various periods. Those who inform us that a man when he comes of age ought to marry, or, on the contrary, ought to abstain from matrimony for some years, seem to say that at a certain period fixed by their judgments man ought to bring himself to like the marriage state. This might be a good rule to have adopted provided marriage was merely a civil or commercial contract: but when it is viewed in its true light as a religious institution, whose basis is to be mutual and ardent affection, any rules for stating the properest period for commencing the engagement are preposterous. By mutual and ardent affection, which I deem the basis of conjugal felicity, for, as our poet observes,

There's nought but *love*  
Can answer *love*, and render *bliss* secure.

I do not mean a mere *first-sight* impulse. Many marriages are formed upon an *instantaneous* rising of affection; and as it is singular that two people should be equally and at the *same* moment smitten

with each other, it is wonderful that contracts formed so suddenly prove so happy as they do : it is true they do sometimes delude the parties—and when the first impulse of affection is over (which rendered every thing fair in the persons and qualities of each to the eyes of each), coldness and disgust take the place of affection. But these impulses, however they may deceive the parties, are more the effects of infuriated passions than of solid affection. The affection likely to be lasting, arises from the excitement of the tender sympathies of our nature, guided and matured by our reason. While, in our choice of a companion, love is an agent we employ in selecting the object, yet, in order that our choice may be wise, that our love may not be disappointed, but daily strengthened and confirmed, let reason examine how far the choice that love has made is qualified in disposition and attainments for the office of a companion for life ; if reason approves our choice, we may rest assured that our union will be crowned with a lasting and increasing beatitude.

That there is no fixed period proper for entering into the matrimonial engagement, is, I think evident from the Apostolic writings, several parts of the lectures which the Apostles have given on this head being at apparent variance with other passages : in one place we are told that marriage is honorable to all ; in another, we are almost tempted to abstain from it, from what we find written—but as we know that the institution is of divine original, it cannot be supposed that we are to slight it. It appears therefore clear that *that* is the proper period for entering into this state when a *steady unvarying affection* has provided an object.

But while we assert that *that* moment of life is the fit period for entering into the matrimonial en-

agement, be it sooner or later, where an object is found worthy of our affection, and for whom we have a regard—yet for early marriage there appears the following weighty considerations. First—*It is calculated to settle young men, and to keep them from bad company.* Whatever our condition in life, whether we are in affluence from our birth, or from our commercial connections are rising to affluence from a lower state, or whether the humble cottage is our dwelling—nature is all the same. Our stature, our strength, our dispositions, our corporal and mental propensities, encrease surely and swiftly. Man is a compound being, possessed of a body and a soul; and while by the possession of the latter he is fit for the company of angels, by the former he is reduced to a level with the lowest brutes in creation: like them he has sensual appetites to gratify; these sensual appetites and desires are more or less strong, according to the more or less ardent constitution of different persons; but for *any* to restrain them, great attention must be constantly paid to the dictates of reason and Scripture—and as these two articles are too much disregarded by men, the sensual appetites become too often the ruling principles with mankind. Those minds who are delighted with natural or divine philosophy, with meditations on the works of Providence or grace, seem to raise their possessors far above terrestrial objects; but the persons who are thus blessed are very few compared with the general mass of men. The delights of most men consist not so much in the mental as the corporal pursuits; and the noisy hour of hilarity is to them more charming than the calm period of sublime contemplation: and as the hours of festive mirth are apt to inflame our sensual passions, the allaying of these becomes an object of the first importance. With a young man, in such

a situation, a connection with the other sex is almost unavoidable, and unless they can enjoy the soft embraces of a wife, they are too prone to fly to the ensnaring arms of the prostitute. But it is not merely in pointing out a chaste way in which to gratify our bestial desires that early marriage is useful, for not unfrequently the soft entreaties of close connection as a wife restrain men from other excesses; also late hours, scenes of debauchery, drunkenness, and rioting, have often been relinquished in consequence of the solicitations of a virtuous companion. The utility of early marriage here shines strongly—its being able to reclaim or secure from vice the young and vigorous.

It may be here further remarked, that those young persons who neglect marriage for any convenient reason, and gratify their lustful desires by any unlawful means, are guilty of the perpetration of ruining those with whom they form their connections. That class of females whose end is destruction, would be unknown were it not supported by the lewdness and dissipation of young men. Surely then it is not too much to say that those who despise an institution ordained by God himself, and indulge in illicit pleasures, have much blame attaching to their conduct, and have reason to dread that for such acts God will call them to judgment.

2ndly.—*By neglecting early marriage, we are guilty of delaying the enjoyment of the brightest earthly comfort man has it in his power to possess; and thus we show ourselves unworthy and insensible of the goodness of God in having ordained the institution.* The Almighty Parent of the universe has not only formed man to be lord of the creation, but with the greatest kindness given him things richly to enjoy. Among all the comforts of life for which we should be thankful, domestic bliss is

supereminently deserving of praise. But where are we to search for domestic bliss but in the conjugal state. When two persons, attached by similarity of disposition, and rivetted by the cords of love, live together, they have formed an union powerful enough on the one hand to sooth the most distressing scenes of life, and on the other to add felicity even to the happiest; they have within themselves a source of joy which no sorrow or calamity can ever dry—though storms should gather around them, and even burst upon their dwelling, they can retire jointly into the bosoms of each other, and experience a pure friendship, a mutual sympathy, an inward harmony, a boundless affection, which defy the power of the most overwhelming tempest. Man, the Creator himself pronounced, was not fit to live alone, a helpmate he formed for him; and as it is the very nature of benevolence to delight in seeing those whom it has endeavoured to make happy, enjoy the happiness prepared for them, it must be a pleasure to the Great Father of mankind, whose name and nature is Love, to behold his creatures enjoy those blessings he thinks right to confer upon them. To deny ourselves those pleasures which God has ordained for our use, is manifestly a want of sense of their value, and consequently a want of gratitude for their donation and bestowment—

For God is pleas'd when man receives,  
To enjoy is to obey.

POPE.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

---



## MR. FOX'S

## CHARACTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

**T**HE following truly animated speech was delivered in the House of Commons (March 16), on a motion for a new writ to be issued for a member to serve for the borough of Tavistock, in the room of Lord John Russell, now Duke of Bedford. Mr. Fox was so much affected by the original cause of the vacancy, the death of the late lamented duke, that it was a considerable time before he could speak. He expressed himself nearly in the following words:—

“ Sir, The motion which I am about to make is naturally nothing more than a motion of course; and if the event which gave rise to it had been a calamity touching private persons only, I should not take this opportunity of indulging my private feelings, or displaying my private friendship for the individual; but the manner in which all the world seems impressed with this melancholy fact, and the strong impression which I myself have of it, not as a private loss, but as a public misfortune, will excuse me for saying a few words. I am perfectly aware that this is not the place to enter at large into the character of the Duke of Bedford, nor is this the time—but on a loss so great, it will surely be excusable to say a few words even now, and in this place. The noble person to whom I allude, and who is as much lamented as any subject that was ever lost in this country, had something so striking in his character, something so marked, so exalted, so entirely out of the common line, that this public notice is not wanting to distinguish him, only in so much as it is useful to point out so great an example to the imitation of

others. I will not indulge my private feelings, not that gratitude which I owe in so high a degree to this illustrious character; let it suffice for me to say, that as a loss more mourned was never seen in this country, so did this country never suffer a loss more to be lamented. He was still young enough to enjoy all the blessings of life, active enough to perform all its duties, and old enough to confirm the high opinion formed of him in the commencement of his public career. If such a calamity had befallen him in his earlier years, though his private relations might feel more affliction at seeing him cut short in all the promise of youth, yet the public would have some consolation in reflecting, that the promises of youth are not always fulfilled. But he lived long enough to make us sure, by the advantages we were continually deriving, that his good dispositions were beyond the power of change; and he died at a time of life when we might promise ourselves a long enjoyment of the benefit of his virtues. He was born in a situation encompassed with difficulties and dangers. He came into the possession of his rank and fortune while yet a child, under circumstances capable of corrupting the very best mind. In that situation, the most difficult of all others, with that rank and fortune, of which the poet says,

*Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illâ  
Fortunâ—*

in that situation, and with that rank and fortune, he remained uncorrupted; for his character was such, that however princely his fortune, his virtues were more princely. Never was there a man who so much humbled himself, or so much exalted others. He looked to the public first, and his first study was the means of public improvement; but,

he looked not to the public only, he looked to individuals also, and extended his protection to all whom he knew to be worthy of it. His penetration was able to distinguish and appreciate the merit of all who came within his range. It is true, he died in a state of celibacy; but if these are justly called a man's children whose condition he is solicitous to improve, no man had a more numerous family, and that not merely of relations, tenants, and dependents, but of persons who had no connection with him but that for which they were indebted to his benevolence. I know it is unnecessary to speak of the constancy of his private friendships. The friendships of most men are subject to change and caprice—but there was a steadiness in his mind which was a security to you that if he loved you at the beginning of the year, and you gave him no cause to alter his opinion of you before the end, you retained his affection for ever. It has happened to many to grow wiser as they grow older, but it has generally happened that they have lost that warmth of heart which those who have entered deepest into the investigation of the human mind consider as an attribute peculiar to early youth. In him it was quite the reverse—no man took more pains, or bestowed more regular study on the profession by which he meant to live, than he did on the art of doing good; and as he advanced in years and in wisdom, he improved in generosity and warmth of feeling. His munificence was such, that notwithstanding the very ample fortune which he possessed, his friends might have room to apprehend that it would lay him under embarrassments, and if I had not loved him, if he had not behaved to me in a manner that can never be effaced from my memory, I myself might have thought it excessive. Public utility was the grand object of his life; even in his private amusements he attached

himself to the means of promoting public utility; he lived not to enjoy life, but to make it useful; and as no man ever pursued his object with more attention and perseverance, so no man was more successful in attaining it. The pursuit in which he embarked to the greatest extent was agriculture, and his motive for this was, that in these times it was the pursuit in which he could be of greatest use—for utility was in every thing his object. I come now to say a few words concerning his political conduct; and from the difference of political opinions I fear that much of that conduct which I deem worthy of praise may seem to others to stand in need of apology. By way of apology, therefore, I will offer a few words, and surely there are none of us so infatuated to our own tenets as not to think that a respect for one's ancestors, and the pride of a constant and uniform adherence to their principles, are not some justification of opinions which we may hold erroneous. If, as we have read in the History of Rome, a tincture of aristocracy was held pardonable in the Claudii, it was surely allowable in a Russell to shew an attachment to the more liberal party of the British constitution. Few men, I am sure, will differ with me in this—I mention it only for the purpose of giving some account of the reasons why a descendant of the great Earl of Bedford, the friend of Hampden and of Pym, should feel an ardor for liberty, and a jealousy in discerning every thing hostile to the constitution; and I am sure, that as every man of candor, even in principles most adverse, esteems what is meritorious in the conduct of his adversary, all who now hear me will allow the conduct of the Duke of Bedford to have been most firm, manly, and consistent. I now come to close what I have to say, and to state, for the satisfaction of those who love

perfection in human character, that his exit corresponded with his life. No selfish consideration possessed his mind, others engaged his attention, and he felt only for others. At a period when he was harrassed with extreme torture, and the apprehension of approaching death, in those moments, when it is a settled and permitted thing that all other objects should give way to self, to the sense of present pain, and a view to a future condition—in those moments he thought not of himself, but considered those arrangements which were likely to secure the happiness of those whom he left after him. In speaking of such a man, I am not actuated by the vain and idle desire of strewing flowers upon his tomb; I have an object more suitable to him, by fixing his memory in the breast of the public, to make his example as useful to posterity as his life has been to the present generation. With that view I have taken this unusual course—from that consideration I trust the House will excuse me; and I am persuaded that if the exalted being of whom I have spoken can be sensible of what passes here, he will approve of this humble effort to render his memory as useful as he himself took care that his life should be. Unusual as such a proceeding is, the House would excuse me if it originated from private feeling alone—but much more will it hold me excusable from the consideration of the public utility that must flow from the commemoration of so many virtues—virtues which, while every man who hears them, impresses them strongly on his bosom, while he teaches them by frequent repetition to his children, will be transmitted to remote posterity, and will excite a noble emulation in distant ages. I will conclude with applying to the present occasion a beautiful passage from an oration of a very young but a very wise and virtuous

man.—The crime is only a curse to the time in which it is committed; but virtuous actions are a benefit to posterity by the example which they afford, and the emulation which they excite.”

---

**FURTHER ACCOUNT**  
OF THE  
**CELEBRATED MISS ROBERTSON,**  
LATE OF BLACKHEATH.

---

*Written by herself.*

---

**I**N former numbers of the Monthly Visitor we have stated some particulars relative to this female character—who has lately published a pamphlet containing an account of her own life and memoirs, and from which we extract the following:—

“Her father,” she says, “was, at the time of his marriage, an oilman, resident in Horsley-down, but both he and her mother are represented as very deficient in the discharge of their parental duty. When about sixteen years of age, Miss Robertson engaged as teacher in a boarding-school at Richmond, from which situation she became a principal, at the age of eighteen, in a seminary of her own at Chelsea. Here she failed, in consequence of pecuniary difficulties, in which she was involved by her father, and she went to Scotland as governess to the daughters of the late Hon. Mr. Cunningham. A mutual affection grew up between her and the present Colonel Cunningham, the brother to her pupils: but his father refusing

his consent to their union, she left the family, and having passed through several situations, at length engaged (in 1795) as partner in a school with Miss Sharpe at Blackheath. In the mean time Mrs. Cunningham, who had conceived a great affection for her, died, having bequeathed her, among other things, the estate of Faskally, near Blair, in Perthshire. Mr. Cunningham, the father, having also died, and her lover thus become a free agent, her matrimonial hopes began to revive. The house at Blackheath being out of repair, and the lease on the point of expiring, Miss Sharpe and she agreed to leave it, and took a house in the Paragon in their joint names. It was on this house her debts are asserted to have been incurred, and in the style and manner of fitting it up she had a view to her union with the colonel. The work, however, went on slowly, and Miss Sharpe and she went to Margate, taking with them Mr. Creesy, until the Paragon house should be ready for their reception. In the mean time anonymous letters were written to the colonel, then in Ireland, reflecting on her character, and charging her with an improper connection with Mr. Creesy. These are assigned as the cause for the colonel's neglecting to renew his addresses with all the ardor and expedition that were expected. Being unable to discharge with punctuality the great expence incurred in fitting up the house, her solvency became suspected, and her creditors came down and possessed themselves of all her property in a manner, according to her statement, very oppressive."

---

---

THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND.*

FOR MARCH, 1802.

---

PARAPHRASE  
ON THE MOST DESCRIPTIVE PARTS OF  
*HERVEY'S WINTER PIECE.*

---

PART. II.

**L**O! for a moment the outrageous sky  
Seems now assuag'd, hath lain its terrors by,  
But intermits its strength, until at length  
Begins the contest with increasing strength :  
Soon the loud sounding squadrons of the air  
Fly to th' attack, nor grove nor cottage spare,  
Repeat their ravages with dreadful pow'r,  
Redoubled fury, and tremendous roar.  
The stately dome rocks thro' the wheeling cloud,  
And tow'r impregnable, with front once proud,  
Now on its base, as a scar'd drunkard reels,  
While he who courts its shelter, terror feels.  
The ragged rock behold in pieces torn,  
And e'en the hills forget their antient form.  
The mountains on their deep foundations move—  
Scarcely secure, a slender refuge prove.  
Where now the place of safety?—Cities fly,  
Houses are heaps, and all in ruins lie!  
Refreshing sleep is from the eye-lids borne,  
And gay diversions into mourning turn;



The elements in uproar round our heads  
Sad consternation among mortals spreads;  
And one wide scene of woe seems now at hand,  
Of rueful devastation through the land!  
With dread commotions see the ocean swells,  
Its restless waves now leave their briny cells,  
Swift as the wind o'er deep-worn rocks they sweep,  
And almost bare the closets of the deep;  
The rude unconquer'd heaps forsake their beds,  
And to the clouds display their shiver'd heads,  
In rapid agitation lash the clift,  
And thro' the air their massive bodies lift.  
Ships, from their anchors torn, no longer feel  
The faithful check, but drive with naked keel:  
With pond'rous load the stubborn furrows plow  
Swift as an arrow from th' unfetter'd bow,  
Wild as the whirlwind from avenging heav'n  
Along the wat'ry vast abyss are driv'n—  
Now o'er the rolling mount they climb, they fly  
The frightful ridge along, and skim the sky;  
Then they rush down the rough yieding steep,  
Plunge in the gulph, and dare the op'ning deep;  
How vain the pilot's art! who now can guide  
The shatter'd bark across the foaming tide?  
The hardy mariner his strength has lost,  
(His resolution as the billows tost)  
Reels to and fro, or staggers in the hold,  
And fear pervades a countenance once bold;  
His feet no longer trusts, but to the mast  
For safety clings, and waits th' eventful blast;  
While bursting seas foam o'er the parting deck,  
Nor aught has pity o'er the floating wreck:  
Despair in ev'ry face, in ev'ry breath,  
While the dread surge proclaims approaching death!

Too oft, alas! when past the joyless day  
(Where mischief mark'd the tempest's rapid way,  
And nature in th' unequal conflict bleeds),  
With swift return a dismal night succeeds;  
The low'ring vapours, which of late assail  
The distant hills, had wove so thick a veil,

Thro' which the sun, drest in meridian might,  
 Could scarcely penetrate one ray of light.  
 What gloom o'erwhelms the still nocturnal hours,  
 And o'er the world a dead'ning silence pours !  
 The moon her face withdraws, nor star pervades  
 The deep arrangement of the dusky shades ;  
 All now is pitchy darkness—not one ray  
 To cheer, or promise a returning day !  
 How great the change in nature—how forlorn  
 Last ev'ning left, how plain and unadorn'd !  
 Now a thick rimè, with slow and silent fall,  
 Has shed its hoary honors over all ;  
 Has shagg'd the fleeces of the gentle flocks,  
 And crisp'd the traveller's unguarded locks ;  
 The hedges richly fring'd, and all the ground,  
 Profusely powder'd is the desert round—  
 Tassel'd with silver, the weak branches bend,  
 While in a plummy wave they strong ascend.  
 Midst all this gaudy dress what chills prevail,  
 Unwholesome damps the changing air assail ;  
 The hazy influence spreads far and wide,  
 And slowly flows along the purple tide—  
 A listless languor clogs the springs of life,  
 And almost lulls to rest all nature's strife :  
 In vain the constant ruler of the day  
 Exerts his power ; his now contracted sway,  
 Alas ! too weak the vapours to dispel—  
 So hastes to rest within his dusky cell.  
 The cloud malignant that enwraps the world,  
 By winds not mov'd, nor by foul tempests hurl'd,  
 Hangs sullen down, unwelcome to remain,  
 And hides the prospects of the distant plain.  
 The stately temple deck'd all round with yew,  
 And sprightly village, screen themselves from view ;  
 The rising turret now eludes the eye,  
 And nearer objects to oblivion fly.  
 Where Heav'n's blue arches ? where the radiant sun ?  
 Creation's boundless scenes, alas ! now gone—  
 Lost ! lost their beauties—quench'd their glories are,  
 The mighty orbs and brilliant polar star !

The world's throng'd theatre an empty space,  
 Its pictures elegant now void of grace;  
 One unextinguish'd blank their space supplies  
 From earth's dull surface to the darken'd skies!

*End of the Second Part.*

## ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN IN PARIS

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

**S**HE comes, benign enchantress, heav'n-born PEACE,  
 With mercy beaming in her radiant eye!—  
 She bids the horrid din of battle cease,  
 And at her glance the savage passions die!  
 'Tis nature's festival: let earth rejoice,  
 Vanquish'd and conqu'ror pour exulting songs;  
 In distant regions, with according voice,  
 Let man the vict'ry bless—its prize to man belongs!

Resistless FREEDOM, when she nerves the arm,  
 No vulgar triumph crowns the hero's might:  
 She, she alone can spread a moral charm  
 O'er WAR's fell deeds, and sanctify the fight!  
 Oh, GALLIA! in this bright immortal hour  
 How proud a trophy binds thy laurell'd brow!  
 REPUBLIC, hail! whose independent pow'r  
 All earth contested once—all earth confesses now!

Protecting spirits of the glorious dead,  
 Ah, not in vain the hero's noble toil,  
 Ah, not in vain the patriot's blood is shed—  
 That blood shall consecrate his native soil!  
 Illustrious names, to hist'ry's record dear,  
 And breath'd when some high impulse fires the  
 bard,  
 For you shall VIRTUE pour the glowing tear,  
 And your-remember'd deeds shall still your country  
 guard!

And thou, lov'd BRITAIN, my parental isle,  
 Secure encircled by thy subject waves,  
 Thou land august, where FREEDOM rear'd her progeny  
 While Gothic night obscur'd a world of slaves;  
 Thy genius, that indignant heard the shock  
 Of frantic combat (strife unmeet for thee!)  
 Now views, triumphant, from his sea-girt rock,  
 Thee unsubdued alone—for thou alone wert free!

Oh happy, thy misguided efforts fail'd,  
 My country, when with tyrant hosts combin'd!  
 Oh, hideous CONQUEST, had thy sword prevail'd,  
 And crown'd the impious league against mankind?  
 Thou nurse of great design, of lofty thought,  
 What homicide, had thy insensate rage  
 Effac'd the sacred lesson thou hast taught,  
 And with thy purest blood inscrib'd on GLORY'S  
 page!

Ah, rather haste to CONCORD'S holy shrine,  
 Ye rival nations, haste with joy elate;  
 Your blending garlands round her altar twine,  
 And bind the wounds of no immortal hate;  
 Go breathe responsive rituals o'er the sod  
 Where FREEDOM'S martyrs press an early grave;  
 Go, vow that never shall their turf be trod  
 By the polluting step of tyrant or of slave!

And from your shores the abject vices chace—  
 That low AMBITION generous souls disdain,  
 CORRUPTION, blasting ev'ry moral grace;  
 SERVILITY, that kneels to bless his chain!  
 Oh, LIBERTY, those demons far remove:  
 Come, nymph, severely good, sublimely great;  
 Nor to the raptur'd hope of mortals prove  
 Like those illusive dreams that pass the iv'ry gate!

Now age, that rolls o'er man thy dawning year,

Ah, sure all happy omens hail thy birth;  
 Sure whiter annals in thy train appear,  
 And purer glory cheers the gladden'd earth.

Like the young eagle, when his steadfast glance  
 Meets the full sun-beam in his upward flight,  
 So thou shalt with majestic step advance,  
 And fix thy dauntless eye on Liberty and Light !

## LOVE AND MADNESS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

**H**ARK ! from the battlements of yonder tower  
 The solemn bell has toll'd the midnight hour !  
 Rous'd from drear visions of distemper'd sleep,  
 Poor B——k wakes—in solitude to weep !

“ Cease, mem'ry (the friendless mourner cry'd)  
 To probe the bosom too severely tried !  
 Oh ! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray  
 Through the bright fields of fortune's better day :  
 When youthful hope, the music of the mind,  
 Tun'd all its charms, and E——n was kind !

“ Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling  
 frame,  
 In sighs to speak thy melancholy name !  
 I hear thy spirit wail in every storm—  
 In midnight shades I view thy passing form,  
 Pale as in that sad hour, when doom'd to feel,  
 Deep in thy perjur'd heart, the bloody steel !

“ Demons of vengeance ! ye, at whose command  
 I grasp'd the sword with more than woman's hand,  
 Say ye, did pity's trembling voice controul  
 Or horror damp the purpose of my soul ?  
 No ! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,  
 Till hate fulfill'd what baffled love began !

“ Yes ; let the clay-cold breast, that never knew  
 One tender pang to generous nature true,  
 (Half mingling pity with the gall of scorn)  
 Condemn this heart that bled in love forlorn !

“ And ye, proud fair, whose souls no gladness  
warms,  
Save rapture's homage to your conscious charms !  
Delighted idols of a gaudy train !  
Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain,  
When the fond faithful heart, inspir'd to prove  
Friendship refin'd the calm delight of love,  
Feel all its tender strings with anguish torn,  
And bleeds at perjur'd pride's inhuman scorn !

“ Say, then, did pitying Heav'n condemn the deed,  
When vengeance bade thee, faithless lover ! bleed ?  
Long had I watch'd thy dark foreboding brow,  
What time thy bosom scorn'd its dearest vow !  
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover chang'd,  
Still thy cold look was scornful and estrang'd,  
Till from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,  
I wander'd hopeless, friendless, and alone !

“ Oh, righteous heav'n ! 'twas then my tortur'd soul,  
First gave to wrath unlimited controul !  
Adieu the silent look, the streaming eye,  
The murmur'd plaint, the deep heart-heaving sigh !  
Long slumb'ring vengeance wakes to better deeds—  
He shrieks, he falls, the perjur'd lover bleeds !  
Now the last sigh of agony is o'er,  
And pale in blood he sleeps—to wake no more !

“ 'Tis done ! the flame of heat no longer burns ;  
Nature relents—but, ah ! too late returns !—  
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel ?  
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel !  
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,  
And shades of horror close my languid eyes !

“ Oh, 'twas a deed of murder's deepest grain !  
Could B——k's soul so true to wrath remain ?  
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell !—  
Where love was foster'd, could not pity dwell ?

“ Unhappy youth ! while yon pale crescent glows  
To watch on silent nature's deep repose,

Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,  
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come !  
Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,  
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand !

“ Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame  
Forsake its languid melancholy frame !  
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,  
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose !  
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne  
Where, lull'd to slumber, grief forgets to mourn !”

---

### AN ACROSTIC.

**F**AM'D were the sons of Mars, who from the field  
**R**etir'd not till they caus'd their foes to yield ;  
**A**nd fam'd is the hero, whom the frighten'd world  
**N**o longer dreads, with threats of vengeance hurl'd !  
**G**hild of caprice ! dost thou aspire to fame—  
**I**n the brute creation thou wilt find a name,  
**S**o well adapted to thy beastly nature,  
**H**eaven sure design'd you for the very creature : }  
**I**n you is found its characteristic feature,  
**L**iken'd so justly, so exact, so true,  
**L**o ! 'tis a *fierce, a wild, obscene Yahoo !*

---

### ACROSTIC.

**H**ERE then's a change ! once chivalry did rage,  
**I**n virgin's cause our knights would then en-  
gage ;  
**L**et nature now her sad reverse deplore—  
**L**ewd man can strike and spurn her from his door !

---

## ELEGIAC STANZAS,

*ON THE DEATH OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.*

---

Written in French by the Abbe Charpentier.Translated by Sir John Ramsea.

---

**B**EDFORD's no more!—Oh, Heaven! unpitying fate  
Has cut him off, e'en in his flow'ry prime :  
Mourn, mourn, ye people! for your loss is great—  
Too great, alas! to be retriev'd by time.

Albion! thou hast no subject left more true!  
He, from oppression, would the poor defend :  
Thy good, his love to thee made all his view,  
And on thy bliss did his sole bliss depend.

Ferocious heroes! ye who breathe but wars,  
And cities ruin, to give tombs their birth—  
BEDFORD built up the havoc of your cars,  
And sought his glory from the cultur'd earth.

As stoops the eagle, in her rapid flight,  
To aid the feeble pinions of her young,  
So would he guide the lab'rer with delight,  
While science flow'd from his instructive tongue.

His name and high renown, from age to age,  
As virtue's honor'd champion, shall descend ;  
He thought, he acted, and he liv'd a sage—  
The weeping world laments a faithful friend.

Let others, on some Mausoleum's wall,  
The useless grandeur of their rank impart :  
The tears, for BEDFORD, that from nature fall,  
Shall deeply fix his name in ev'ry heart!



## TO A MISER.

**T**HOU miserable wretch, thou sordid knave,  
 Thou canst not carry riches to thy grave;  
 Say why direct thy views to things so mean,  
 Augment thy store, and give thy fellows pain?  
 Know that the Power that grants these things withal  
 Might call thee quick from this terraqueous ball,  
 To answer for the base ignoble deeds  
 From which, perhaps, this wealth proceeds!—  
 Methinks I hear you wishing to command,  
 And snatch the rod from the Almighty Hand;  
 Presumptuous man! know this can never be,  
 Thou canst not tell e'en thy longevity.  
 Power thou shalt have no more than what thou hast,  
 Thy days shall liken to a wintry blast—  
 Doating awhile upon thy treasur'd store,  
 Then die, and be forgotten evermore.

## LINES,

Written with a Pencil on the blank Leaf of the *Farmer's Boy*,  
 belonging to a Young Lady.

**T**HOUGH *Bloomfield's* Pencil, dipt in nature's hues,  
 Shall charm attention while the seasons roll,  
 And my poor *Black-Lead*, scorn'd by ev'ry muse,  
 Shall vanish ere it charm a single soul;

Its pride is fair LAVINIA thus to greet—  
 Emblem of each delight the seasons know,  
 As lambkins playful, and as roses sweet,  
 Gen'rous as wine, and pure as drifted snow.

## ON SEEING A CANARY BIRD.

**P**OOOR little bird, I see thy captive state;  
 Confin'd within the limits of these wires—  
 How my heart beats at thy sad luckless fate,  
 My heart is kindred to thy just desires.

Thou, like some captive from his native home,  
 Bound fast by fetters of tyrannic pow'r,  
 Dost to thy keeper daily make thy moan,  
 Till hope's last glimm'ring beam on thee no more.

The lib'ral hand which nature has bestow'd  
 With burnish'd beauty on thy yellow breast,  
 Had with a double lustre brightly glow'd  
 Hadst thou the air of liberty possess'd.

Ah ! had'st thou been a minstrel of the grove,  
 Thy warbling song had made the hills resound,  
 And with thy mate obey'd the calls of love,  
 Whilst thy fond offspring tun'd the vallies round.

How much unlike the lov'd Maria's mind,  
 (Where ev'ry pity, ev'ry virtue dwells,) *Is this*  
 Is *this* that keeps thee here so close confin'd,  
 When joyous strains thy little heart ne'er swells.

Canst thou, poor bird, pour forth no melting lay,  
 To move thy jailor's heart, and set thee free ?

Ah, no ! for ever, ever must thou stay—  
 By heav'n thy fate goes hand in hand with me.

### TO MISS L——.

*With Beattie's Poems, as a New Year's Gift.*

**A** GAIN the silent wheels of time  
 Their annual round have driv'n,  
 And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,  
 Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts  
 The infant year to hail ;  
 I send you more than India boasts  
 In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love,  
 Is charm'd, perhaps, too true ;  
 But may, dear maid, each lover prove  
 An Edwin still to you.

---

## Literary Review.

---

*The Field of Mars ; being an alphabetical Digestion of the principal naval and military Engagements in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, particularly of Great Britain and her Allies, from the ninth Century to the Peace of 1801. In two volumes, quarto.*—Robinsons. Embellished with upwards of seventy portraits, maps, charts, plans, views of battles and sea-fights. Second edition. 4l. 4s.

THE page of history is crowded with events of a most extraordinary kind. Man is often seen warring against man, and consigning each other with the fury of a wild beast to inevitable destruction. Over such scenes humanity drops a tear of pity. We feel for the perpetrators of such deeds, from whatever cause they may have arisen—we deem them the objects of our sincerest commiseration.

Whilst such terrible contests are carried on in the world, it is highly proper they should be recorded—they suggest many awful topics of instruction. The alphabetical form into which the present materials are thrown, is extremely convenient. They are in general the details of official communication, of course we may depend upon them ; this is no small recommendation—we read such articles with the more pleasure when we are assured

of their authenticity. It is remarkable that with respect to the century lately expired, *more than half of it* was spent in hostilities. *War, horrible war*, seems to be the delight of mankind! Such being the case, a work of the present cast cannot fail of being acceptable to the generality of readers—it will be sought after and perused with avidity.

The augmentation in this new edition relate chiefly to the events of the late war, which is now happily brought to a termination. The heroic deeds of a *Nelson*, a *Howe*, and a *Duncan*, are given with a degree of copiousness gratifying to our curiosity.

Though we applaud the plan and execution of the work before us, yet we trust that few additions will need to be made in a long course of years. PEACE having again revisited our island, may it continue to bless us for ever! Be WAR far from us, and may TRANQUILLITY be ours to the latest posterity!

*The History of the Rebellion in the year 1745; by John Home, Esq. Cadell and Davies. 1l. 1s.*

MR. HOME, who is the author of the celebrated tragedy of *Douglas*, has now assumed the province of the historian, in which he has acquitted himself with ability. He was engaged in suppressing the revolution of 1745, and even taken prisoner by the opposite party; of course he was an eye-witness of several of the scenes, and his detail, under such circumstances, is entitled to particular attention.

We have been much pleased with the performance: no material event seems to have been omitted, and the whole is communicated in language marked by a perspicuous simplicity. None of the

flights of the poet indeed are to be found, but then we must recollect no such flights were to be here expected. An unaffected narrative is laid before the reader with a commendable impartiality. The lapse of *fifty* years has cooled the fury of party, and the *bare truth* is now offered to mankind.

The rebellion of 1745 forms an interesting epoch in the annals of our history—it was the last effort that the *Stuart family* made to recover the throne of these kingdoms: our good old folks well remember the troublesome period—the nation was agitated from one end to the other, and every thing seemed to be running into confusion. At one period, the rebels having penetrated England as far as Derby, the most fearful apprehensions existed that the insurrection would have been successful. The king's troops were repeatedly defeated; and had the Pretender received the promised aid from the French king, it might have been all over with us: tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, would once more have bound us in chains, and revenged her temporary overthrow by an additional severity. The battle of Culloden, however, settled the business—the 16th day of April, 1746, blasted the hopes of the insurgents, and continued to us the blessings which we had received at the revolution. The history of such a rebellion must be interesting to every Briton. Let us be thankful for the advantages we enjoy; and may they be communicated unimpaired to future generations!

---

*The Friend of Women; translated from the French of Bourdier de Villemort by Alexander Morrice, Symonds. 6s.*

THE present work by its very title engages our attention. We opened it with expectation, nor was our expectation disappointed. Rank of women in society—studies suitable to women—occupations of women—pleasures—luxury of women—dress, character, and disposition—love and gallantry—marriage—education of children—domestic government—virtues of women: these form so many titles for the respective chapters, and are treated with neatness and perspicuity. We may not agree with the author in every particular respecting the fair sex: but we most heartily join him in recommending them to improve their understandings, and fix their hearts on every valuable accomplishment. Turks and savages are alone intent on keeping women in a state of degradation: be it our boast and pride to act in a different manner; let us treat them with respect on every occasion, and study to render them intelligent and valuable members of society—they were to be our companions, not our slaves.

---

*A scenic Arrangement of Isaiah's Prophecy relating to the Fall of the renowned City of Babylon, and Belshazzar its king; by Nathaniel Scarlet, editor of a Translation of the New Testament, upon a plan similar to that on which the present work is conducted. Vidler, Strand. 2s. 6d.*

THE happy manner in which Mr. S. executed his translation of the New Testament, led us to expect from the perusal of the work before us

considerable pleasure. Indeed we have been much gratified. The painstaking, and the ingenuity displayed, merit the thanks of the religious world.

The writings of the ancient prophets abound with rapid transitions, which are the chief cause of their obscurity. This was the case more especially with the prophecy respecting Babylon. The many persons introduced, and the various events to which it points, make it difficult to be understood by the generality of readers. Mr. S. however, has disentangled these perplexities, by assigning to each speaker his appropriate language, and thus the whole prophecy seems to rise with a peculiar lustre out of those shades of obscurity in which it has long been enveloped. Indeed this interesting passage in holy writ, thus restored to a greater degree of perspicuity, displays the wonders of Providence in the accomplishment of prophecy, and by this means promotes the great cause of virtue and of piety.

---

*Gleanings from the Writings of the celebrated Dean Swift, consisting chiefly of his humorous pieces; to which is added some Account of the Author.—*  
Hurst. 3s. 6d.

THE works of Swift, however heterogeneous, will be always read for their smartness and variety. He was a most singular man, of exquisite talents, and had within him a fund of humour. But the whole of his productions is so voluminous, that few can be favoured with the perusal of them. *Seventeen large octavo volumes* are perfectly unapproachable to the generality of mankind: to have therefore a selection of his most entertaining pieces cannot fail of proving acceptable to readers of every description. Some of them are extremely laughable, whilst other articles are marked by that

grave and sarcastic humour for which the dean was distinguished. The memoirs prefixed are short but full: they shew that *Swift* with all his accomplishments, natural and acquired, wanted that *real good humour* which constitutes an essential ingredient in human felicity.

---

*Sketches from Nature, taken and coloured in a Journey to Margate; published from original designs; by George Keate, Esq. To which is now first added, Memoirs of the Life of the Author. Fifth edition. Hurst. 4s. 6d.*

MR. KEATE, the author of this pleasing publication, is well known to the public by his *Account of the Pelew Islands*, in which a state of nature is delineated with singular ability. Here the subject of his pen is of a more simple but not less interesting kind. A journey to Margate—who has not performed it? In the present volume, therefore, the incidents of such a journey are happily depicted, the sentiments and language being a successful imitation of *Sterne*. The work before us is very neatly got up, and its embellishments are of an appropriate cast. As a specimen of the cheerful spirit in which it is written, we shall transcribe the concluding words, alluding to the termination of the journey: “I do not recollect in all my life to have passed a more delicious night, for I slept till late the next morning without the smallest interruption, and arose in the finest spirits imaginable; nor will I ever be persuaded, to this moment, that it was half so much occasioned by the exercise and fatigue of the preceding day, as it was by having gone to bed in *perfect good humour with the world.*”



*An Appeal to the Society of Friends on the primitive Simplicity of their Christian Principles and Church Discipline, and on some recent Proceedings in the said Society. Part II. and III. Johnson.*

WHEN the first part of this Appeal appeared, we noticed it, and promised to announce the subsequent parts upon their publication. Accordingly we are happy in saying, that the whole work is now completed. It relates to the case of a celebrated female preacher of the name of *Hannah Barnard*: she stands accused of *heresy*, and has on this account been silenced.

The author of the *Appeal*, dissatisfied with the measures of the society against this amiable and intelligent American (for such she appears to be), earnestly remonstrates with them, and we trust the remonstrance will have some good effect. The whole proceedings savour strongly of persecution: they have treated this good woman much in the same way that they themselves were treated in the reign of the Stuarts; every unfair method was then taken to silence them. *Hannah Barnard*, however, defends herself with uncommon spirit, and the *Appeal* contains some shrewd remarks on the violent phillippic of a Mr. Bevan, who on this occasion seems to have acted as *attorney general* to the society.

---

*The Picture of London for the Year 1802, &c.*  
Philips. 5s.

THE metropolis of the British empire offers an abundance of materials for a work of this kind, but it ought to be executed with judgment and ability. The plan which the author has here adopted embraces a wide field, much information is

of course communicated, and the pages are marked with an uncommon variety. How far the writer has justly drawn the character of the Londoners, we pretend not to say: but the volume is, on the whole, well executed. The lists of different kinds are an acceptable addition to the book, and very useful to persons of a certain description. In the theological part, or rather in the account of ministers, there is a want of judgment displayed: some names are mentioned which would have been better omitted, both among the church and the Dissenters. In the next edition we shall expect such things will be corrected. However with all its defects, the little work is deserving of praise, and will contribute to the amusement of the rising generation.

---

*An Attempted Reply to the Master of Westminster School, or Reflections suggested by his Defence of public Education; by David Morrice. Second edition. Lackington and Allen. 1s.*

HAVING announced to the public the *Defence of public Schools*, by Dr. Vincent, we think it fair to apprise our readers of this *Reply*, in which they will meet with many remarks worthy of attention. We do not, indeed, coincide with its author, in every article of proposed emendation. But we are certain that however difficult may be the task, *large public Schools* ought to undergo considerable reformation. We do not like the epithet *attempted* in the title—it had been better omitted. With respect to the *Reply*, the intelligent reader must be pronounced the most competent judge of its utility.

---




---

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

---

## THE DRAMA.

---

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

---

### COVENT GARDEN.

**M**R. COOKE has made his appearance in the character of Sir John Falstaff, in Henry the Fourth. His first attempt of this arduous part was for his own benefit, and on such occasions the efforts of a performer, however feeble, generally meet with liberal indulgence. Having since repeated it for the house, criticism is called upon for either its praise or censure. We are sorry we cannot bestow the former. Mr. Cooke may be well acquainted with some of Shakespeare's other characters, but he is by no means equal to the dry humour of this merry knight.—Young Siddons, in Hotspur, was respectable.

The new ballet which has been some time announced, has been delayed, we understand, by the proprietors of the opera-house not permitting Mr. D'Egville's superintendence of it.

## DRURY LANE.

**A**MONG the revivals at this theatre were the comedy of the *Double Dealer*, and the tragedy of the *Orphan*. The former is a play which requires excellent acting, as every character is excellent. The female characters were best supported. Mr. King's Sir Paul Pliant was truly comic; Mr. Kemble, in Maskwell, was respectable; but the other male performers did not exceed mediocrity.—The *Orphan* was very indifferently played, if we except the characters of Castalio and Monimia.

Tuesday, March 2, a new comedy, called *Lovers' Resolutions*, was produced.

### CHARACTERS.

Major Manford .....	Mr. POPE
Lord Burville .....	Mr. WROUGHTON
General Highmore .....	Mr. PALMER
Mr. Maplethorp .....	Mr. DOWTON
Timothy Maplethorp .....	Mr. SUETT
Jack Worthington .....	Mr. BANNISTER
David .....	Mr. WATHEN
Lady Caroline .....	Mrs. POPE
Miss Rivers .....	Mrs. YOUNG
Mrs. Maplethorp .....	Mrs. SPARKS.

The fable is of a very simple texture. Lady Caroline (the only daughter of the Earl of Burville) and Major Manford are inspired with a mutual passion. He is employed in the expedition to Egypt, and in his absence, her father (who is inimical to his suit) prevails on her to bestow her hand upon another. Her husband, however, dies before his return, and as the major had distinguished himself by several gallant exploits during the campaign, Lord Burville is induced to comply with

his daughter's wishes (who retains all her former affection) and to make him a tender of her hand. This the major obstinately refuses, although his love is not less ardent than Lady Caroline's. An interview is at length effected between them, and he relents as much by the force of his own passion as by the blunders of General Highmore, brother-in-law to Lord Burville, "in which there is as much persuasion as in the eloquence of others." Lady Caroline and her father, piqued in their turn at the haughty conduct of the major, reject his advances. Another interview takes place—the lovers explain—are reconciled, and their union is finally agreed to. The underplot is formed from the rivalry between Timothy Maplethorp and Jack Worthington in the affection of Miss Rivers, the ward of Major Manford, and the sister of his friend, a brother soldier who fell gloriously in the field of battle in Egypt. They are both nephews of Mr. Maplethorp—the first, a man-milliner, and the second an honest Kentish yeoman. The latter succeeds in his suit.

This comedy comes from the pen of Mr. Cumberland, the successful author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lovers*, *Brothers (Jew)*, *Wheel of Fortune*, *cum multis aliis*; and the UNSUCCESSFUL author of the *Dependent Country Attorney*, and *Lovers Resolutions*, which, if possible, is the worst of his bad ones, being totally devoid of wit, humour, and interest; the plot is meagre and uninteresting, the sentiments stale and puerile, and the only attempt at character was in the delineation of Major Manford. It was attempted to be announced for a second representation, but in vain—and has been since prudently withdrawn by the author.

## ORATORIOS.

THE oratorios commenced at Covent Garden the first Friday in Lent, under the direction of Mr. Ashley. The first was "A grand Selection of Sacred Music from Handel." The house was overflowed at an early hour, owing, no doubt, to the powerful attraction of Mrs. Billington. Her airs were executed with great taste, particularly "Angels ever bright and fair," and "Let the bright Seraphim," in which she was accompanied by the trumpet. Mr. Braham also received great applause, though his voice is not so well calculated for sacred music. The "Messiah" has also been performed, and the several airs admirably executed by Mrs. Billington, Miss Stevens, Miss Tyrer, Mr. Braham, and Mrs. Denman;—also "Acis and Galatea," &c.

## JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

## SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF THE INHABITANTS OF  
RUSSEL-PLACE, FITZROY-SQUARE.

*By a Female Resident.*

1 Pine,	13 Turlong,
2 Smart,	14 Balne,
3 Rose,	15 Heath,
4 Rudge,	16 Knatchbull,
5 Williams,	17 Riggs,
6 Bishop,	18 Walker,
7 Perera,	19 Wilson,
8 Grant,	20 Macgie,
9 Gore,	21 Crislo,
10 Moffat,	22 Taylor,
11 Purling,	23 Low,
12 Toogood,	24 Prevost

## A BAD PARSON:

With a head-piece as hollow as an empty brass *Kettle*,  
 And a visage well sheath'd in the very same *Metal*;  
 See, dozing, and smoaking, and grasping his *Pot*,  
*IGNASUS*, the drowsy canonical *Sot*.  
 Tythe-pigs, nicely roasted, come into his *Head*,  
 And, dreaming, he cries, "Tom, give me some  
*Bread!*"

Then rousing, refreshes tir'd nature with *Tea*,  
 Looks over the paper, or strolls by the *Sea*.  
 In the evening, surrounded by spirits and *Wine*,  
 Nor palsy nor gout can his ardor con-*Fine*;  
 Shut snug in his parlour, he laughs at the *Cold*,  
 Despises all danger, and feels very *Bold*.  
 Till vanquish'd, at length, and stretch'd under the  
*Table*,  
 Should justice determine, he'd bed in the *Stable*—  
 In the stable! I think it would not be too *Hard*  
 To let the old soaker grow cool in the *Yard*.

*Retrospect of the Political World*

FOR MARCH, 1802.

**I**T is with secret satisfaction (which every true friend to peace and humanity must experience) that we are this month able to announce to our readers, from official authority, the glad tidings of the arrival of the DEFINITIVE TREATY from Amiens. We have been long in anxious expectation for the consummation of this most desirable object; and are fully persuaded that every true lover of his country will cordially join with us in the earnest prayer that the sword of slaughter may be for ever sheathed, and PEACE be the permanent inheritance of all mankind! The welcome fact has been communicated in an official letter from Lord Hawkesbury to the Lord Mayor, by the following

## LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

*Downing-street, Mond'ay, March 29, 1802.*

“ Mr. Moore, assistant Secretary to Marquis Cornwallis, arrived this morning at nine o'clock with the Definitive Treaty of Peace, which was signed at Amiens at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th instant, by the Plenipotentiary of his Majesty, and by the Plenipotentiaries of France, Spain, and the Batavian Republic.”

From abroad little intelligence of any kind has been received. *St. Domingo* (an island in the West Indies) is the theatre of action—towards which the eyes of most persons are at this period directed. The French fleet has arrived there, and made a landing, but has met with considerable opposition. *Touissant*, who is at the head of the blacks there, was formerly an overseer in the island, and is a mulatto. He appears, by every account which we have seen of him, to be a man of talents and no small resolution.

No debates have occurred in the House of Commons of any great moment. Mr. Fox's eulogium, delivered within its walls, may be pronounced a master-piece of oratory: the sentiments are just, the language elegant, and the whole is fraught with an amiable and impressive sensibility. The deceased nobleman was an excellent character, and his removal by death will be sensibly felt by society.

We close this article in our usual manner, by expressing our ardent desire that the PEACE we enjoy may be perpetuated, and that every blessing may rest on our beloved country!



# MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR MARCH, 1802.

2. **D**UKE OF BEDFORD died at Woburn Abbey, in the 36th year of his age—a real loss to society. (See a former article in our miscellany.)

3. The musical society called the New Musical Fund, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, had their annual benefit concert at the King's Theatre, Haymarket—combining, perhaps, the grandest musical talents ever exhibited at once in public since the performances in Westminster Abbey at the commemoration of Handel. There were between three and four hundred performers, and on the rising of the curtain, it had a very impressive appearance. A temporary orchestra was erected on the stage, from the front gradually ascending to the top of the Opera House.

4. A melancholy accident happened in Perkin's Rents, Westminster. A large old house, inhabited by a number of poor families, suddenly fell in about half past ten o'clock with a horrible crash, which was heard at a great distance. The unfortunate beings who were thus buried alive, had retired to rest, among whom were many children. The people that assembled, directed by their cries and groans, immediately set about removing the rubbish and extricating the sufferers, so that by day-light all were dug out of the ruins—some miserably wounded, others dead!

6. At the annual court of the Royal Humane Society, Dr Lettsom presided. Several extraordinary instances of resuscitation were read, which had been communicated by medical assistants. At the anniversary festival, on the 6th of next month, various persons will have their just honors conferred.

red, for having providentially restored their fellow-creatures to life. "These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!"

10. Funeral of the Duke of Bedford, which was conducted with every appropriate solemnity.

13. Henry Cock, the person advertised for forgery (and for the apprehending of whom a reward of 100*l.* was offered), was brought to town from Cambridge by Bow-street officers, who took him into custody at that place, where he had been on a hunting party with some friends. Admitting himself to be the person, he was ordered for further examination.

14. Lieutenant Lutwidge, tried at Winchester for the murder of a common sailor, by striking him with the tiller of a boat; he was found guilty of man-slaughter, and sentenced to three months of imprisonment, and a fine of one hundred pounds.

15. A common hall was held, for the purpose of taking the repeal of the income-tax into consideration. A motion for a repeal was moved by Mr. Benjamin Travers, seconded by Mr. Waithman, and was carried by a large and respectable majority. Other corporations beside that of London mean to petition, and it is supposed that the example of the metropolis will be followed very generally throughout Great Britain. It is likely to be repealed.

19. A curious *fracas* happened at Maidstone. After the close of assize, the gentlemen of the bar supped together as usual, and spent the evening with great conviviality. Mr. Serjeant Best retired at an early hour. He had scarcely got into the street when two persons came up and stared him in the face; he thought it suspicious, but went on to call on a gentleman. He observed two persons following him. He called at the gentleman's door, but not finding him at home, he returned up the street, and was within a few steps of his own lodg-

ing, when one of the two persons came up to him and demanded to know if his name was Mr. Serjeant Best. He said it was. "Then," said the person, "you are a scoundrel!" Upon which the serjeant knocked him down, and proceeded to the door of his house, when his assailant overtook him, and a scuffle ensued. On lights being brought in, the person turned out to be Samuel Waddington, Esq. accompanied by his clerk. The latter told Mr. Best that he had left a letter addressed to him on his table. It was brought, and turned out to be a printed paper addressed to him in terms evidently meant as a challenge on the part of Mr. Waddington. We suppose the matter will come before the King's Bench.

## MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

*(From the London Gazette.)*

**R**ICHARD GUYER, Gracechurch-street, London, hatter. James Nowlan, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, soap-maker. John Wainright, Liverpool, gun-maker. Ralph Blease, Liverpool, grocer. Thomas Johnson, Ouze-Fleet, Howdon, Yorkshire, dealer and chapman. William Collier, Leigh, Lancashire, corn-dealer. Joseph Simpson, Colechester, Essex, brazier. Samuel Joseph Clegg and John Whitby, Liverpool, merchants. John Emmett, Stoneyhurst, Lancaster, cotton-spinner. Peter Allen, Nantwich, Cheshire, innholder. William Williams, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, shop-keeper. James Wallis, the younger, Bristol, Biscuit-baker. George Gill, Warrington, Lancashire, merchant. Edward Twainley, Swansea, Glamorganshire, baker. Matthew Coates Horsley, Bread-street, merchant. William Butler, Weldon, Northampton. Edward Bower, late of New Mills, Derby, cotton-spinner. Robert Foggan, Salford,

Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. John Yendole, West Monckton, Somerset, mealman, Thomas Young, Rippon, York, grocer. Henry Williams, Crickhowell, Brecon, money-scrivener. Henry Hope, Liverpool, woollen-draper. William Wrigg, Manchester, liquor-merchant. L. Graham, W. Graham, and T. Gtaham, Liverpool, merchants. Charles Webb, Bromsgrove, Worcester, money-scrivener, dealer and chapman. Henry Pedlar, Bath, linen-draper. James Kingston, Duke-street, Manchester-square, surgeon and apothecary. John Green, Cumberland-street, Curtain-road, Middlesex, butcher. George Platt, Weakey, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothier. Thomas Like, Old Brompton, Middlesex, builder. Robert Bottle, Great Warner-street, Clerkenwell-green, Middlesex, brandy-merchant. Richard Milne, Rochdale, Lancashire, scrivener. John Anderson, of Church-street, Borough, twine-spinner. John Cobb, of Wisbeach St. Peters, Cambridge, mill-wright. William Maskery, Lane-end, Stafford, mercer. Robert Donaldson, Liverpool, haberdasher. Sarah Bickerton, Great Yarmouth, hosier. Thomas Williamson, Holbeach, Lincoln, grocer and draper. Werral Palmer, Holbeach, Lincolnshire, draper. Arthur Webster, Belper, Derbyshire, baker. George Pierson, Cockermouth, Cumberland. Jonah Dyer, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucester, spinning-machine-maker. John Kinson, Bristol, cabinet-maker and broker. Isaac Woodall, Picket-how, Cumberland, hatter. Adam Steuart, Liverpool, merchant. William Morris, Liverpool, Lancaster, grocer. Robert Rippon, Liverpool, merchant. John Lewis, Lower Burgh, Chorley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. Gilbert M'Kennan, Liverpool, ironmonger. Charles Stockwell, Shelf, Halifax, Yorkshire, scribbling-miller. Charles Hemingway, Leeds, presser. James Haigh,

Shelf, farmer. Samuel Stockwell, Halifax, yeoman. John Baker, Leeds, dyer. John Rogerson, Leeds, dyer. John Westby Hatfield, Falmouth, warehouseman. Ebenezer Coombs, St. James's-street, Westminster, stationer. John Hobart, Warwick-street, Golden-square, Middlesex, harp and musical instrument maker. Richard Swainson and John Gardner, Liverpool, grocers. Thomas Strickland and Swinton Colthurst Holland, Liverpool, merchants. Henry Fraser, Nightingale-lane, grocer. Stephen Woodbridge, New Brentford, stationer. Thomas Bates, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, auctioneer. Peter Hunter, Durham, money-scrivener. Robert Maunder, Exeter, wine-merchant. Griffith Williams, late of Tooley-street, Southwark, cheese-monger. Joseph Mills, Macclesfield, Cheshire, hat-manufacturer. Joseph Harris, Holywell-street, Middlesex, salesman. John Clegg and John Prince, Watling-street, warehousemen. John Taylor and John Hudson, Bordesley, near Birmingham, factors and locksmiths. Robert Wordon, Pincock Mill, near Chorley, Lancasters miller. Joseph Johnson, Manchester, merchant. Edward Russell, Maidstone, Kent, hop-merchant. Henry Collings and Richard Ireland Gifford, Gloucester, skimmers. John Mash, Aylsham, Norfolk, merchant. Charles Elliott Scott, Upper Berkeley-street, bookseller. John Howett, St. Martin's lane, carpenter and builder. Philemon Pownall, Piccadilly, banker. Luke Stavely, Halifax, Yorkshire, merchant. Nathaniel James, late of Liverpool, factor. David Maitland, New Bridge-street, merchant. Dudley Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, trunk-maker. Joshua Jepson Oddy, and John Oddy, St. Mary Axe, merchants. Thomas Mickleson, Lynn, Norfolk, tailor and woollen draper. James Beesley, James-street, Manchester-square, plated patent fire-irons maker. Edward

Fenwick, Kingston-upon-Hull, inn-keeper. William Edwards, Short's Buildings, Clerkenwell, bow-string manufacturer. Thomas Ward, late of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. Joseph Lee, late of Church-street, Lambeth, mariner. Samuel Mourilyan, late of Deal, tailor. Gilbert Bluett, West Smithfield, coffeehousekeeper. John King, Coventry, inn-holder. Peter Cumming, late of Union-court, Broad-street, London, merchant. Alexander Brown, Sevenoaks, Kent, butcher. Nathaniel, James, and Robert Black, Liverpool, merchant. John Wright, Piccadilly, bookseller. George Andrew, Sheffield, cornfactor. Josiah Rose, Olton, Warwick, tanner. Charles Moke, Bucklesbury, merchant.



#### BIRTHS.

ON Sunday the 7th instant, at Holland House, the lady of Lord Holland, of a son. On Tuesday, the 16th, in Bedford-square, the lady of Henry Davidson, Esq. of a son.



#### MARRIAGES.

LATELY, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Rev. Mr. Rippon, rector of Hitchin, Herts, and chaplain to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland, to Miss Fearn, of Kensington palace. —On Thursday, the 11th, at St. Michael's, Bassishaw, Thomas Cadell, jun. Esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square (son of Alderman Cadell), to Miss Smith, daughter of Robert Smith, Esq. of Basinghall-street. —On Thursday, the 25th, at St. Martin's church, Col. Francis Moor, to Mrs. Pulling, widow of the late Capt. Pulling, and daughter of Admiral Kingsmill.



## DEATHS.

AT Gibraltar, on the 22nd of last month, that gallant and distinguished officer, General O'Hara. —At Rheims, in Germany, a woman of the age of 102, having had 19 husbands, and bred up 27 children; she was attended to the grave by 156 sons, grandsons, and great grandsons, many of the former going upon crutches, or led along blind or borne down with age. —On Monday, the 1st instant, at Strawberry-hill, near Columpton, Devonshire, the Right Hon. Charles Henry, Earl of Montrath. —On the same day, at Chatham, Rear-admiral James M'Namara. —On Tuesday, the 2nd, at Shobdon-court, in the county of Hereford, the Right Hon. John Lord Viscount Bateman, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of that county. —On the 11th instant, Col. Count Sutton Clanard. —On Friday morning, the 12th instant, at her house in Grosvenor-square, Miss Wilkes, the daughter of the celebrated John Wilkes, of political notoriety. —On Tuesday, the 23d, universally regretted, Henry, Earl Fauconberg, of an apoplectic fit.

## To Correspondents.

We are much indebted to the Rev. Mr. Butcher for the many rich contributions to the Monthly Visitor, and trust that he will still continue to exercise his pen in the cause of morality and virtue, to the entertainment and improvement of our subscribers. His favors will ever experience the most prompt attention on our part.

It is with equal pleasure that we should recognize the signature of our ingenious correspondent, W. Case, Jun. To him we acknowledge our obligations for many valuable articles.

*Lines on Friendship* do not possess sufficient merit to obtain a place in our miscellany.

We are sorry that our correspondent H. K. W. should consider us remiss in our attention to his favours. We assure him that the communication in question has never reached us. His *Eugiac Versus* shall appear in our next.

Several pieces have come to hand this month, which we have not sufficient room in the present number to acknowledge; in due course they will be attended to.

\*.\* Notwithstanding our monthly intimation that all communications to the Editor are to be directed post paid, we are informed there are several letters now remaining at our publisher's, *post unpaid*, which cannot be recognised; but upon application to the publisher, will be returned unopened.







WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

*The Picture by E. Bury, Engraver for Bury.*

---

THE  
*MONTHLY VISITOR.*

---

APRIL, 1802.

---

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

---

*Embellished with a fine Portrait.*

---

When forc'd the *fair nymph* to forego,  
What anguish I felt in my heart !  
Yet I thought (but it might not be so)  
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew—  
My path I could hardly discern ;

So sweetly she bade me adieu,

— I thought that she bade me return !

SHENSTONE.

**T**HE subject of the present memoir is on various accounts deserving of our attention: his history is singular—his poetical writings are in much esteem—and the character left behind him was amiable and impressive. We proceed therefore with pleasure to the detail of his life, though very many particulars have not been communicated to the public respecting him.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE was born in the month of November, 1714, at the Leasowes, a spot belonging to Shropshire, though about thirty miles distant from any other part of it: it is indeed surrounded by Warwickshire and Worcestershire, and therefore seems to be an insulated portion of the kingdom. There are other instances of the kind to be found in the island. However strange such divisions may appear in the eye of reason, they are to be accounted for by the ancient but very singular distributions of the country.

His love of learning was such, even in his earliest years, that he was highly gratified by the present of a new book, which he carried to bed along with him. And it is also said, that when any body had failed, according to promise, to bring him a book, his mother would wrap up a piece of wood of the same form, and thus pacify him for the night.

Educated at the grammar-school of Hales-Owen (though he passed through other schools), he went in the year 1732 to Pembroke college, in Oxford; here he remained for ten years, very attentive to his studies. We are also informed, that after the first four years he put on the civilian gown, but without shewing any intention to engage in the profession. During this period he appears to have courted the muses, for he published without a name a small poetical miscellany.

Having left Oxford, he was determined to roam abroad through the world. At London, at Bath, and at other places of public resort, he was seen, and often noticed. Nor did he forget his beloved poetry. His *Judgment of Hercules*, published in 1740, and addressed to Lord Lyttleton, is a pleasing composition, full of instruction to the rising generation. Two years afterwards appeared his *School-mistress*, in the manner of Spencer, and replete with amiable sentiments. Shenstone had learned to read

of an old dame—her virtues therefore are duly celebrated. ‘*To parents, teachers, and God all-sufficient, no adequate returns can be made,*’ is a Spanish proverb: this seems to have been the opinion of the poet, and his good old *school-mistress* he has handed down to posterity.

In 1745 the person who had the care of his fortune dying, he came to the full possession of his estate, and henceforwards his life assumed one even tenor, employing himself in the cultivation of his estate, and occasionally occupying himself in the composition of poetry. His estate, the *Leasewes*, (like *Piercefield*, in the vicinity of *Chepstow*, *Monmouthshire*, possessed formerly by the generous but unfortunate *Morris*,) were once famous for their elegance and rural scenery. *Dr. Johnson* has described this portion of his history (which is indeed the longest portion of his life) with his usual felicity. We shall transcribe it:—

“ Now was excited his delight in rural pleasures, and his ambition of rural elegance: he began from this time to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great, and the admiration of the skilful—a place to be visited by travellers, and copied by designers. Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden, demands any great powers of mind, I will not enquire; perhaps a sullen and surly speculator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason. But it

must be at least confessed, that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement; and some praise must be allowed by the most supercilious observer to him who does best what such multitudes are contending to do well.

“ This praise was the praise of SHENSTONE; but, like all other modes of felicity, it was not enjoyed without its abatements. Lyttleton was his neighbour and his rival, whose empire, spacious and opulent, looked with disdain on the *petty state* that *appeared behind it*. For a while the inhabitants of Hagley affected to tell their acquaintance of the little fellow that was trying to make himself admired; but when by degrees the Leasowes forced themselves into notice, they took care to defeat the curiosity which they could not suppress, by conducting their visitants perversely to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception—injuries of which Shenstone would heavily complain. Where there is emulation there will be vanity, and where there is vanity there will be folly.

“ The pleasure of Shenstone was all in his eye—he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fishes in his water.

“ His house was mean, and he did not improve it—his care was of his grounds: when he came home from his walks he might find his floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof, but could spare no money for its reparation.

“ In time his expences brought clamours about him, that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnets song, and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fawns and fairies. He spent his estate in adorning it, and his death was probably hastened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing. It is said, that if he had

lived a little longer he would have been assisted by a pension: such bounty could not have been ever more properly bestowed; but that it was ever asked is not certain—it is too certain that it never was enjoyed.

“ He was never married, though he might have obtained the lady, whoever she was, to whom his *Pastoral Ballad* was addressed. He is represented by his friend Dodsley as a man of great tenderness and generosity, kind to all that were within his influence, but if once offended not easily appeased; inattentive to œconomy; and careless of his expences; in his person larger than the middle size, with something clumsy in his form; very negligent of his clothes, and remarkable for wearing his grey hair in a particular manner—for he held that the fashion was no rule of dress, and that every man was to suit his appearance to his natural form.

“ His mind was not very comprehensive, nor his curiosity active; he had no value for those parts of knowledge which he had not himself cultivated.”

This picture of SHENSTONE has been acknowledged faithful, though we regret that so amiable a man should not have enjoyed a purer felicity.—Passing his life in the manner above described, he died of a putrid fever at the Lèasowes, February 11, 1763, and was buried by the side of his brother in the church-yard of Hales-Owen, the place where we have already mentioned that he received his grammar-school education.

His *Poems* (which, though small, are numerous) consist of elegies, odes, ballads, humourous sallies, and moral pieces. Of each kind we shall take a cursory survey:—

His *elegies* are peculiarly plaintive, but not characterised by sufficient variety. His topics of praise are the domestic virtues, and his thoughts

possess purity and simplicity. His conception of an elegy, however, was, in the opinion of an eminent critic, well explained.

His *odes* are light and airy; "They trip," says Johnson, "lightly and nimbly along without the load of any weighty meaning:" *Rural Elegance* indeed must be excepted, which is fraught with sentiment of a pleasant and attractive kind.

His *pastoral ballad* has been much and deservedly admired; it has a simplicity which captivates and finds its way to the heart. The lines chosen as a motto to the present biographical memoirs, may be adduced as a fair specimen; justly has it been remarked—"these are passages to which, if any mind denies its sympathy, it has no acquaintance with love or nature." In the same ballad are also found the following stanzas, which have been commended for their neatness:

"I have found out a gift for my fair,  
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed—  
But let me that plunder forbear,  
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed!

"For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;  
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from her tongue!"

His *humourous pieces* are lively, and his *moral pieces* are instructive. The *School-mistress* indeed has been reckoned the most pleasing of his performances. To close, in the words of Dr. Johnson—"The general recommendation of SHENSTONE is easiness and simplicity—his general defect, want of comprehension and variety."

Islington.

E.

---

*THE REFLECTOR.*[No. LXI.]  

---

## THE FARMER'S BOY,

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.  

---

Sweet then the ploughman's slumbers, hale and  
young,  
When the last topic dies upon his tongue,  
Sweet then the bliss his transient dreams inspire,  
Till chilblains wake him, or the snapping fire.

WINTER.

HAVING carried our readers through *Spring*,  
*Summer*, and *Autumn*, we proceed to WINTER—that dreary season which threatens man and beast with destruction. The scenes, however desolating, are full of instruction. Of this circumstance the poet seems fully apprised; and it is impossible not to be delighted with the pictures here laid before us—they are drawn by the hand of fidelity.

The introductory lines are beautiful—we must transcribe them :

With kindred pleasures mov'd, and cares oppress,  
Sharing alike our weariness and rest,  
Who lives the daily partner of our hours,  
Thro' every change of heat, and frost, and show'rs,  
Partakes our cheerful meals—partaking first  
In mutual labour and in mutual thirst :  
The kindly intercourse will ever prove  
A bond of amity and social love !

Having described the farm-house, the *fire side* is thus portrayed :



Flat on the *hearth* the glowing embers lie,  
 And flames reflected dance in ev'ry eye ;  
 There the long billet forc'd at last to bend,  
 While frothing sap gushes at either end,  
 Throws round its welcome heat—the ploughman  
                   smiles,  
 And oft the joke runs hard on sheepish Giles,  
 Who sits joint tenant of the corner-stool,  
 The converse sharing, tho' in duty's school—  
 For now attentively 'tis his to hear  
 Interrogations from the master's chair !

The subject of the *ploughman's dreams* is thus picturesquely drawn :

He starts—and ever thoughtful of his team,  
 Along the glitt'ring snow a feeble gleam  
 Shoots from his lantern as he yawning goes,  
 To add fresh comforts to their night's repose,  
 Diffusing fragrance as their food he moves,  
 And pats the jolly sides of those he loves.  
 Thus full replenish'd, perfect ease possess,  
 From night till morn alternate food and rest ;  
 No rightful cheer withheld, no sleep debarr'd,  
 Their each day's labour brings its sure reward.

The sufferings of the *post-horse* are most pathetically depicted ; we feel for the poor beast—his case excites within the breast sentiments of the sincerest commiseration :

Ah ! well for him if here his sufferings ceas'd,  
 And ample hour of rest his pains appeas'd ;  
 But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,  
 And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes ;  
 Ere his exhausted spirits can return,  
 Or thro' his frame reviving ardor burn,  
 Come forth he must, tho' limping, maim'd, and  
                   sore,  
 He hears the whip—the chaise is at the door !

The collar tightens, and again he feels  
His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd ; again the wheels  
With tiresome sameness in his ears resound  
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.  
Thus nightly robb'd, and injur'd day by day,  
His piece-meal murd'ers wear his life away !

We are also much pleased with the account of the *grisly spectre* which turned out to be an aged ash, and of course all fears were completely dissipated :

The happy thought alleviates his pain,  
He creeps another step, then stops again,  
Till slowly, as his noiseless feet draw near,  
Its perfect lineaments at once appear—  
Its crown of shiv'ring ivy whispering peace,  
And its white bark that fronts the moon's pale face.

Now, whilst his blood mounts upwards, now he knows

The solid gain that from conviction flows,  
And strengthen'd confidence shall hence fulfil  
With conscious innocence more valu'd still.  
The dreariest task that wintry nights can bring,  
By church-yard dark, or grove, or fairy ring,  
Still buoying up the timid mind of youth,  
Till loit'ring reason hoists the scale of truth.  
With these blest guardians *Giles* his course pursues,  
Till numb'ring his heavy-sided ewes,  
Surrounding stillness tranquillise his breast,  
And shape the dreams that wait his hours of rest !

The *conclusion* is highly characteristic of the termination of the year, and of the pleasure which hope sheds in the heart at the contemplation a fresh period, now about to bless the human race :—

Ee'n *Giles*, for all his cares and watchings past,  
And all his contests with the wintry blast,

Claims a full share of that sweet praise bestow'd  
 By gazing neighbours, when along the road  
 Or village green—his curly-coated throng  
 Suspends the chorus of the spinners's song,  
 When admiration's unaffected grace  
 Lisps from the tongue and beams in every face.  
 Delightful moments! sunshine, health, and joy  
 Play around and cheer the elevated boy!  
 "Another spring!" his heart exulting cries,  
 "Another year" with promis'd blessings rise!  
**ETERNAL POWER!** from whom those blessings  
                     flow,

Teach me still more to wonder, more to know—  
 Seed-time and harvest let me see again,  
 Wander the leaf-strown wood, the frozen plain:  
 Let the first flow'r, corn-waving field, plain tree,  
 Here round my home still lift my heart to **THEE**—  
 And let me ever midst thy bounties raise  
 An humble note of thankfulness and praise!

Thus have we run through the four parts of the *Farmer's Boy*, SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, and WINTER. Our extracts cannot fail of being pleasing to readers of taste and sensibility. That we have spoken too highly of the poem few will assert—it has been spoken of in high terms of approbation by the most respectable periodical publications, and has been received with great eclat by the world. We shall next proceed to the examination of the ingenious author's *second* volume; an analysis of its contents will, we are persuaded, impart no small degree of gratification.

*Islington.*

J. E.

CHARACTER  
OF  
*LEWIS XVI. AND HIS CONSORT.*

FROM SOULAVIE'S MEMOIRS, JUST PUBLISHED,

**T**HIS prince, in his youth (says the writer), had an austere deportment, was grave, reserved, and frequently blunt, without any taste for play or entertainments accompanied with noise, and so habitually addicted to truth, that he was never known to tell a lie. He employed himself chiefly in copying and afterwards in composing geographical charts, and in polishing iron with a file.

When he became dauphin, Madame Adélaïde attempted to introduce him into the council, that he might be initiated in the knowledge of public affairs. Lewis XV. opposed this overture, and was often heard to say, "I should be glad to know how Berry will be able to extricate himself from them :—" it was thus that he named him.

Timidity, beneficence, and modesty, were the three first characteristics which the Duke of Berry manifested when he became Dauphin of France. He repulsed flattery, he gave ear to the complaints of the unfortunate, he desired to know the particulars of their case, he took pleasure in observing the workmen who were employed at the castle or in the gardens, and would frequently assist them in raising a heavy stone or a beam which they could not well manage. By dint of filing or hammering, he became an expert workman in the making of locks. The dauphiness, on seeing him with his hands all black, called him by no other name than *my god Vulcan*.—Why have they reproached him with this

innocent employment as a crime? Did not Lewis XV. sometimes act the part of a cook, &c.?

At the death of Lewis XV. France was so tired of his reign, that in every quarter his grandson Lewis XVI. was publicly called by the name of *Lewis the Desired*. . . . But the partisans of the old court did not relish this title; they opposed to it that of *Lewis the Beneficent*; and this qualification was generally adopted in works of poetry, in official compliments, and private conversation. . . .

Lewis XVI. was severe and mistrustful towards the nobility of his court. He was not fond of the great. He discovered no taste for noisy pleasures, for balls, gaming, shows, pageantry, and still less for libertinism. He felt no attraction in royal authority, which was always burdensome to him. He was, however, much attached to the glory of his house; he dreaded the undertaking of any enterprize which might tarnish its lustre; he was penetrated with the instructions of his father against the views of the House of Austria, and the principles of the Duke of Choiseul; and his life was a perpetual and secret struggle, in which he was supported by the Duke of Vergennes, against the ambition of his consort. The spies whom Lewis XVI. retained in the cabinet of Vienna, constantly represented this princess as Austrian, both by character and principle, in the palace of Versailles. He lived with her, nevertheless, as a good husband; but, like a King of France, was always vigilant with regard to the views of the House of Austria, and attempted to elude them. Of this we shall exhibit some proofs.

When Lewis XVI. ascended the throne, he was about nineteen years and nine months old: he had then been married four years. He had no taste for gallantry, and he avoided the company of women of seductive dispositions. . . . He was

diffident in the company of women, very little adapted to please them, being deficient in the graces, and loving no other than Maria Antoinetta, his consort.

Lewis XVI. was distinguished by such a peculiarity of character, that it may, in some measure, be said, there were in him two men, a man who *knows*, and a man who *wills*. . . .

His memory was very extensive, as the following instance will convince us :—He was one day presented with a long account, in the statement of which the minister had placed an article of expenditure which had been inserted in the account of the preceding year. “Here is a double entry,” said the king, “bring me the account of last year, and I will shew you that this article is placed in it.”

When the king was thoroughly acquainted with all the particulars of an affair, and discovered any violation of justice he was severe even to a degree of brutality. A flagrant act of injustice made him overleap the ordinary bounds of his character; he would then insist upon being obeyed that moment, both to make sure of atonement, and to prevent any similar misconduct in future.

But in the great affairs of state, the king who *wills*, who *commands*, was not to be found in this monarch. Lewis XVI. was, upon the throne, nothing superior to those private persons whom we meet with in society, so weak in intellectual faculties, that nature has rendered them incapable of forming an opinion. In the midst of his pusillanimity, he placed his confidence entirely in a particular minister; and though, among the variety of opinions delivered in his cabinet-council, he well knew which was the best, he never once had the resolution to say, “I prefer the advice of such a

one." Here lay the copious source of national misfortune.

He was endowed with an understanding methodical and analytical: he divided his compositions into chapters and sections. He had extracted from the works of Nicole and Fenelon (his favourite authors) between three and four hundred short sentimental phrases, which he had arranged according to the subjects, and had composed of them a second work, in the taste and manner of Montesquieu;—the title which he gave to this treatise was, *Of a temperate Monarchy*—with some chapters, entitled, *Of the Person of the Prince—Of the Authority of the different Branches of a State—Of the Character and Exercise of the executive Power of a Monarchy, &c.* If he could have carried into execution all that he perceived of the beautiful and grand in Fenelon, Lewis XVI. would have been an accomplished monarch—France would have been a powerful monarchy. He was endowed with a spirit of foresight, of which his ministers were totally destitute—as he alone beheld from a distance the destiny and ruin of France.

In one of the letters sent him by his minister, M. Turgot, (who was piqued because the king refused to adopt his plan of reform) is written, that the fate of "Charles I. or of Charles IX. is that of all monarchs who are governed by flatterers."—Lewis XVI. returned this letter, under a cover sealed with the small seal royal, with the following inscription in his own hand: 'Letter of M. Turgot.' He had translated from the English (a language very familiar to him) the defence of Richard III. who was accused of crimes of which he was innocent.

The Count d'Artois, who, from a habit of gaming, was accustomed to play high, wished to excite in his brother the same kind of passion. "Will

you bet a thousand double louis-d'ors?" said the Count d'Artois to him one day. "I will play with you with all my heart," replied the king, "but I bet no more than a crown—you are too rich to play with me." He could not bear to see persons play high at his court.

Another time, M. d'Angivillers, while the king was on a journey, ordered some repairs to be made in the small apartments. These repairs cost thirty thousand francs. The king, on his return, being informed of the expence, made the whole castle resound with cries and complaints against the extravagance of M. d'Angivillers: "I might have made thirty families happy with the sum," said Lewis.

The four first years that Maria Antoinetta lived in France are the only happy years that she passed in that country. The young dauphiness had an angelic figure; the clearness of her complexion was remarkable, the colours were lively and distinct, her features regular, her shape slender; but her eyes, though beautiful, were liable to continual fluxions. She had the Austrian under-lip. She was of a caressing disposition, cheerful, attentive to please, and well instructed by her mother how to make herself beloved by all the court, had she chosen to follow her lessons. The pulpits, the academies, the most distinguished societies, the journals, almanacs of the muses, all lavished upon her their applause. Flattery had as yet retained in France the forms and the tone of the interesting reign of Lewis XIV.

Maria Antoinetta had been educated by her mother to be one day Queen of France. She became acquainted at Vienna with our fashions, our usages, our ceremonials; but she was hardly arrived at Versailles when she began to rid herself of every circumstance that imposed upon her any restraint.



She went abroad on foot, accompanied by one or two ladies of her court, her gentleman-usher walking at a distance behind. She invited her brothers-in-law to dinner and supper, and accepted of the same entertainments from them, without any parade. She was affable, humane, sympathising, and often delicate in her beneficence. A stag, which had been wounded during a chase, when the king was present, struck with his horns a poor peasant. The dauphiness, on hearing of the incident, flew to his assistance, took the wife into her carriage, loaded her with kindness, and granted her a pension.

The more the young queen was handsome, amiable, insinuating, bold, rash, frivolous in her taste and desires, ambitious of dominion, and jealous of her title of archduchess, which she displayed on every occasion, so much as to be noticed by the court, they likewise became the more haughty, affecting the superb style of the best years of the reign of Lewis XV. Who could believe that the five princesses (the three aunts and two sisters-in-law) entertained against the queen such a violent animosity, that they strove with each other who should most calumniate her private life? Whatever one suggested, another confirmed, and a third subjoined her authority to render the anecdotes incontestible.

The queen, on her part, carried her vindictive resentment so far as to intimate suspicions with regard to the virtue of Madame and the Countess of Artois. To such a length was perfidy extended, that impartial observers of these intrigues accused Maria Antoinetta of having been in league with the men of gallantry, and even with the guards, who exposed Madame d'Artois before the public towards the last years of the monarchy.

Maria Theresa joined the king in diverting the

queen's taste from trifles, which she began so early to display. The queen sent her her portrait ornamented with large and beautiful feathers. Maria Theresa returned it with the following note: "I would have accepted with great pleasure the portrait of the Queen of France, but I cannot accept of one which represents to me only an actress."—Nothing could prevail with Maria Antoinetta to renounce these ridiculous ornaments.

### MARRIAGE:

(Concluded from page 285.)

#### THIRDLY,

**B**Y early marriage, *domestic bliss, which alone can render marriage happy, is more likely to be secured, since our dispositions in early life are more yielding and pliable.* Mutual forbearance is an absolute essential for conjugal bliss: sincerity of disposition and habit is undoubtedly requisite—but no tempers ever approximated so near but what there remained great room for mutual forbearance and yielding. The gracious Sovereign of the universe has ordained in very distinct terms, that supremacy in decision and will should belong to the husband; this point being fixed, is admirably calculated to allay any jealousy that might arise between the sexes relative to right of judgment. But let no husband suppose that this circumstance gives him any right to lord it over his fair companion with austere authority; while wives are enjoined by Scripture to obey their husbands, husbands are commanded to love their wives, and not to be bitter against them; and while a good wife will never from interest, duty, and affection wilfully disoblige her husband, a husband who really loves his

partner will never enjoin any thing notoriously disagreeable to her inclinations. When real affection reigns between two persons, each of them not only finds it their mutual *interest* to yield and accommodate, but finds a *pleasure* in doing so.

Devoting all

To love, each is to each a dearer self,  
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power  
Of giving joy.

The idea of individual right is lost in the effusions of joint affections. In order, however, to the exercise of this forbearance, a yielding disposition is evidently needful; and of all periods of life youth is certainly the time for gaining this desirable habit. After persons have lived single for some years, they naturally acquire a sternness, which would have been softened by constant intercourse with a dear companion. Having none to contradict them or to reason with them, they acquire notions and prejudices the most singular and disgusting. They not unfrequently feel little or no desire for changing their situation; or if in some unguarded hour they are induced to change, it appears to arise more from a wish of novelty than from the ardor of affection. All the prejudices they have been years acquiring, they find hard to give up; having always had their own way, they find it not very easy to give way to their new companion. With young people the case is far different—they not only have fewer prejudices to overturn, but among other acquisitions they insensibly gain a habit of pleasing and yielding.

*Early marriage is, lastly, desirable from the greater chance it affords us of seeing our children settled in the world before we ourselves die. Life is uncertain—the youngest often drops the soonest, but, according to human calculation, those who are*

early in life parents, generally see their children grown up before their decease. Those who delay marriage, on the contrary, till late in life, seldom see the maturity of their younger children; and this, when on their death-bed, must be a source of some uneasiness. A good man, in one sense, regrets not to die—his country being beyond the grave, he even welcomes death; but though his prospect as to futurity is bright, he cannot take leave of all his dear connections without some remorse: he cannot part with one who has been for some time dear to him as his own soul, and fly to a region which, however bright in description, is yet unknown, without casting (as the poet says) “a ling’ring look behind.” When he considers that he is soon to leave the dear partner of his bed, the dear divider of his griefs, the dear augmenter of his joys, some sorrow naturally must affect his heart; but when in addition to this he sees around his bed some sprung from his own loins, not arrived at maturity, the scene becomes more deeply sabled: he then knows that his dear friend will not only be left, but will be left with a heavy charge to superintend and settle; and reflects, that after all her care and attention, they may perchance be seduced from virtue and become the prey to misery. Such thoughts as these are sufficient to render in a great degree uneasy the dying pillow of the most pious and resigned. And to such thoughts are those exposed who defer the matrimonial engagements so late in life. Those who marry early generally are spared this pang; they leave indeed their partner exposed to an unfriendly world—but the children, instead of being a charge on her, are capable of alleviating her misfortunes by their words of consolation and actions of love. This gives them pleasure—to which may be added the comfort of knowing that their offspring are so far matured in

years and experience as to be aware of the allurements of the world, to be in some measure proof against them, and by having pious principles, are enabled to act their parts in life with honor and comfort, and to look forward beyond the grave with hopes full of immortality.

An objection to early marriage has been started which deserves notice. It is urged by some people that none ought to marry till they have a suitable provision for a family. What is meant by a suitable provision appears to be a *sufficiency* to enable them to live in a *certain rank* of life. When there is no such provision, marriage (say these advocates for delay) is wrong. But while this objection is urged, upon the ground of preventing a family being exposed to difficulty from a want of some of the luxuries of life, it is an objection which, if strictly attended to, would expel marriage entirely from the *lower classes* in society. If those only are to marry who can maintain their families in a certain degree of splendour, it is evident that many must never taste conjugal felicity: but it is a happiness to man, and an honor to God, that bliss is not confined to any rank of life. If we for a moment exclude from our sight the starving vagrants, we do not find any who may not be cheerful. Great is the difference in the tone of life adopted by the prince and the peasant—but I verily believe happiness with the latter is as exquisite as with the former: the prince can command the universe—but he has artificial wants which the stores of the universe cannot satisfy; the peasant has only his daily crust, but that supplies the wants of nature: the family of the one can roll in their carriages—but they are eat up with the disorders of luxury, or dwindled to dwarfs by debility; the family of the other toil for their bread—but they are healthy and vigorous. When we consider that happiness is not confined to

any particular rank, but that where *contentment* is there is *bliss*, I think this objection to early marriage is futile. Marriage, says the apostle, is honorable to all: no exception of rank is here made. It is better to marry than to burn: this is a remark addressed to all mankind. When young people, therefore, are attached, let them be united. *Cotton* has obviated this objection—take his advice:—

Our fortune is not large indeed,  
 But then, how little do we need—  
 For nature's calls are few.  
 In this the art of living lies—  
 To want no more than may suffice,  
 And make *that little* do!  
 We'll therefore relish with content  
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
 Nor aim beyond our pow'r:  
 For if our fortune be but small,  
 'Tis prudent to enjoy it all,  
 Nor lose the present hour.

But while so much has been said in support of early marriage, let no young people enter into this state without thoroughly understanding the nature of the institution. Not wishing needlessly to enlarge, I would refer the reader for an illustration of this part of the subject to an essay on marriage to be found in the second volume of the Visitor, in the year 1799; and I shall conclude with the pointed idea of Mr. Fellowes on this subject, inserted in his admirable work, a Picture of Christian Philosophy:—"Whenever matrimony is entered into without any religious considerations of the duties it enjoins, it is a sensual, profane, and unhallowed connection. Every marriage which is not contracted from a sense of mutual esteem, which is not sublimed by the endearments of sympathy, and hallowed by the spirit of piety—is vitally and essentially prostitution!"

Hackney, March 2, 1802.

J. FULLAGAR.

## *To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.*

Sir,

*The following Extract, taken from a judicious and pleasing SKETCH OF THE AMERICAN WAR by Hannah Adams, is deserving of attention—it alludes to the Defeat of the Americans by the British, August 27, 1776, on Long Island, and celebrates the Virtues of a CHARACTER who ought not to have been thus forgotten by his Country.*

*I am, Sir, yours, &c.*

Islington,  
April 12, 1802.

JOHN EVANS.

Thus, while fond virtue wished in vain to save,  
HALE, bright and generous, found a hapless grave;  
With genius' living flame his bosom glow'd,  
And science charm'd him to her sweet abode.  
In worth's fair path his feet adventur'd far,  
The pride of peace, the rising grace of war.  
In duty firm, in danger calm as even,  
To friends unchanging, and sincere to Heaven.  
How short his course, the prize how early won—  
While weeping friendship mourns her favourite  
gone.

DWIGHT.

**A**FTER this unfortunate engagement, Général Washington called a council of war, who determined upon an immediate retreat to New-York. The intention was prudently concealed from the army, who knew not whither they were going, but imagined it was to attack the enemy. The field artillery, tents, baggage, and about 9000 men, were conveyed to the city of New-York, over East-

river, more than a mile wide, in less than thirteen hours, and without the knowledge of the British, though not six hundred yards distant. Providence in a remarkable manner favored the retreating army. The wind, which seemed to prevent the troops getting over at the appointed hour, afterwards shifted to their wishes; towards morning an extreme thick fog came on, which hovered over Long-island, and, by concealing the Americans, enabled them to complete their retreat without interruption, though the day had begun to dawn some time before it was finished. In about half an hour after the island was finally abandoned, the fog cleared off, and the British were seen taking possession of the American lines.

Perhaps the fate of America was never suspended on a more brittle thread than previously to this memorable retreat. A spectacle is here presented of an army, destined for the defence of a great continent, driven to the narrow borders of an island, with a victorious army of double its number in front, with navigable waters in its rear; constantly liable to have its communication cut off by the enemy's navy, and every moment exposed to an attack. The presence of mind which animated the commander-in-chief in this critical situation, the prudence with which all the necessary measures were executed, redounded as much or more to his honor than the most brilliant victories. An army, to which America looked for safety, preserved—a general, who was considered as an host himself, saved for the future necessities of his country!—Had not, however, the circumstances of the night, of the wind and weather, been favorable, the plan, however well concerted, must have been defeated. To a good Providence, therefore, are the people of America indebted for the complete success of an enterprise so important in its consequences.



This retreat left the British in complete possession of Long-island. What could be their future operations remained uncertain. To obtain information of their situation, their strength, and future movements, was of high importance. For this purpose General Washington applied to Colonel Knowlton, who commanded a regiment of light infantry, which formed the van of the American army, and desired him to adopt some mode of gaining the necessary information. Col. Knowlton communicated this request to CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE, of Connecticut, who was then a captain in his regiment.

This young officer, animated by a sense of duty, and considering that an opportunity presented itself by which he might be useful to his country, at once offered himself a volunteer for this hazardous service. He passed in disguise to Long-island, examined every part of the British army, and obtained the best possible information respecting their situation and future operations.

In his attempt to return he was apprehended, carried before Sir William Howe, and the proof of his object was clear, that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his views.

Sir William Howe at once gave an order to the provost marshal to execute him the next morning.

This order was accordingly executed in a most unfeeling manner, and by as great a savage as ever disgraced humanity. A clergyman, whose attendance he desired, was refused him; a bible for a few moments devotion was not procured, although he requested it. Letters, which, on the morning of his execution, he wrote to his mother and other friends, were destroyed; and this very extraordinary reason given by the provost marshal, "that the rebels should not know they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness."

Unknown to all around him, without a single friend to offer him the least consolation, thus fell as amiable and as worthy a young man as America could boast, with this, as his dying observation—that “he only lamented that he had but one life to lose for his country.”

Although the manner of this execution will ever be abhorred by every friend to humanity and religion, yet there cannot be a question but that the sentence was conformable to the rules of war and the practice of nations in similar cases.

It is, however, a justice due to the character of CAPTAIN HALE to observe, that his motives for engaging in this service were entirely different from those which generally influence others in similar circumstances.

Neither expectation of promotion, nor pecuniary reward, induced him to this attempt. A sense of duty, a hope that he might in this way be useful to his country, and an opinion which he had adopted, that every kind of service necessary to the public good became honorable by being necessary—were the great motives which induced him to engage in an enterprize by which his connexions lost a most amiable friend, and his country one of its most promising supporters.

The fate of this most unfortunate young man excites the most interesting reflections.

To see such a character, in the flower of youth, cheerfully treading in the most hazardous paths, influenced by the purest intentions, and only emulous to do good to his country, without the imputation of a crime, fall a victim to policy, must have been wounding to the feelings even of his enemies.

Should a comparison be drawn between Major Andre and CAPTAIN HALE, injustice would be

done to the latter should he not be placed on an equal ground with the former. Whilst almost every historian of the American revolution has celebrated the virtues and lamented the fate of *Andre*, HALE has remained unnoticed, and it is scarcely known such a character existed!

To the memory of *Andre*, his country have erected the most magnificent monuments, and bestowed on his family the highest honors and most liberal rewards. To the memory of HALE, not a stone has been erected, nor an inscription to preserve his ashes from insult!!

---

### GENERAL O'HARA.

---

WE sincerely lament the death of that gallant veteran, General O'Hara, which happened on the 21st of February, at Gibraltar, after an illness of six months, during which he suffered the most excruciating tortures from his wounds breaking out afresh, and a dreadful stranguary which followed. The account was brought to the secretary of state's office by Captain Gaitskell, of the Cambrian Rangers, aid-du-camp to the general.

He has left by his will his brother, Mr. Bownas, his agent; Mr. Raleigh (his late secretary) and Captain Hope, his trustees: and vested in them his property in the funds, amounting to near 70,000*l.* in trust to pay annuities to two ladies, and two children whom he has left by each of them, with the benefit of survivorship, and inheritance of the whole to the longest liver of each family. To his trustees he has left a residuary property that will amount to about 700*l.* each, and which is all his brother takes by the will. To his black servant

Moyse, he has left his furniture, plate, linen, china, &c. and a legacy in money out of his floating cash, that will altogether amount to the value of 7000*l.* and upwards; his plate is particularly valuable, several articles of great price having been presented to him at different periods by public bodies, as tokens of their esteem—one piece particularly, presented by the merchants of Gibraltar, is valued at 1000*l.* sterling.

The general's death is much lamented at Gibraltar. Few men possessed the happy combination of rare talents the general did—he was a brave and enterprising soldier, a strict disciplinarian, and a polite and accomplished gentleman. At the garrison he kept up a degree of hospitality little known there till his taking the government; from 15 to 20 covers were laid daily, and the elegance of the entertainment could only be equalled by the cheerful attention of the hospitable entertainer.

Various are the reports as to the person who is to succeed to the government. Sir Thomas Trigge and General Fox are spoken of as having had the promise; others, again, say that one of the royal dukes had expressed a wish to take the government; but no successor will be appointed until the vacancy is officially made known to his Majesty.

By the death of General O'Hara there is also a vacancy in the 74th regiment, of which he was colonel.

---

## REMARKS ON THE CHARACTERS

OF THE

## COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

*From Swift's Works, just published.*

(The original Characters are printed in Roman, Swift's Remarks in Italics.)

(Continued from page 249.)

## EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

**T**HIS gentleman is endued with a great deal of learning, virtue (*no*), and good sense (*no*); very honest, and zealous for the liberty of the people.

## EARL OF STAMFORD.

Is one of the branches of the Greys, a noble family in England. He does not want sense; but, by reason of a defect in his speech, wants elocution; is a very honest man himself, but very suspicious of every body that is not of his party, for which he is very zealous; jealous of the power of the clergy, who, he is afraid, may some time or other influence our civil government. From a good estate he is become very poor, and much in debt; he is something above the middle stature, and turned of 50 years old. *He looked and talked like a very weak man; but it was said he spoke well in council.*

## EARL OF THANET.

He is a good country gentleman, a great assertor of the prerogatives of the monarchy and the church;

a thin, tall, black, red-faced man, turned of 60 years old. *Of great piety and charity.*

## EARL OF SANDWICH.

OF very ordinary parts ; married the witty Lord Rochester's daughter, who makes him very expensive ; a tall, thin, black man, about 35 years old. *As much a puppy as ever I saw, very ugly, and a fop.*

## EARL OF RANELAGH.

HE is a bold man, and very happy in jests and repartees ; and has often turned the humour of the House of Commons, when they have designed to have been very severe. He is very fat, black, and turned of 60 years old. *The vainest old fool I ever saw.*

## LORD LUCAS.

HE is every way a plain man, yet took a great deal of pains to seem knowing and wise ; every body pitied him, when the queen turned him out, for seeming good nature and real poverty ; he is very fat, very expensive, and very poor ; turned of 50 years old. *A good plain bumdrum.*

## EARL OF WINCHELSEA.

HE loves jests and puns (*I never observed it*), and that sort of low wit ; is of short stature, well shaped, with a very handsome countenance. *Being very poor, he complied too much with the party he hated.*

## LORD POFLET OF HINTON.

HE is certainly one of the hopefullest gentlemen in England ; is very learned, virtuous, and a man of honor, much esteemed in the country for his generous way of living with the gentry, and his cha-

city to the poorer sort. He makes but a mean figure in his person, is of a middle stature, fair complexion, not handsome, nor 30 years old. *This character is fair enough.*

#### LORD TOWNSHEND.

Is a gentleman of great learning, attended with a sweet disposition; a lover of the constitution of his country; is beloved by every body that knows him (*I except one*); and when once employed in the administration of public affairs, may show himself a great man. He is tall and handsome; about 30 years old,

#### LORD DARTMOUTH.

HE sets up for a critic in conversation, makes jests, and loves to laugh at them; takes a great deal of pains in his office, and is in a fair way of rising at court; is a short thick man, of a fair complexion, turned of 34 years old. *This is fair enough writ; but he has but little sincerity.*

#### LORD WHARTON.

ONE of the completest gentlemen in England; has a very clear understanding, and manly expression, with abundance of wit. He is brave in his person, much of a libertine, of a middle stature, fair complexion, and 50 years old. *The most universal villain I ever knew.*

#### LORD MAHON.

HE is brave in his person, bold in his expressions, and rectifies as fast as he can the slips of his youth by acts of honesty; which he now glories in more than he was formerly extravagant. *He was little better than a conceited talker in company.*

## EARL OF KENT.

Is the first branch of the ancient family of Grey. The present gentleman was much esteemed, when Lord Ruthen; was always very moderate, has good sense, and a good estate—which, with his quality, must make him always bear a considerable figure in the nation. He is a handsome man, not above 40 years old. *He seems a good natured man, but of very little consequence.*

## EARL OF LINDSAY.

A FINE gentleman—has both wit and learning. *I never observed a grain of either.*

## EARL OF ABINGDON.

A GENTLEMAN of fine parts, makes a good figure in the counties of Oxford and Buckingham, is very high for the monarchy and church, of a black complexion, past 40 years old. *Very covetous.*

## EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

HE is very subtle and cunning, never entered into the measures of King William; nor ever will, in any probability, make any great appearance in any other reign. He is above 60 years old. *If it be old Chesterfield, I have heard he was the greatest knave in England.*

## EARL OF BERKELEY.

A GENTLEMAN of learning, parts, and a lover of the constitution of his country; a short fat man, 50 years old. *Intolerably lazy and indolent, and somewhat covetous.*

## EARL OF FEVERSHAM.

A THIRD son of the family of Duras in France;



---

he came over with one of the Duke of York's family; is a middle-statured brown man, turned of 50 years old. *He was a very dull old fellow.*

EARL OF GRANTHAM.

HE was a very pretty gentleman, fair complexioned, and past 30 years old. *And good for nothing.*

LORD DE LA WARR.

A FREE jolly gentleman, turned of 40 years old. *Of very little sense; but formal, and well stocked with the low kind of the lowest politics.*

LORD LEXINGTON.

HE is of good understanding, and very capable to be in the ministry; a well-bred gentleman, and an agreeable companion; handsome, of a brown complexion; 40 years old. *A very moderate degree of understanding.*

LORD GREY OF WEREK.

A SWEET disposed gentleman. He joined King William at the revolution, and is a zealous assertor of the liberties of the people; a thin, brown, handsome man; middle stature, turned of 40 years old. *Had very little in him.*

LORD CHANDOS.

WAS warm against King William's reign, and does not make any great figure in this; but his son, Mr. Bridges,\* does, being a member of the House of Commons, one of the counsellors to the prince, and a very worthy gentleman. *But a great complier with every court.*

---

\* Afterward: Duke of Chandos.

---

**LORD GUILDFORD.**

- Is son to the Lord Keeper North, has been abroad, does not want sense nor application to business, and his genius leads him that way. He is fat, fair, of middle stature, and past 30 years old. *A mighty silly fellow.*

**LORD GRIFFIN.**

HAVING followed King James's fortunes, is now in France. He was always a great sportsman, and brave; a good companion, turned of 60 years old. *His son is a plain drunken fellow.*

**LORD CHOLMONDELEY.**

THIS lord is a great lover of country sports; is handsome in his person, and turned of 40 years old. *Good for nothing as far as I ever knew.*

**LORD BUTLER OF WESTON.**

EARL of Arran in Ireland, and brother to the Duke of Ormond; of very good sense, though seldom shows it. Of a fair complexion, middle stature, toward 40 years old. *This is right; but he is the most negligent of his own affairs.*

**MR. MANSEL.**

HE is a gentleman of a good deal of wit and good nature; a lover of the ladies, and a pleasant companion; is very thin, of a fair complexion, middle stature, and turned of 30 years old. *Of very good nature, but a very moderate capacity.*

---

## Epitome of Natural History.

## NO. XII.

## OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS GRANIVOROUS AND CARNIVOROUS.

*In a former number of the Monthly Magazine we have the following interesting observations on birds of the above description, which claim our notice, and very properly rank in this department of our miscellany.*

I HAVE read (says the writer) Dr. Lettsom's Observations on the Utility of Birds to the Farmer and Agriculturalist, and I am convinced, from my own observations, that in a general view they are perfectly correct, and that birds, collectively taken, do infinitely more service than harm.

Perhaps, however, an useful distinction might be made with respect to the species which ought principally to be encouraged and protected. In this view we may divide the feathered tribe into granivorous and carnivorous, or more properly, insectivorous; those which are wholly or chiefly granivorous certainly do much mischief, and ought rather to be discouraged; while to the others every possible protection ought to be extended. The crow (as Dr. Lettsom judiciously observes) is both granivorous and carnivorous; but as they are, the carrion crow in particular, rather more of the latter character, they are deserving of kindness and attention; the rook least of all, since it eats the most corn. The magpie, too, is almost entirely carnivorous, and is one of the most useful creatures that exist. I always think, when I hear of one of their nests being destroyed by unlucky boys, that society

had lost so many friends. They are indefatigable in their pursuit of insects, and indeed almost subsist on the larger and destructive kinds, as slugs, caterpillars, &c. Next to the magpie, the blackbird is, of all the inhabitants of the woods, the most serviceable to man: he not only enlivens us with his charming song, but clears our gardens and our fields of their worst enemies. There ought to be a penalty on taking the nest of either the blackbird or the thrush, which, as well as the blackbird, subsists during the spring almost wholly on insects. The robin-red-breast stands in the same predicament: such is his appetite for insects, that he regularly follows the spade of the delver, and that often at a small distance; and probably not less from his utility than his pleasing familiar habits, is such a favourite with the country people. Among the insects on which he preys are some of the most destructive that exist; the several kinds of earth-grubs, the *larvæ* of insects of the beetle kind, and the *julus*, or hundred legs, a most pernicious insect, which, whenever it prevails, produce a tumor on the roots of cabbages, broccoli, &c. and entirely spoils the growth of the plant. Another singular benefactor to man is the swallow. A single bird of this genus, it is calculated, will destroy nearly five thousand moths and butterflies in a week; and if we consider the countless number of caterpillars these would have produced, can we do otherwise than hail the approach of these active friends, these cheerful and pleasant "harbingers of spring?" The nightingale is also entirely an insectivorous bird, and therefore deserves our regard as well for its useful exertions as its delightful song.

On the other hand, the pigeon is almost entirely a granivorous bird, and is one of the most destructive that I know; it is even a mischievous animal, and will destroy the buds of flowers and plants, even

where it does not eat them. The partridge is also granivorous and very destructive, as well as the pheasant, which is, however, less so than the partridge, being in some measure carnivorous. Of the small birds, I have found the common house-sparrow most mischievous; it is ruinous to the peas and other plants reared for seed in the autumn season. Next to the sparrow in this destructive class I reckon the tom-tit; and perhaps most of the hard-billed birds subsist on grain and seeds.

Of our domestic poultry, the common fowls are both granivorous and carnivorous; but where they can find grain, they will seldom take the trouble of looking for insects. The turkey and the Guinea-fowl are much fonder of insects than common fowls. But there is no animal so useful for destroying insects as the common duck. I am indeed satisfied that a farmer would find his account by keeping large flocks of them, and driving them into his corn fields when the corn is young, and more particularly among the turnips, which I am convinced are destroyed by the slug, and not by a fly, according to the vulgar notion.

Dr. Lettsom is certainly right, that frost is not such a destroyer of insects as is commonly supposed. My little garden is greatly infested with slugs; and as I am fond of cultivating curious and beautiful herbaceous plants, I have suffered very severely by them. This, however, I can affirm, that I have found them much more numerous after very severe seasons than I did last year, which was so remarkably mild. I, however, employed last winter two excellent gardeners of the duck species, and to their indefatigable exertions I might be chiefly indebted for this circumstance.

## THE MAMMOTH.

*Extracted from a Letter from Philadelphia,  
Jan. 3, 1802.*

AS a piece of information, I enclose you an advertisement from Mr. Peale, relative to the mammoth—it is certainly one of the most extraordinary productions of nature; and a circumstance which appears to me not less extraordinary than its existence is, that every trace (except the few discovered bones) of so enormous an animal should be totally extinct.—The skeleton is rather more than *eleven* feet in height, so that when covered with flesh, we may imagine it could not be less than 12 feet. The tusks are *eleven* feet long, one of which Mr. Peale has in his possession, and from which he has formed the models attached to the skeleton. Mr. Peale has another skeleton nearly, if not quite as large as this, which he proposes to send to England in the spring. Some few of the bones which were missing he has carved in wood, but as what was deficient in the one existed for the most part in the other, he has formed a very accurate skeleton. I think when the philosophers of Europe see this stupendous frame, they will not consider nature here as on a small scale.

Yours, &c.

J. R. C.



*Taken from a Paper published at Philadelphia,  
Dec. 23, 1801.*

NINETY years have elapsed since the first remains of the mammoth were found in this country,

Vol. 16. No. 64. H H

they were then thought to be the remains of a giant. Numerous have been the attempts by scientific characters of all nations to procure a satisfactory collection of bones: at length the subscriber has accomplished this great object, and now announces to the public that he is in possession of a complete skeleton of this antique wonder of North America; after a long, laborious, and uncertain enterprize, they were dug up in Orange and Ulster counties (state of New York), where they must have lain *certainly* many hundred years. No other vestige remains of these animals—nothing but a confused tradition among the natives of our country, which states their existence ten thousand moons ago; but whatever might have been the appearance of this ENORMOUS QUADRUPED when clothed with flesh, his massy bones can alone lead us to imagine, already convinced that he was the largest of terrestrial beings.

C. W. PEASE.

### WHITWORTH DOCTORS.

**L**ATELY died at Whitworth, in Lancashire, Mr. Taylor, commonly known by the name of the *Whitworth Doctor*, and whose fame was so great as to procure him the honor of attending the brother of Lord Thurlow. The history of this man and his brother (who was his partner) is singularly curious.

By profession they were farriers, and to the last, if both a two-legged and a four-legged patient were presented at the same time, the doctor always preferred the four-legged one. Whether singularity of manners, or success in curing, gave them

*ecclat*, the practice of the two brothers was immense, as may be well imagined from the orders they gave the druggists; they dealt principally with the late Ewbank and Wallis, of York; and a ton of Glauber's salt, with other articles in proportion, was their usual order.

On a Sunday morning the doctors used to bleed gratis. The patients were seated (often to the number of an hundred) on benches round a room, where troughs were placed to receive the blood; one of the doctors then went and tied up the arm of each patient, and was immediately followed by the other, who opened the vein.—Such a scene is easier conceived than described.

From their medical practice, the nice formality of scales and weights was banished—all was *rule of thumb*. An example of their practice may elucidate their claim to celebrity:—Being sent for to a patient who was in the last stage of a consumption, the learned doctor prescribed a *leg of mutton* to be boiled *secundum artem*. ~~into a~~ very strong broth, a quart of which was to be taken at proper intervals. What might have been its success is not for us to say, as the patient died before the first dose was got down.

As *bone-setters* they were remarkably skilful, and perhaps to their *real merit* in this, and the cheapness of their medicines, they were indebted for their great local fame.

---



*For the Monthly Visitor.*

## THOUGHTS ON AMBITION.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

**A**MBITION has undoubtedly been grafted in our nature for the best purposes by the Almighty, but like other passions becomes prejudicial when suffered to obtain too great an ascendancy; resembling the camelion, that receives its colour from the objects around, as ambition acquires either a good or bad texture from the contour of the mind in which it is implanted. History furnishes innumerable proofs of ambition's fatal effects.

This passion occasioned Cæsar to attempt enslaving his country, for which he paid the forfeit of life.

How many fell victims to the insatiable ambition of Alexander the Great, who, solely intent on conquest, regarded not the many sacrificed in the field of battle to his love of acquiring dominion.

The Roman Marius and Charles XII. of Sweden might be also mentioned.

The English history likewise evinces how often an ambitious and restless spirit has contributed to render miserable the possessors. Wolsey, Cromwell, and a long train of *et ceteras* could be quoted to prove the veracity of this assertion.

Few are they in human life not ambitious of arriving at excellence in some department: some wish to shine in the senate, others in the field. Each has his peculiar pursuit, against the attainment of which, when the desire is excessive, vainly does prudence admonish or conscience endeavour to re-

strain, every thing becomes sacrificed for the acquirement of our wish.

This is the time when ambition proves dangerous. But, on the contrary, it may be averred, that, devoid of this passion, many noble characters would have remained in oblivion, who, by the exertion of their abilities, have proved the lustre of society, and whose names have descended to posterity with honor. The truth of this assertion is obviously evident; and wretched must that mind be which, without a stimulus to exertion, suffers those abilities given him by his Creator to remain dormant.

Innumerable might be the personages deduced from history to evince this. Of ambition's astonishing effects, however, there are two instances in the present time, without referring to the heroes of ancient days—those alluded to are Bonaparte and Toussaint l'Overture. The former raised himself from a private station to become chief consul of France: and although his conduct, in thus usurping a power more extensive than that of monarchy, is perhaps censurable, yet it certainly evinces the difficulties which an enterprising mind can overcome.

In Toussaint there is a still more striking instance. Ambition made him break through the links of slavery; and although Europeans proudly boast their superiority over the black creation, yet, perhaps, there is not a more remarkable character than his in all the annals of the historic page. Unhappily, however, few in human life are able to restrain this passion within due bounds, for when once suffered to obtain an ascendancy, it soon becomes a troublesome inmate, and where at first it was merely an incentive to emulate noble actions, in process of time it so absorbs all the inestimable qualities of the heart, that every virtue is finally subservient to its sway.

An ambitious desire of glory and fame may perhaps be excused—but that of wealth is indeed despicable. A love of *lucra's* fatal effects on many renowned characters, who have consented to batter their reputation and opinion for golden ore, must ever be regretted.

A wish to shine in the paths of literature is undoubtedly the most commendable; and even there, under proper restrictions, it often occasions envy of superior or more successful competitors.

But previous to hastily condemning this passion, it must be considered what mankind would prove devoid of it. Undoubtedly it is necessary to our existence, for had not man some object to engage his attention, he would remain dejected and unhappy, regardless of all around, life would be a mere blank, and he might then “drop into the grave unpitied and unknown!” Nor can this be deemed desirable—for surely it is a more pleasing thought to imagine that when death separates us from this mortal coil, we shall not remain unlamented, than that oblivion's dark wings will soon obscure all knowledge of our actions or even existence.

Ambition therefore is a laudable passion under proper restrictions; but in a bad mind soon becomes an evil productive of the most fatal consequences, like a beautiful flower surrounded by weeds, which soon is debilitated unless transplanted to a more congenial or cultivated soil, where it might throw forth its fragrance, and bloom for a while; so ambition, in a well formed mind, often times proves a virtue—but, in an ill disposed heart, abounding with malevolent passions, it is too frequently a vice.

*Russel Place.*

A MEDITATOR.

## To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

Sir,

I have taken the liberty of troubling you with the following account of a great literary Curiosity, which it is probable is but little known, and consequently may be gratifying to the readers of your interesting miscellany.

I am, Sir, your well-wisher,

Bath,

W. B.

April 2, 1802.

THE work I allude to is an admirable monument of industry, skill, and execution; and still more worthy of notice on account of the period that produced it, and the respect paid thereby to the subject on which it is employed; it is a copy of the *Book of common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, &c. &c. &c.*—engraven and printed (by permission of John Baskett, king's printer) by John Sturt, Golden Lion court, Aldersgate-street, London, in the year 1717.

This book, which is a large octavo, the page measuring seven inches and a half by four, is executed upon 188 plates, 18 of which are occupied with the title-page, dedication, calendar (remarkably neat and distinct), the usual prefaces, tables, &c. and 4 others are taken up with the subscribers' names, which amount to two hundred and eighty-six. The liturgy, which is complete (having all the offices), with the psalter, and the articles of religion, of course, occupy 166 pages, or plates.

Each of these 188 pages is inclosed with a rich and beautiful border. The beginning of every prayer, collect, creed, hymn, psalm, &c. is ornamented with a *fac*; and each of the offices (the

collects, &c. for the different days) is further adorned with a vignette. Of these vignettes there are one hundred and forty.

On the reverse page of the title there is a profile of George I. the extreme length of which measures three inches; the greatest breadth above the neck, one inch and a half, and the greatest below, two inches. Within the lines of this figure (the effigies) are distinctly written the Lord's prayer, the apostles' creed, the ten commandments, the prayers for the king and the royal family, and the 21st psalm—"The king shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord, &c."

The third page exhibits a medallion print of George Augustus, Prince of Wales, and his consort, Wilhelmina Carolina, Princess of Wales, with a motto—"Flammæ felices quas mutuas excitat ardor." The work is dedicated to their Royal Highnesses, in the following words:—

"May it please your Royal Highnesses,

"The eminence of your rank, your exemplary piety, and shining virtues, embolden the author of this undertaking humbly to lay it at your Royal Highnesses' feet for patronage and protection—well knowing, that placed within the sanctuary of your approbation, it will be sufficiently guarded against any cavils and censures it may meet with.

"May it please your Royal Highnesses to honor this work with your favorable acceptance, which will most abundantly recompence the time, the pains, and the art employed in adorning the liturgy of the church of England—which teaches us to join our most fervent prayers to our most reasonable hopes, that from your Royal Highnesses may be continued an uninterrupted succession of mighty kings, to be its nursing fathers, and illustrious queens, its nursing mothers.

“ May your Royal Highnesses long continue a blessing and ornament to this Church, and may *that* for ever flourish under the mighty protection of your most illustrious posterity. These must be the prayers of all that are dutiful sons and hearty lovers of this Church—but can be offered up by none of them with more zeal than by your Royal Highnesses most humble and most obedient servant,

“ JOHN STURT.”

The medallion above mentioned is executed in a masterly manner. The heads of James I. Charles I. Charles II. George I. and Elizabeth, (which are placed at the beginning of the offices for the 5th of November, 30th of January, 29th of May, and 1st of August; and of the articles of religion) are in that rich style of engraving which makes the prints of that day so greatly admired. In the vignette borders throughout the work, there is an amazing variety of devices introduced, far too numerous for me to particularise.

In addition to the immense labour and care of the engraver and printer, all the pages are ruled with a fine bright coloured red ink round the pages (both within and without the vignette border), as well as between the columns (the pages are in two columns, except those of the psalter, which are in three), and also across the column, at all the rubrics, prayers, collects, &c.

The uniformity of the characters was certainly never excelled: the *Roman* letters, both capitals and small, are most beautifully proportioned; and the red lines give to the whole the appearance of an illuminated copy. The ornaments have most probably been the work of one artist; and it would be very gratifying to know whether the text has been the work of another, or if more artists

have been employed in it. The uniformity above mentioned would incline any person to suppose the former, or at least that the *Italic* characters (or what engravers, I believe, call *stamp-hand*) have been all traced by the same finger. If so, we may pronounce on his achievement, "*Hic labor; hoc opus fuit*;"—and we might have been allowed, without vanity, to exclaim, "*Exegi monumentum*!"

## DESCRIPTION

OF THE

## PEAK IN DERBYSHIRE.

From Moritz's Travels in several Parts of England.

**H**AVING arrived in Derbyshire, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles from London, the author thus describes the town of Castleton, in which the Peak is situated:—

I ascended one of the highest hills, and all at once perceived a beautiful vale below me, which was traversed by rivers and brooks, and inclosed on all sides by hills. In this vale lay Castleton, a small town, with low houses; which takes its name from an old castle, whose ruins are still to be seen here.

A narrow path, which wound itself down the side of the rock, led me through the vale into the street of Castleton, where I soon found an inn, and also soon dined. After dinner, I made the best of my way to the cavern.

A little rivulet, which runs through the middle of the town, led me to its entrance.

I stood here a few moments, full of wonder and astonishment at the amazing height of the steep rock before me, covered on each side with ivy and

other shrubs. At its summit are the decayed walls and towers of an ancient castle which formerly stood on this rock; and at its foot the monstrous aperture, or mouth, to the entrance of the cavern, where it is pitch dark when one looks down, even at mid-day.

As I was standing here full of admiration, I perceived at the entrance of the cavern, a man of a rude and rough appearance, who asked me if I wished to see the Peak—and an echo strongly reverberated his coarse voice.

Answering as I did in the affirmative, he next further asked me if I should want to be carried to the other side of the stream, telling me at the same time what the sum would be which I must pay for it.

This man had, along with his black stringy hair and his dirty and tattered cloaths, such a singularly wild and infernal look, that he actually struck me as a real Charon; his voice and the questions he asked me were not of a kind to remove this notion; so that far from its requiring any effort of imagination, I found it not easy to avoid believing, that at length I had actually reached Avernus, was about to cross Acheron, and be ferried by Charon!

I had no sooner agreed to his demand, than he told me, all I had to do was boldly to follow him—and thus we entered the cavern.

To the left in the entrance of the cavern, lay the trunk of a tree that had been cut down, on which several of the boys of the town were playing.

Our way seemed to be altogether on a descent, though not steep; so that the light, which came in at the mouth of the cavern near the entrance, gradually forsook us; and when we had gone forward a few steps farther I was astonished by a sight, which of all others, I here the least expected:



I perceived to the right, in the hollow of the cavern, a whole subterranean village, where the inhabitants, on account of its being Sunday, were resting from their work, and with happy and cheerful looks were sitting at the doors of their huts along with their children.

We had scarcely passed these small subterranean houses when I perceived a number of large wheels, on which on week days these human moles, the inhabitants of the cavern, make ropes.

I fancied I here saw the wheel of Ixion, and the incessant labour of the Danaides.

The opening through which the light came seemed, as we descended, every moment to become less and less, and the darkness at every step to increase, till at length only a few rays appeared, as if darting through a crevice, and just tinging the small clouds of smoke which at dusk raised themselves to the mouth of the cavern.

This gradual growth or increase of darkness awakens in a contemplative mind a soft melancholy. As you go down the gentle descent of the cavern, you can hardly help fancying the moment is come when, without pain or grief, the thread of life is about to be snapped, and that you are now going thus quietly to that land of peace, where trouble is no more!

At length the great cavern in the rock closed itself, in the same manner as heaven and earth seem to join each other, when we came to a little door, where an old woman came out of one of the huts, and brought two candles, of which we each took one.

My guide now opened the door, which completely shut out the faint glimmering of light, which till then it was still possible to perceive, and led us to the inmost centre of this dreary temple of old chaos and night, as if till now we had only

been traversing the outer courts. The rock was here so low that we were obliged to stoop very much for some few steps, in order to get through; but how great was my astonishment, when we had passed this narrow passage and again stood upright; at once to perceive, as well as the feeble light of the candles would permit, the amazing length, breadth, and height of the cavern, compared to which, the monstrous opening through which we had already passed was nothing.

After we had wandered here more than an hour, as beneath a dark and dusky sky, on a level sandy soil, the rock gradually lowered itself, and we suddenly found ourselves on the edge of a broad river, which, from the glimmering of our candles amid the total darkness, suggested sundry interesting reflections. To the side of this river a small boat was moored, with some straw in its bottom. Into this boat my guide desired me to step; and lay myself down in it quite flat, because, as he said, towards the middle of the river the rock would almost touch the water.

When I had laid myself down, as directed, he himself jumped into the water, and drew the boat after him.

All around us was one still, solemn, and deadly silence, and as the boat advanced the rock seemed to stoop, and come nearer and nearer to us, till at length it nearly touched my face, and as I lay I could hardly hold the candle upright. I seemed to myself to be in a coffin rather than in a boat, as I had no room to stir hand or foot till we had passed this frightful strait and the rock rose again on the other side—where my guide once more handed me ashore.

The cavern was now become all at once broad and high, and then suddenly it was again low and narrow.

I observed on both sides, as we passed along, a prodigious number of great and small petrified plants and animals, which however we could not examine unless we had been disposed to spend some days in the cavern.

And thus we arrived at the opposite side, at the second river or stream, which however was not so broad as the first, as one may see across it to the other side; across this stream my guide carried me on his shoulders, because there was here no boat to carry us over:

From thence we only went a few steps farther, when we came to a very small piece of water, which extended itself lengthways, and led us to the end of the cavern.

The path along the edge of this water was wet and slippery, and sometimes so very narrow that one can hardly set one foot before the other.

Notwithstanding, I wandered with pleasure on this subterranean shore, and was regaling myself with the interesting contemplation of all these various wonderful objects, in this land of darkness and shadow of death—when all at once something like music at a distance sounded in mine ears.

I instantly stopped, full of astonishment, and eagerly asked my guide what this might mean. He answered, only have patience, and you shall soon see.

But as we advanced, the sounds of harmony seemed to die away, the noise became weaker and weaker, and at length it seemed to sink into a gentle hissing or hum, like distant drops of falling rain.

And how great was my astonishment when ere long I actually saw and felt a violent shower of rain falling from the rock as from a thick cloud, whose drops, which now fell on our candles, had

caused that same melancholy sound which I had heard at a distance.

This was what was here called a *mixxing rain*, which fell from the ceiling or roof of the cavern through the veins of the rock.

We did not dare to approach too near with our candles, as they might easily have been extinguished by the falling drops, and so we perhaps have been forced to seek our way back in vain.

We continued our march therefore along the side of the water, and often saw on the sides large apertures in the rock, which seemed to be new or subordinate caverns, all which we passed without looking into. At length my guide prepared me for one of the finest sights we had yet seen, which we should now soon behold.

And we had hardly gone on a few paces when we entered what might easily be taken for a majestic temple, with lofty arches, supported by beautiful pillars, formed by the plastic hand of some ingenious artist.

This subterranean temple, in the structure of which no human hand had borne a part, appeared to me at that moment to surpass all the most stupendous buildings in the world in point of regularity, magnificence and beauty.

Full of admiration and reverence, here, even in the inmost recesses of nature, I saw the majesty of the Creator displayed; and before I quitted this temple, here, in this solemn silence and holy gloom, I thought it would be a becoming act of true religion to adore, as I cordially did, the God of nature!

*An Account of the Arrest of the celebrated German  
Writer, KOTZEBUE, by the late Emperor  
Paul, and of his Exile into Siberia.*

FROM KOTZEBUE'S LIFE, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN April, 1800, Mr. Von Kotzebue set out for Russia, accompanied by his wife, who was a native of that country, on a visit to her relatives and friends; but at Polangen he was arrested—his trunks sealed—and his papers forwarded to government. To satisfy the public that they contained no sufficient reason for his arrest, the writer gives a minute detail of their contents, being letters, medical receipts, dramatic sketches, and private memorandums. On one of the articles are the following remarks:—“*A Weimar Almanack interleaved.* I had imitated the idea of Franklin's, which, if I am not mistaken, had been published in the Berlin Journal. This great man had scrupulously examined and made a kind of table of all his failings, with a firm resolution by degrees to amend them; devoting every evening to this plan of self-examination, he became wiser and better, till at length he acquired an entire controul over his passions. At whatever distance I remained from my model, I had at least endeavoured to execute his wise and good intentions, and I can declare with truth that the expedient was attended with considerable success; I can even recommend this method from my own experience to every man who has his moral improvement at heart. He will insensibly feel a kind of terror on examining his almanack; he will dread to find the leaves too full of self-reproaches, and reason, very often, will check the passions ready to triumph in the mastery over him, on the recollection

that at night it will be necessary to put down the particulars faithfully on the paper."

Upon arriving at Mittau, Mr. Von Kotzebue was introduced to the governor, with whose person he had some previous acquaintance, and whose character he much respected; and assured him he thought himself very fortunate in being able to assert his innocence before him, requesting him, at the same time, to proceed with the examination of his papers with as much expedition as possible.—

"That examination," he replied, "does not concern me; I have orders merely to forward them to Petersburg, and you are to accompany them without delay." At first I was distressed at this answer, but soon recovering myself, I observed, that having never lived separately from my wife, I hoped she would be allowed to go with me. At first I thought he would have acquiesced in my desire, but upon some remark made to him by a secretary, he gave me a positive denial. I then told him I could not answer that my wife would not come and solicit his consent herself upon her knees. "Spare me such a scene," replied he; "I am likewise a husband and a father—I feel all the distress of your situation, but I am not able to remedy it: I must execute my orders in the most exact manner. Set off for Petersburg, justify your conduct there, and in a fortnight you may embrace your family again. Your wife shall remain here; make yourself easy, every thing shall be done for her that humanity and my own good wishes can suggest."

On saying this he conducted me to his chamber, and left me for a moment, to give orders which unfortunately concerned me too fatally. There was a young lady of a sweet and interesting countenance in the room, who appeared to be the governor's daughter—she was employed at her needle. On Jus

my entrance she saluted me kindly, did not speak, but sometimes raised her eyes from her work, and fixed them upon me. I thought I could perceive more compassion than curiosity in these soft looks, and I frequently heard a sigh escape her. It will easily be conceived, that the interest she took in my situation did not contribute to alter my apprehensions. The governor soon returned. "Things are no longer in Russia as they used to be," said he; "justice is now administered in the most scrupulous manner."

"I have great reason then to be easy," replied I. He expressed much surprise that I had voluntarily returned, and above all, that I had brought my family with me. Indeed a man who travels with bad designs does not take with him his wife, three children, an elderly governess, and two servants: I, therefore, who did so, must have been conscious of my own innocence, and easy in the confidence I reposed in the safe conduct granted by his majesty.

A person in the uniform of the civil administration of Petersburg, was now introduced.—"Here," said the governor, "is the Aulic counsellor, Schtschekatichin, who will accompany you on your journey; make yourself perfectly easy, Sir, you are in good hands."—This, however, did not turn out a true prediction. The time now came, however, for Mr. Von Kotzebue and his lady to be separated, which scene we shall give in his own words:—

"At length, towards the hour of seven, every thing being ready, I bade adieu to my afflicted family. How did my heart beat at this cruel moment! my hands trembled, my knees tottered, my eye-sight failed me—even at the present day I cannot recollect this separation without painful

"The reader will allow me to pause in this painful narrative. Neither my wife nor myself could weep—the source of our tears was dried up, and our hearts were wrung with inexpressible anguish. I kissed my children, I blessed them; their mother threw her arms about my neck, and fainted as she received my embrace.

"The secretary, who had hitherto appeared unconcerned, and had had recourse to common-place motives of consolation, could no longer refrain from shedding tears. Ah! if the kind hearted emperor (for such I know him to be) had been present, with what promptitude would he have put an end to this scene of affliction.

"My wife, who could no longer return my caresses, continued to moan in a low and inarticulate voice; her eyes were closed; I imprinted a kiss on her lips, as if it were the last, and immediately tore myself away. My servants led me to the carriage and took leave of me, deeply afflicted. A crowd of spectators assembled under the gate-way had been dispersed, and the carriage was drawn up there to avoid notice. I mounted with trembling steps, and was instantly driven away."

Our author was now travelling, as he supposed, for Petersburg; but soon after they passed through Riga he discovered that the route was changed, and that they were going to Tobolsk, in Siberia. Now driven almost to desperation, he began to think of attempting an escape. An opportunity speedily offered, and for some days was concealed in the woods, but hunger and fatigue soon compelled him to surrender, and he renewed his journey. Arrived at Tobolsk, he was received with much respect and tenderness, and hoped here at least to rest in peace. But his cup of affliction was not yet full! He was obliged to proceed to Kurgan, on the road to which Mr. Von Kotzebue noticed a very curious



article in natural history. "At a few paces from Tuimca, I observed, in a marshy forest, a phenomenon in botany, which I have mentioned since my return to several learned naturalists, none of whom had ever heard of it before.

"On a spot about six hundred paces over, appeared an innumerable quantity of red flowers, and on the top of each there seemed to lie a large flake of snow. Their appearance struck me, and, alighting from the carriage, I gathered several of the flowers, which I shall now endeavour to describe. On a stalk of about five inches in height, (the leaves of which, as well as I can remember, resemble those of the lily of the valley,) hung a kind of purse, not unlike a work-bag, about an inch and an half square, with tendrils dangling from the upper end, as it were for the purpose of tying it up. This bag, which both within and without was of fine deep purple colour, was furnished with a leaf in the form of a heart, proportioned to the other parts of the flower, the top of which was as white as snow, and the bottom of the same colour as the bag. This leaf opened and shut with ease, and served in some sort as a lid. I am unable to express how beautiful this flower (which I must observe had no smell) appeared to the eye. I fear I have not been able to describe it with any degree of preciseness, being but a novice in the science of botany. I can, however, positively assert, that it would prove a very beautiful ornament to any garden. The great quantity of them which I saw, induced me to believe it was a common flower in Siberia, and I therefore neglected to take any of them with me. I have regretted this a thousand times since; for I looked in vain for the flower on my return, and I could find no one that was acquainted with it."

At Kurgan he was committed to the care, and recommended to the kindness of the first magistrate, who treated him with much kindness, and afforded him every practicable alleviation of his situation. He found a companion in misery in a Polish gentleman of the name of Sokoloff; and he sometimes went out in company with him a shooting. He had contrived to forward a memorial to the emperor, but had no expectation that, if at all, he could receive any farther intelligence of his fate before the end of August.

“It was now the seventh of July: the morning was fine, and I was engaged, as usual, in drawing up the story of my misfortunes, when, at about ten o'clock, M. de Gravi came in, and after a few words of ordinary chat, took up a pack of cards, as he most commonly did, to play at the game of *grande patience*, which he often carried so far as to put my patience to a severe trial. I was sometimes whole hours a witness to his pastime, for the good man could not conceive it possible that any one's time at Kurgan was valuable, and particularly an exile's. He continued to play till eleven o'clock; during this time I walked up and down the room in ill-humoured silence, without taking any notice of the game, except once, when he asked me with what view he should turn up the cards: ‘Consult the oracle,’ said I peevishly, ‘whether I am to see my family shortly.’ The deal proved fortunate, and he was highly delighted that they were soon to be with me. At length he recollected he had business to dispatch, and took his leave.

“I continued my task. In the middle of a period my servant interrupted me by saying, ‘Well, Sir, we have some more news.’

“I paid little attention to him, concluding he was going to entertain me with some new love affair (for he had twenty, and some of no common

~~sort, since he had resided here), and without taking~~  
my pen from the paper, I turned myself half round to ask him what the news was.

'This moment a dragoon is arrived to take you away,' said he. Struck with terror, I started from my chair, and looked him full in the face, without being able to utter a single word. 'Yes, yes,' continued he, 'we shall perhaps set off this very day for Tobolsk.'

'How!' was all I was able to say.

'Instead of answering me, he brought a man to me who had seen the dragoon, had heard him speak of his commission, had accompanied him to M. de Gravi's and from thence had run to my lodgings to be the first bearer of the news—but who was totally ignorant of the dispatches that were brought.'

'What had I to expect?—My liberty? Alas, no! for in such case why was I to be taken back to Tobolsk? The nearest road lay through Ekatarinabourgh, and why make a circuitous journey of five hundred verstes? Besides, the answer to my memorial could not arrive for a considerable time to come. I had therefore nothing better before me than the horrid prospect of being transported from Tobolsk further up the country, perhaps to Kamtschatka. I remained a considerable time in great perturbation of mind, till, rousing myself from a painful train of thought, I took the quire of paper on which I had been writing, together with all the bank notes I had left, and concealed the whole under my waistcoat. I waited for more than ten minutes in the most painful state of suspense for the arrival of my sentence.'

'These ten minutes are to be numbered among the most dreadful of my life. At last I perceived from my window M. de Gravi, accompanied by a crowd of people, turning the corner of the street, and in the midst of them I discerned a dragoon,

with a plume that covered his hat: they were too far for me to observe the expression of their countenances; and I remained more dead than alive, waiting to know my fate.

"I walked with trembling steps about the room; and again drawing near the window, I could distinguish the features of M. de Gravi, which seemed to be very composed. A ray of hope now gleamed upon me, yet heaviness still pressed upon my heart.

"The people were now in the yard. M. de Gravi looked up at my window, perceiving me there, and saluted me in a gay and friendly manner.

"I felt my heart grow lighter—I attempted to go out to meet him, but was unable; I remained quite motionless, and fixed my eyes upon the door of my chamber—it opened—I endeavoured to speak, but continued speechless.

"*Prosdawłaja, wui wobodni*—"I congratulate you—you are free!" As he uttered these words, the good De Gravi threw himself into my arms, and shed tears of joy. I saw nothing, heard nothing, felt only the tears of De Gravi wet my cheek, while my own eyes remained dry. The cry of *prosdawłaja* was repeated by all around me—every one strove to be first to embrace me, and my servant too pressed me to his heart. I permitted all these proceedings, still looking at them with silent stupor—I could neither thank them nor utter a word."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### FREDERICK II. KING OF PRUSSIA.

**I**T is well known that this prince incurred the displeasure of his father, a harsh and barbarous soldier, governing a rude people, destined to be polished and aggrandized by his successor, and that this displeasure was chiefly incurred by the prince's honorable addresses to a young lady of the court, whom the tyrant caused to be whipped under the window of the royal lover, after which the prince resolved never to cohabit with the princess who was destined to supplant the unhappy mistress of his genuine affection.

This brutal insult offered by the king to the lady, to the prince his son, and to humanity, was committed by the instigation of a general officer in the king's service, whose name it may be better, on account of his respectable family, to conceal from the eyes of the public.

When, after the release of the Prince of Prussia from his confinement (where he laid the foundation of his future greatness, by learning wisdom in the school of adversity), the king became sick of that malady which carried him to his grave, he sent for the prince his son to his bed-chamber, where, upon his arrival, he walked up to the royal presence with the erect and stately step of a right hand man of a batallion, and at a considerable distance from the king he halted in the same soldierly manner. The king said, "Advance, my son." The prince advanced. The king said, "Come nearer, Sir." The prince came nearer. "Kiss me, Sir," said the king, "as a son ought to salute his father." The prince kneeled, and saluted his father.

"I have been thought harsh to you, Sir; and some of my worthy veteran officers have incurred your resentment, as advising my paternal discipline too strictly. I am now about to die—swear to me by God that you will forgive all those who were the causes of your discontent."—"I will forgive them all but *one*, Sir," said the prince—kneeled, and saluted his father, bowed three times, turned to the right about, and marched out *a la militaire* as he entered. The king died two days after.

Some time after the accession of the prince to the throne, he caused an intimation to be given of a general levee to his court and officers of the army, to which he sent a particular invitation to the culprit general who had advised his father to destroy his mistress.

The general attended, and after the levee, when he saw the general retiring, he ordered him to be informed that the king forbade him to retire till he had seen him, after the court was finished. When all were gone, the king said to the general, "Follow me, Sir!" The general, trembling, obeyed; and as he passed, he locked the door of communication with the antichamber; and so passing slowly through the various apartments, he clicked the doors with his *pass key* behind him; when at last, on opening the door of the great guard room, on the other approach to the royal apartments, the unhappy general beheld the room hung round with black, and containing all the fatal apparatus of death by the hand of an executioner, who, with his axe in his hand, at the block, and two clergymen standing by, were ready to perform the sentence of the law, which, awarded by a court-martial, was put into the hand of the general by the judge-advocate. After a long pause, while the cold sweat stood on the brow of the unfortunate man, the king said, "Sir, you cannot but confess that punish-

ment, though slowly, has come at last to reward your perfidy and your cruelty ! But I will not be the means of hurrying you to your exit, without giving you leisure to write your last will, and to see your family." Having said this, a long and dreadful pause ensued, suited to the king's purpose—he said to the general, "Follow me," and went into an adjoining closet. He then looked with a mild but steady countenance on the general, and said—"General, it is now all over ! You have received your punishment, which must shew you experimentally that the cruelty you advised my father to perpetrate, was worse than a thousand murders, as murdering the finest feelings of humanity. I forgive you. There is your gold key again—there is your regiment, and your place upon the staff.—Learn to be humane, to forgive, and to have no occasion for forgiveness. There is a pair of colours for your eldest son. Come to the *Caffè* to-night and thank me. Adieu."

---

#### BON MOT OF CHARLES I.

---

**K**ING Charles I. of England, being with some of his court, during his troubles, and a discourse arising, what sort of dogs deserve pre-eminence, it was on all hands agreed to belong either to the *spaniel* or the *greyhound*. The king gave his opinion on the part of the latter—"Because," said he, "the *greyhound* has all the *good-nature* of the other, without the *fawning* !" A fine piece of satire upon his courtiers.

---

## ANECDOTE OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

**T**HE memory of Queen Caroline is revered for the excellence of her domestic character. As a mother she shone in a conspicuous manner, by the attention which she paid to cultivating the dispositions of her children. Of her majesty's superior talent for that tender office, of her adroitness in seizing the happy moment to instil virtuous principles, the following anecdote records an instance, which ought never to be forgotten :—

The princess royal was accustomed at going to rest to employ one of the ladies of the court in reading aloud to her till she should drop asleep. It happened one evening that the lady who was appointed to perform this office, being indisposed, could not, without great inconvenience, endure the fatigue of standing; yet the princess was inattentive to her situation, and suffered her to continue reading till she fell down in a swoon.

The queen was informed of this the next morning. Her majesty said nothing upon the subject, but at night, when she was in bed, sent for the princess, and saying that she wished to be lulled to rest, commanded her royal highness to read aloud. After some time, the princess began to be tired of standing, and paused, in hope of receiving an order to seat herself.—“Proceed,” said her Majesty. In a short time a second stop seemed to plead for rest. “Read on,” said the queen. Again the princess stopped—again she received an order to proceed; till at last, faint and breathless, she was forced to complain. Then did this excellent parent exhort her daughter to forbear indulging herself in ease, while she suffered her attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue.—An illustrious example to mothers how to create and improve occasions for forming the dispositions of their children.



REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEMORY.

---

**H**ORTENSIUS, one of the most celebrated orators of ancient Rome, had so happy a memory, that after studying a discourse, though he had not written down a single word of it, he could repeat it exactly in the same manner in which he had composed it. His powers of mind in this respect were really astonishing; and we are told, that in consequence of a wager with one Sienna, he spent a whole day at an auction, and when it was ended, he recapitulated every article that had been sold, together with the prices, and the names of the purchasers in their proper order, without erring in one point, as was proved by the clerk, who followed him with his book.

---

ANECDOTE OF DR. BROWN.

---

**T**HE late celebrated Dr. Brown courted a lady for several years, though unsuccessful, during which time it had been his custom to drink the lady's health before that of any other. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman, reminding him of it, said, "Doctor, come, drink the lady, your toast." The doctor replied: "I have *toasted* her for so many years, and I can't make her *Brown*, so I'll toast her no longer."

---

**Beauties of the Drama.**

---

**THE FARMER'S SON TURNED SOLDIER.**

---

FROM THE COMEDY OF THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

---

ACT III.—SCENE II.

*The front of Farmer Harrowby's house.*

Corporal Foss crossing the stage, Stephen following him.

*Stephen. (calling.)*

**H**OLLO! I say, Mr. Corporal!

*Foss.* Ah! Master Stephen! is it you?

*Stephen.* What do yo think I ha' been about?

*Foss.* Getting the cart and horses out of the mud, I suppose.

*Stephen.* No, feyther's head man be gone to dextricate the cattle. But you was telling I, t'other day, you do know, about a springing up of a mine—which be done by a man they do call a pye on an ear.

*Foss.* A pioneer is our name for it, my honest lad. Aye, I have seen some of that work in my day, master Stephen!—If we could get but a little spot of ground, now, with a bit of a good-for-nothing building upon it—

*Stephen.* I ha' found out just such a pplace, Mr. Corporal.

*Foss.* Then I'll shew you the whole process.

*Stephen.* I ha' done the whole progress, myself.

*Foss.* Have you?

*Stephen.* You do know feyther's pig-stye?

*Foss.* Yes—it stands on the edge of the dry ditch at the back of the house.

*Stephen.* That's where it did use to stand, sure enow—but I ha' blowed it up wi' gunpowder.

*Foss.* The devil you have! and how?

*Stephen.* All according to rule, mun, just as you laid it down. I bored a hole under the ditch wi' the peel of our oven, and then I laid in my bumbustibles.

*Foss.* Well?

*Stephen.* Why, I clapt the kitchen poker to un, red hot, and it all went up wi' a desperate complotion, just as you destroyed that outlandish but-tery.

*Foss.* Bless us, master Stephen! then you have ruined the town, in cold blood, and kill'd all the inhabitants.

*Stephen.* No—the inhabitants am lying in the ditch, as pert as daisies—only the little pigs am singed quite bald, and the ould white sow be as black as the devil.

*Enter Mary.*

*Mary.* Brother Stephen! Come here, brother Stephen. Feyther do vow vengeance again ye.—If you do go on o' this fashion, what will the neighbours call ye, Stephen?

*Stephen.* Call me? why, a perspiring young hero, of five foot six inches, willing to mortalize himself in the field of March.

*(Worthington crosses the stage, and goes into the house.)*

*Foss.* There his honor is come home—I must go in for orders.

*Mary.* Oh, Mr. Corporal, Joe Shambles, the butcher's boy, ha' brought this from our town, for your master. *(Giving a letter.)*

*Foss.* One letter! Is this all he left for us, my pretty maid?

*Mary.* No—he left a leg of mutton.

*Foss.* Oh. (*Goes in.*)

*Stephen.* How stately Mr. Corporal do march, surely!—he be as upright as our gander. Come, Mary! afore feyther do come home, lets you and I go wash the gunpowder pigs.

*Mary.* How, Stephen?

*Stephen.* We'll go to the dairy, and chuck 'em into the milk pails.

*Voice without.* Stephen!

*Stephen.* Wauns! there be feyther! Run, Mary, run!

## BRITISH HEROISM.

### SCENE III.

*The parlour in Harrowby's house.*

*Enter Worthington and the Corporal.*

*Worthington.*

**W**HERE are the ladies, corporal?

*Foss.* They are gone to take a walk, an' please your honor.

*Worth.* Oh! (*sitting down.*) Mine has somewhat fatigued me.

*Foss.* Under favor, I think your honor takes too much exercise—it always brings on the torment in your wound again.

*Worth.* You bustle about for me more than I could wish, corporal; you got your wound in an ugly place, you know.

*Foss.* I got it at Gibraltar—the same ugly place with your honor; that cursed shell struck us both together.

*Worth.* I remember it did corporal. (*sighing.*)

*Foss.* And when I lay on the ground, and your

honor's left arm was so terribly wounded, you stretched out your right, to help me.

*Worth.* I don't remember that, corporal.

*Foss.* (*warmly.*) Don't you? but I do—and I wish I may be damned if ever I forget it!

*Worth.* Well, well, do not let us swear about it, corporal.

*Foss.* I hate swearing, your honor, as much as our chaplain loved brandy; but when a man's heart's too full, I fancy, somehow, there's an oath at the top on't; and when that pops out, he's easy. Ah! we had warm work that day, your honor!

*Worth.* We had, indeed, corporal.

*Foss.* There was Crillon's batteries and four thousand men behind us, at land.

*Worth.* Moreno, with his fleet, before us, at sea,

*Foss.* At ten in the morning the Spanish admiral began his cannonade.

*Worth.* Our battery ~~from~~ the king's bastion opened directly.

*Foss.* Red-hot shot poured from the garrison.

*Worth.* Cannons roar!

*Foss.* Mortars and howitzers!

*Worth.* The enemy's shipping in flames!

*Foss.* Fire again!

*Worth.* They burn!

*Foss.* They blow up!

*Worth.* They sink!

*Foss.* Victory! Old England for ever, your honor! Huzza!

*Worth.* Aye, corporal—against the world in arms, old England for ever!

*Both.* Huzza!

*Foss.* (*after a pause, gravely.*) We have no limbs to help our country now—we shall never fight for old England again, your honor.

*Worth.* (*mournfully.*) No, corporal, 'tis impossible!

*Foss.* But our hearts are for our country still, though your honor has only half-pay, and I am but an out-pensioner of Chelsea.

*Worth.* We have no right to complain, corporal—national bounty beyond its limits would be national waste, and 'tis impossible to provide sumptuously for all.

*Foss.* That's true, your honor: every hero that loses his life in the field, must not expect a marvel monument.

*Worth.* 'Tis of little import, corporal; a gallant soldier's memory will flourish, though humble turf be osier-bound upon his grave—the tears of his country will moisten it, and vigorous laurel sprout among the cypress that shadows his remains. But 'tis a bitter thought, when we must depart, to leave unprotected the few who are joined with us in the ties of affection and the bonds of nature!

## RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

FROM AN INTERESTING WORK JUST PUBLISHED, BY T. E. WHITE.

THE author commences his history of the British navy with the reign of Offa, King of Mercia, the most powerful prince of the heptarchy, who appeared to be the first that had any pretensions to the empire of the seas. It is said he ventured to dispute it with Charlemagne. That great monarch, however, did not disdain to court his alliance, in the view perhaps that the naval assistance of Offa would one day be serviceable to him in securing his dominions from the enterprises of the Normans.—

An augmentation of the number, and an improvement in the construction of his vessels, were effected by the illustrious Alfred, who had one fleet of an hundred and twenty sail, uniformly allotted to guard the coast. When the East Angles and Northumbrians constructed vessels stronger and lighter than his own, he compensated for this new advantage by fitting out expeditiously for sea vessels with an hundred and twenty oars, in every respect superior to the former.

Edgar collected a prodigious number of vessels, which some have said amounted to three thousand six hundred, and others, to four thousand. A just idea may, however, be formed of it, when it is known, that the largest of those vessels hardly contained fifty men in array. Throughout the year, four squadrons, each consisting of one hundred sail, were armed to protect and cruise along the coasts. Elated with this array of force, Edgar imagined himself master of the seas, and assumed the vain-glorious title of Emperor and Lord of all the Kings of the Ocean, and of "all the Nations which it surrounds!" One day being at Chester, he embarked on the Dee, and compelled eight tributary kings to row a barge, which he steered himself. The triumphs of pride are always outrages!

The successors of Edgar had not an equal maritime force with his; and though the English made a vigorous effort in the reign of Ethelred, and collected a fleet of eight hundred vessels, equipped at the expence of wealthy individuals; this armament being dispersed by storms, was rendered unserviceable, and the whole kingdom fell under the power of the Danish princes.

The sudden revolution effected by William the Conqueror gave England so violent a shock, that the nation could little attend either to commerce or

navigation. When Richard undertook the expedition to the Holy Land, the kingdom was so destitute of shipping that he was obliged to have recourse to foreigners. Though the vessels furnished on this occasion were in general small, some of them might be of considerable bulk, as in an expedition to the Holy Land, they had a ship of such large dimensions as to cause it to be named the *world*. Towards the middle of the thirteenth century we are also informed of a vessel capable of containing eight hundred men. These, however, were rare at that time, they were only to be found in the Mediterranean, where the Venetians, the Genoese, and the Pisans had expedited the progress of sea affairs.

John, with the assistance and advice of the Earl of Flanders, having destroyed the fleet of Philippe Auguste in the port of *Dam*,\* was elated to such a degree, he imagined that henceforth his *maritime ordinances* would be respected by all nations. He had, in the second year of his reign, made one for exacting the *salute* from all foreign vessels, ordaining that if obedience was not yielded to his officers, they should be compelled to it, and even to chastise the captains either by confinement, or by corporal punishment.† Absurd and unjust pretensions are

---

\* *Dam*, or *Damme*, in the Netherlands, in those days a considerable sea-port town, though now no longer such, its harbours, &c. being long since destroyed by the accumulation of the sands on that part of the coast. It is still a place of some note, and lies five miles south-west of the port of *Sluys*, and nearly the same distance north-east of *Bruges*.

† On the contrary, any ships or vessels laden, or sailing on the seas, that will not lower or take down their flags at the command of the king's lieutenant,



often imputable to weakness. Who could imagine that a prince, tottering on his throne, would have dared to arrogate to himself the empire of the seas?

From this period (continues the author) the British navy was in a state of fluctuation till the reign of Henry VII. who laid the foundation of the naval power of his country, by turning the attention of his subjects to their *native* riches. We allude to the *wool*, which at that time was exclusively manufactured by the Flemings, who purchased it at a very low price. He annihilated this source of their wealth, by prohibiting an exportation which was prejudicial to his own subjects. . . . He made his people sensible of their true interests on this occasion; he forthwith brought over Flemish artificers, who instructed them to prepare the wool. He afterwards established manufactures; but did not prohibit the exportation of this precious commodity until after he had taken those preliminary steps, and secured by treaty to his subjects, the exclusive privilege of their island. The Levant trade was first opened to them under his reign, but it was not carried on with success until the period of the revolt in the Low Countries, whence the Flemish manufacturers, apprehensive of the impending cala-

or of the admiral of the king, or his lieutenant, but fight against any of the fleet—such, if they can be taken, shall be reputed as enemies, and their ships, vessels, and goods, seized and confiscated, as the goods of enemies. Although the masters or owners should afterwards come and alledge the said ships, vessels, and goods, to belong to the friends of our lord the king; and that the hands on board be chastised by imprisonment, at discretion, for their rebellious conduct.

inhabitants, emigrated in great numbers into different parts of England, and in effect re peopled the towns of Norwich, Colchester, Maidstone, Sandwich, and Southampton, which were then almost deserted.

The subjects of Elizabeth applied themselves, during her long reign, to the principal object for which they seemed intended by nature. The sea became their element, and shortly appeared among them several renowned admirals; excellent seamen were formed, and the ports were filled with shipping. Nothing farther remained than the creation of a royal navy—to accomplish which, arsenals were constructed, magazines provided, and naval stores collected. A revolution so advantageous, appropriated to Elizabeth the titles of restorer of the maritime glory of the nation, and queen of the northern seas.

Castelnau, ambassador of France, writing to his court on this subject, thus expresses himself: "She has built a great number of vessels, which are the fortresses, bastions, and ramparts of her dominions; constructing every two years a large ship of war—and they are such vessels, that nothing can be found on the sea able to resist them. These are the buildings and palaces which the Queen of England has commenced since her succeeding to the crown, and which she still continues."

One circumstance may claim notice relative to the herring fishery, as well as to the perseverance of the British monarchs in maintaining their claim as *sovereigns of the seas*, which was particularly enforced under the reign of James I.

Under the reign of Alfred the Great, about the year 836, the Hollanders began to send vessels to Scotland, in order to purchase herrings. This practice continued until the fourteenth century, when being at enmity with the Scots, they proceed-

ed to take the fish themselves. Since that period the fisheries increased so rapidly, and their profits became so great, that they were considered as the chief source of the riches of Holland. It became, to speak metaphorically, the *cradle* of her marine, and the *nursery* of her seamen. The above, and indeed all the other fisheries in which the subjects of the United Provinces are engaged, flourished considerably at the accession of James I. which circumstance naturally revived the former jealousies of that prince.

When king of Scotland, he exerted himself to secure to his subjects so productive a branch of industry and commerce on their own coasts. He restrained the Dutch from fishing within the distance of eight miles from the coast. On succeeding to the throne of England, he interdicted the fisheries on the coasts of his three kingdoms to foreigners, declaring that he would oppose all who should attempt to usurp or to partake of this right—regarding it as the most essential as well as the most obvious right of his crown, on account of the sovereignty which he claimed over all the British seas. He appointed commissioners at London and Edinburgh for the regulation of these matters, and charged them not to grant the liberty of fishing but for certain pecuniary considerations.

*Advantages derived by the Dutch from the Herring Fishery.*

We may form a judgment of the flourishing state to which the Dutch fisheries had arrived at the commencement of the reign of James I. by the details we find upon this subject in a memoir presented in 1604 to the council of Madrid, and which we have extracted from valuable collections in MS. of the learned and laborious Peiresc. We shall content ourselves by giving in this place a succinct

detail of this article; the author arranges all their fisheries into five principal divisions.

1st. That of the fresh herring fishery, in which six hundred vessels are employed, with a complement of ten men each, and carrying from ten to twenty-five lasts, each estimated at two tons, or four thousand pounds weight, and containing twelve barrels of one thousand herrings; this employs and maintains six thousand men.

2nd. The great herring fishery, in which three thousand vessels are employed, of thirty and forty lasts, the former manned with ten men, and the latter with fifteen, employing thirty-seven thousand five hundred men.

3d. That of chub-fish, of salmon, &c. called the winter fishery, occupies six hundred barks of from ten to fifteen lasts, with a compliment of eight men each, of which the total amount is four thousand eight hundred men.

4th. That of dried herrings, in which a thousand small vessels, of four lasts are employed, of six men each, maintaining six thousand men.

5th. The inland fishery upon the lakes, rivers, &c. which takes up six hundred boats with five men each, and employs annually three thousand persons.

The sum total of those who gained their livelihood by the different fisheries, amounted then (in 1604) to fifty-seven thousand three hundred men. The revenue which the republic gathered upon their produce, amounted at that time to four millions nine hundred and forty-two thousand five hundred florins—a sum with which the rebels so powerfully supported the war against their king.

Whatever the accuracy of the statements in the following tables may be, the interest of a comparison between them and the English marine at the death of Queen Elizabeth, is not diminished. In

that view the list of the ships of that princess (as stated by Sir William Monson) is placed before the table of the British naval force from 1688 to 1777. In the former, the ordnance is not specified, but the number of *artillerists* is sufficient to give an idea of its amount.

In the latter table we have pointed out by two *asterisks* in the column, those periods in which we have found it impracticable to gain accurate information of the *number of ships on the stocks or under repair*.

### STATE OF THE ENGLISH MARINE AT THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

NOTE—The first column contains the names of the vessels—the second, the number of tons—the third, the number of seamen and soldiers—and the fourth, the number of artillerists.

Elizabeth Jonas	-	-	900	460	40
Triumph	-	-	1000	460	40
White Bear	-	-	900	460	40
Victory	-	-	800	368	32
Le Marie Honora	-	-	800	368	32
Royal Ark	-	-	800	368	32
St. Matthew	-	-	1000	460	40
St. Andrew	-	-	900	368	32
Just Denial	-	-	700	320	30
Garland	-	-	700	270	30
War Spight	-	-	600	270	30
Le Marie-Rose	-	-	600	220	30
Hope	-	-	600	220	30
Bonaventure	-	-	600	220	30

Carried over.	10900	4824	468
---------------	-------	------	-----

	Brought forward	10900	4824	468
Lion	-	500	220	30
Nonpareil	-	500	220	30
Defiance	-	500	220	30
Rainbow	-	500	220	30
Dreadnought	-	400	180	20
Antelope	-	300	144	16
Swiftsure	-	400	180	20
Swallow	-	330	144	16
Foresight	-	300	144	16
La Marée	-	250	108	12
Crane	-	200	88	12
Adventure	-	250	108	12
Acquittance	-	200	88	12
Reply	-	200	88	12
Advantage	-	200	88	12
Tiger	-	200	88	12
Tramontain	-	**	62	8
Scout	-	120	58	8
Achates	-	100	52	8
Charles	-	70	39	6
Moon	-	60	25	5
Advice	-	50	35	5
Spy	-	50	35	5
Merlin	-	42	30	5
Sun	-	40	26	4
Cygnets	-	20		
George (Hoy)	-	100		
Penny-rose (Hoy)	-	80		
Total		16915	7532	819

**TABLE OF THE NAVAL FORCES OF ENGLAND,**  
*From the year 1688 to the year 1777.*

**NOTE**—The first column contains 1st rates—the second column, 2nd rates—the third, 3d rates—the fourth, 4th rates—the fifth, 5th rates—the sixth, frigates, &c.—the seventh, vessels under repair or on the stocks—and the last column contains the total number of vessels.

At the accession of William III in 1688.	4	2	17	38	2	68	41	173
At the death of William III. in 1702.	7	14	47	62	36	107	**	273
In the reign of Queen Anne, in 1707.	7	14	45	64	40	114	**	284
Under George I. in 1721.	4	5	25	13	52	45	62	206
Under George II. in 1734.	5	11	30	19	45	58	40	208
Under George II. in 1746	6	13	31	20	62	124	**	276
Under George II. in 1755.	5	11	48	36	74	67	**	241
In the reign of George III. in 1777.	3	12	56	41	20	156	27†	315

† All on the stocks, and of which five were three-deckers, seventeen two-deckers, and five frigates.

## JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

### REBUS.

#### A GOOD PARSON.

*(The following words are intended to be filled up in poetic lines, each of which must terminate with one of them—the whole displaying the character of a good Parson.—See the bad Parson, in our last.)*

Hymns  
Limbs  
High  
Nigh  
Bow  
Now  
Humble  
Grumble

Keep  
Weep  
Fight  
Right  
Sad  
Glad  
Sorrow  
Morrow.

#### A CHARADE

WHEN tempests rise,  
And seas and skies  
Wage war—my first the mariner  
Anxious desires  
As Sol retires,  
And sends my next to climes afar.  
My whole, 'tis true,  
Displays to view  
A striking semblance of things :  
From hence the wise  
Sometimes describes  
The source from whence much evil springs !



AN ENIGMATICAL LIST OF SINGLE YOUNG  
LADIES IN GREENS NORTON.

---

1.

HALF a word that expresses brave, daring, or stout,  
What trifling depicts, with one letter left out.

2.

What always on mountains or hills may be found,  
Two-eighths of a state shewn by every thing round.

3.

One-fourth of what often is made by a baker,  
And a term that's us'd to express a forsaker.

4.

Half a place where the beauties of nature oft grow,  
To this add a term that is us'd for a blow.

5.

Reversed to come, and one-fourth of a share,  
What 'tis to see friends in sad trouble and care.

6.

Four-sixths of a country which Homer adorn'd,  
One-eighth of a people the Jews greatly scorn'd.

7.

What's made every summer by sweet village  
maids,  
Three-fourths of what's found in the still rural  
shades.

8.

The name of a measure well known to a Jew,  
Two-sixths of what all wish from danger to do.

9.

Two-thirds of a plant which embracingly grows,  
Three-fourths of a point whence the wind often  
blows.

10.

What every one does when an object they see,  
To this please to join just two-thirds of a tree.

11.

Two-thirds of what we should submit to if hard,  
Join half of what we for its softness regard.

12.

Half a term for lean, hungry, starved, or poor,  
What's oft known to fight till disfigur'd with gore.

13.

What's dangerous to meet in the night when alone,  
To this join the cry of a beast's dismal groan.

14.

What all should be careful to do who're indebted,  
Two-thirds of a snare that has many things fretted,

15.

A sailor revers'd, and one-sixth of what's seen  
On trees, and what's the most useful when keen.

16.

Four-sevenths of a meadow unshelter'd with trees,  
Two-sevenths of an hero of noble degrees.

17.

Five-sevenths of a word that consenting makes  
known,

To this join three-ninths of a noted Dutch town.

18.

Half what nature's charms do as winter advances,  
Next add half a member that often romances.

These duly connected will bring to your view  
Twice nine buxom lasses.—Kind reader, adieu!



## EPIGRAMS.

FRANK once ask'd a friend—"Don't you think I  
 speak well,  
 Tho' I ne'er took a book from its shelf?"  
 "How the talent you've gain'd (said his friend) I  
 can't tell,  
 But I own you speak well—of yourself."



OH! had it been, well-natur'd Ned, thy doom  
 To toil, instead of *learning*, at a *loom*,  
 The labour of thy hand had gain'd thee bread,  
 And spar'd the fruitless labour of thy head!



OF his fine feelings, Jack may well be vain,  
 For most acutely has he felt—a cane!

## REBUSES.

A WORD by levellers often used,  
 Beheaded, shows whom they abused.



FROM an article, *Mary*, and what's said in pain,  
 The name of a heathen god you may obtain.

## QUESTION.

WHICH would be the greatest loss to society—  
 the able statesman, or the promoter of every useful  
 art or science?

## THE DRAMA.

### COVENT GARDEN.

**A** NEW ballet, called the *Brazen Mask*, was brought forward here, April 5, invented by Mr. Fawcett.—The hero of the piece is a Polish baron, who disguises himself as the chief of a desperate banditti. His castle is situated on a rock, under which his followers have their habitation in deep recesses of labyrinths, extremely difficult of access, and which lead to incidents chiefly of the terrific cast.—The music is the joint composition of Mountain and Davy.

It was favourably received.

### DRURY LANE.

**A** NEW comedy, called *Fashionable Friends*, was produced April 22.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Dudley Dorimont,	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Mr. Lovell, - -	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Sir Valentine, - -	Mr. KING.
Doctor, - - -	Mr. SUETT.
Lady Selina, - -	Miss DE CAMP.
Mrs. Racket, - -	Miss POPE.
Miss Racket, - -	Mrs. JORDAN.
Mrs. Lovell, - -	Mrs. YOUNG.

Degrading as fashionable life may be, we shall not insult our readers with the unconnected picture which was here exhibited;—suffice it to say, that all the *gentlemen* were villains, and all the *ladies* prostitutes. The hero of the piece seduces the wife of his bosom friend, glories in his villainy, and remains unpunished.—This wretched play, which was disgusting throughout, met with general disapprobation; but was repeated the succeeding night, contrary to the judgment of the public; the second representation, however, proved the last.

---

THE  
**PARNASSIAN GARLAND.**

FOR APRIL, 1802.

---

ADDRESS,

*To the Subscribers and Friends to the Literary Fund,  
at their anniversary Dinner, April 1, 1802.*

---

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

---

**I**N hardy chivalry's advent'rous days,  
At solemn feasts the minstrel wak'd his lays :  
Each trophy'd hall with tuneful echoes rang,  
While godlike chiefs and godlike deeds he sung—  
Sung those fam'd fields where patriot valour bled,  
Where the cross triumph'd and the crescent fled ;  
Where Europe's sons, in freedom's generous pride,  
With dauntless breasts repell'd invasion's tide.  
Rapt with the strain, each knight in fancy's eye  
Again beheld the hostile banners fly ;  
Again in thought he grasp'd bright valour's meed,  
Resolv'd to vanquish, or resign'd to bleed.

Less proud our boast—though still Britannia's name  
Fill the wide-echoing trump of martial fame,  
Though late her gen'rous warriors, calmly brave,  
Alike have triumph'd on the land and wave,  
Yet oft at social boards, where temperance reigns,  
Far gentler powers attune her festive strains :  
There bounty sits enthron'd ; while mirth, enshrin'd  
With virtue's self, conspires to bless mankind.  
Then, if in nobler verse those bards sublime,  
Who told the warlike feats of elder time,

Thrill'd ev'ry heart by fancy's rapt'rous dream ;  
 More pure our object, more benign our theme.  
 Remote from factious strife, or blood-stain'd arms,  
 To paint meek charity's unfading charms,  
 Bid gentle sympathy direct her eyes  
 To those drear haunts where sorrowing genius lies,  
 And kindred warmth in ev'ry breast infuse,  
 These ends inspire, exalt the humblest muse ;  
 A muse, who, far from vain ambition's claim,  
 Reluctant treads the dangerous paths of fame ;  
 Yet, call'd to learning's aid, in bounty's cause,  
 Still courts her only meed, the heart's applause.  
 Fir'd at this glorious prospect's bright display,  
 The glad return of this auspicious day,  
 She lifts her voice—and lo, with heavenly smile,  
 Appear the genuine Virtues of our isle ;  
 Bright Honor first, whose generous love of fame,  
 Prefers to life itself a spotless name ;  
 Ingenuous Confidence to worth allied,  
 Who, if she errs, still errs on candour's side ;  
 Plain bold Sincerity, who, firm as true,  
 Prompts the free thought, and bares the heart to view :  
 But chief that gracious heav'n-directed pow'r,  
 Thy refuge, grief, in dread misfortune's hour.  
 Benevolence, whose blessings unconfin'd,  
 Fill the wide earth—embrace all human kind.  
 She first inspir'd, she saw with fond delight,  
 This band in taste and learning's aid unite,  
 Smil'd on their hopes, and call'd, to bless their cause,  
 The Guardian Angel of Britannia's laws ;  
 That spirit, who, with firm undaunted zeal,  
 Fills ev'ry heart that seeks the public weal ;  
 That Power shall view, with kind complacent eyes,  
 Redeem'd from want, neglected genius rise ;  
 Shall hail its friends, shall vindicate their claim  
 To steadfast Loyalty, to honest fame—  
 Who faction's arts disdain, her sway disown,  
 But guard a just paternal BRUNSWICK's throne!

## AN ADDRESS

*For the Anniversary of the Literary Fund, at Willis's  
Rooms, 1802.*

---

WRITTEN AND RECITED BY W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

---

**Y**OUR approbation, cherish'd in my breast,  
Had made me wish from tasks like these to rest;  
For fear the writing of an useless line  
Might rob me of the humble praise that's mine;  
But now 'twere pride or folly to refuse,  
At your request, the tribute of my muse. \*

To you superior bards shall tune their lays,  
You who, without the usury of praise,  
Can give, by means as wise as they are kind,  
The body succour, yet not wound the mind!  
While the dread blast of war, with horrid sound,  
Harden'd in deeds of blood the nations round;  
A portion of your wealth was freely giv'n,  
Like faithful stewards of all-protecting Heav'n!  
To coarser minds you leave the vulgar fame,  
To buy with gold an ostentatious name;  
Enough for you to succour the distress,  
And find a recompence within your breast—  
No vain parade, no adventitious glare,  
Can equal the eternal sunshine there!  
Were but your power as boundless as your plan,  
From what a weight of ills you'd lighten man!  
Man, born to chequer'd scenes of joy and grief,  
Wants help in infancy, in age relief!  
Form'd more dependant than the brutal race.  
Though proud his stature, and sublime his face!

---

\* The author intended that last year's address should finish his anniversary poems; but honored by the request of the society to write again, he resumes his pen.

And doubly needing friendship's soothing aid,  
 If love of learning doom him to that shade,  
 Where genius often wastes his brilliant fires,  
 And, unobserv'd, in misery expires!  
 Victims like these shall never more complain  
 That all their meed is poverty and pain—  
 But find that patronage, to merit due,  
 Bestow'd on all, impartially by you;  
 For narrow prejudice can never move  
 The heart that glows with charity and love.  
 Do foreign talents pine in hopeless woes?  
 Your liberal pity no distinction knows;  
 In England's cause, though warm your patriot zeal,  
 For learning's sons in every clime you feel;  
 And like their native springs, your succours flow  
 To Thames, or Seine, to Danube, or the Po!  
 Nor need the learn'd stranger ever fear  
 That foreign genius is an alien here.\*  
 Thus, like the virtuous monarch on the throne,  
 You feel the woes of others as your own!  
 He, when his trident rul'd, with boundless sway,  
 From frozen seas to realms of burning day;  
 E'en in the proudest moment of renown,  
 When Egypt yielded to the British crown;  
 Though dazzling glory lur'd him from afar,  
 Check'd the full progress of triumphant war—  
 Feeling that wreath of laurel bought too dear,  
 Whose leaves were moistened with the widow's tear!  
 He bade his victor bands from conquest cease,  
 And call'd from Eden's bow'rs the angel Peace;  
 The lovely stranger heard the monarch's voice,  
 She came—and made a weary world rejoice!—  
 But should again war's dreadful tempest roar,  
 Lay waste the nations, and approach our shore;  
 From the soft lap of peace and all her charms,  
 The spirit of the land shall rise in arms!  
 So when tremendous thunder rolls above,  
 The eagle braves which storm that scares the dove!

---

\* Several foreign authors of distinguished abilities  
 have been relieved by the Literary Fund.



On sounding pinions seeks the threatening skies,  
 And, as the whirlwind rages, higher flies !  
 Long be the time ere justice bids us draw  
 The sword, to vindicate great nature's law ;  
 But should that time arrive—our foes shall see,  
 That nothing can subdue a people free !  
 Again, incapable of change or fear,  
 The queen of isles shall wield the British spear,  
 Which hostile pow'rs have never yet withstood,  
 When once her sons were faithful, and her cause  
 good !

### ELEGIAC STANZAS,

*On being importuned by a Friend to accompany him  
 to a Ball,*

#### I.

**H**IE thee, my friend, unto the midnight ball,  
 Where outward smiles conceal a load of woe.  
 There bid the vagrant, pleasure, hear thy call,  
 As thou dost trip it with fantastic toe,

#### II.

I, here alone, safe from intrusive man,  
 Will spend in pensive mood the lonely night,  
 In gloomy page of wretched life will scan,  
 And taste of contemplation's high delight.

#### III.

Hateful to melancholy's sullen ear  
 Are mirth's mad shouts and pleasure's sprightly  
 note,  
 And sweet to her the owl's harsh screams appear,  
 As slowly on the lazy gale they float.

#### IV.

To her 'tis luxury, at night's dead noon,  
 The echoing aisle with solemn steps to pace,  
 While thro' the painted casement the chaste moon  
 Does her fantastic shadows dimly trace.

## V.

And shall she join the boist'rous revelry  
 With woful mien and garb of mournful grey?  
 Ah, no! for at her voice would pleasure flee,  
 And joy's quick tones would die in moans away.

## VI.

Yet do thou go, my friend, if thou canst feel  
 The splendid scene exhilarate thy breast—  
 For life is sad, and he who can but steal  
 One little interval of joy, is blest.

## VII.

But ask not me to join the laughing throng,  
 I should but languish in the busy rooms,  
 Turn with disgust from pleasure's madd'ning song,  
 And pant to plunge myself in kindred glooms.

*Nottingham.*

H. K. W.

## REFLECTIONS.

THE sun resplendent gilds the morn  
 With mild and genial ray,  
 The distant hills he tips with gold,  
 And drives the mist away.

The warbling lark his rising greets,  
 And waves her downy wings—  
 To realms ethereal see her soar,  
 And soaring, hark! she sings.

But sullen clouds o'ercast the sky,  
 And threat'ning rain impends,  
 The sun withdraws his radiant beams,  
 And swift the lark descends.

As sudden as this heavy gloom,  
 As hasty as this show'r,  
 Is joy by sudden grief repress'd,  
 And irksome hangs each hour.

How oft with joy man hails the morn,  
 And pleasure fill his eyes,  
 But oft, how oft, doth eve's dark shades  
 Bring sorrow, tears, and sighs!

Swift as the lark falls to her nest,  
 By raging storms dismay'd,  
 So man by sorrow's fatal hand  
 Is often doom'd to fade!

This fleeting storm an emblem is  
 Of all our earthly joys—  
 We scarcely taste the seeming good,  
 Ere some rude blast destroys!

SELWYN.

---

### THOUGHTS IN A SCHOOL.

---

**B**EHOLD the magisterial nod,  
 Whose pow'rs so soon can call forth silence: see  
 You not behind that dread and awful frown  
 Some soft signs of paternal favor? Thus  
 High Heav'n, when low'ring clouds obscure the sky,  
 And spread the raging storm, oft from behind  
 Beams forth a ray of light to cheer the scene.  
 Note but yon summon'd culprit—see him slow  
 And snail-like creep, and with a downcast look  
 Draw nigh th' all-dreaded throne of majesty—  
 How ev'ry muscle trembles at the glance!  
 But, soft, the cunning idler to his place  
 Returns untouch'd, and, for atonement's sake,  
 Vows he will never, never disobey.  
 O fine promise of amendment! Oft I've  
 With pleasure view'd the evanescent shades  
 Of fear, that stray'd o'er youth's fair countenance,  
 Disperse and vanish at the voice of praise;  
 Oft, too, with equal study have I mark'd  
 The wondrous influence of a passive smile,  
 Awak'ning indolence, redoubling care;

This always sure—when peace subsides, and warm  
Scholastic feuds arise, soonest he'll claim  
Attention who appears the least displeas'd.

How happy, then, who can in one unite  
The art of pleasing and of being fear'd,  
Can claim respect the while he wins esteem,  
And take from spleen all pow'r of discontent!  
Look round on him, his pupils, and his own—  
All are one chain, one ever-blooming tree,  
Whose tend'rest leaf, with kind solicitude,  
Shelters the trunk which gave it strength to spread.

Thus will he daily his good name renew,  
Who is a master and a father too.

*Thame, Oxon,  
April 13, 1802.*

H. K.

## THE TRAVELLER'S HOME.

O'ER barren hills, and fertile dales,  
At morning, dawn, or close of day,  
By rising Sol's bright golden beams,  
Or pensive moonlight's silver grey;  
Thro' verdant meads and flowery fields,  
Where limpid rivers smoothly glide,  
Or o'er the bleak and rugged cliffs  
That bound the ocean's foaming tide,  
The traveller still is forced to roam,  
And wander from his native home.  
When rising spring its verdure yields,  
Or summer's scorching suns assail,  
When bounteous Autumn decks the fields,  
Or winter's dreary blast prevail—  
Alike indifferent to his mind  
The varying seasons of the year,  
Who, lonely wandering leaves behind  
A wife belov'd, and children dear:  
What tho' o'er half the world he roam,  
His heart must ever be at home.

While contemplation smooths his way,  
As passing o'er the mountain's brow,  
He stops, delighted, to survey  
The wide extended vale below ;  
The farm, the cot, the dome, the spire,  
The winding river glassy bright,  
Extensive lawns and shady bowers,  
To give the sons of wealth delight :  
But farm, or cot, or stately dome,  
Alas ! afford not him a home.

O'er fenceless moors and traceless ground,  
At close of winter's gloomy day,  
With storms and darkness gathering round,  
He seeks his solitary way,  
Till glimmering lights bespeak him nigh  
Some long and anxious look'd-for town,  
Where hosts, to catch the traveller's eye,  
Hang out an angel, king, or crown,  
To shew where those who that way come  
May find a temporary home.

Here by the cheerful parlour fire,  
A few from various parts are met,  
Around the festive board at eve,  
The troubles of the day forget ;  
And while with social mirth and glee,  
As briskly moves the sparkling glass,  
Each, as a toast, is proud to name  
Some valued friend, or favourite lass :  
From nymph to nymph his tongue will roam—  
But drink to her he left at home.

So thro' life's short and busy day,  
Whether with fortune's sunshine crown'd,  
Or doom'd to trudge his dreary way,  
With storms and tempests threatening round,  
He labours toward his journey's end,  
Cheerful thro' every bustling scene,  
And, age advancing, hopes to spend  
The evening of life's day serene :  
Life's journey o'er, the silent tomb  
Affords at last a peaceful home !

---

SONNET TO SOLITUDE.

---

*Formed upon the model (as far as relates to the mechanical structure) of the inventor, Guitone D'Arezzo. \**

---

**O**H thou, the wayward pilgrim's best-lov'd friend,  
 Pale solitude! who on some desert shore  
 Dost list the cataract o'er the wild rocks pour,  
 Seated on some lone promontory's end,  
 Or on St. Gothard's brow thy hours dost spend,  
 'Mid cloister'd glooms, and icy glaciers hoar,  
 Where silence reigns, save when with sullen roar  
 The solemn matins their sad summons send.  
 There would I woo in some monastic cell,  
 There, wrapt in thought, life's troubled ways would  
 scan,  
 At morn, and noon, and eve, remote from man,  
 And, join'd with thee, in meditation dwell:  
 For, ah! no pleasures give such bliss refin'd  
 As the sublime abstractions of the mind!

*Nottingham,  
 April 15, 1808,*

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

---

\* It is, perhaps, not so generally known as it ought to be, that the Sonnet is a peculiar and very distinctly marked species of composition: the mere circumstance of its consisting of fourteen lines is one of its least remarkable features—the rhymes of the second quatrain should always be the same as the first, and it should contain but one thought, and turn but on one point. Even these general rules are seldom observed by our modern sonnetteers.

---

## THE GHOST.

BY W. HOLLOWAY.

**O**FT has my grandam begg'd me to refrain  
From boyish pranks, which gave another pain;  
For still her heart, to sympathy inclin'd,  
Benevolently felt for all mankind;  
And oft affectingly would she recite  
The tale of Simon and the fiery sprite!

'Twas in her prime, when simpler manners reign'd,  
And at their board plain farmers entertain'd  
The village taylor, oft whose stated care  
The rustic wardrobe kept in due repair.  
The dextrous Simon, late one Christmas eve,  
Receiv'd his groat, and took respectful leave,  
With ale replenish'd, and with bosom warm,  
The plowman's lantern dangling on his arm:  
Tho' moon nor stars dispens'd one cheering ray,  
He, whistling, homeward urg'd his ready way.  
The barn, the cow-house, and the bridge he past,  
And reach'd the solitary lane at last,  
Beneath whose mould'ring banks, at even-tide,  
'Tis said, a restless ghost was wont to glide:  
Where oaks, o'er-arching, form a deeper shade,  
And rising breezes rustle thro' the glade;  
Midst the quick hedge a ghastly form he spies,  
With bald transparent head and hollow eyes,  
The mouth from ear to ear extended wide,  
With long black teeth abundantly supply'd.  
A rushing horror curdled all his blood,  
Fast beat his heart, his hair erected stood;  
His knees, that now together 'gan to smite,  
Could scarce assist him in his backward flight;  
His lantern meets an interposing post,  
In stench and smoke the welcome light is lost;  
While clanking chains, to aggravate his fears,  
Pour their dread discord on his startled ears:  
His implements of trade, where'er he trod—  
Goose, shears, and bodkin strew'd the darksome road:

One short ejaculation 'scap'd his tongue,  
 And prone on earth he stretch'd his length along.  
 The wags, alarm'd, burst from their sly retreat,  
 And rais'd their trembling victim on his feet;  
 To calm his fears, the *holloaw turnip* bore,  
 And show'd the chains that on their arms they wore,  
 In vain!—At home arriv'd, he sought his bed,  
 Where many a painful feverish month he led,  
 And still, whene'er this fatal day return'd,  
 The same sensations in his bosom burn'd.

---

SONNET.

---

**L**ET patriots press, with ardent course,  
 To banish slavery's iron reign,  
 And hail those realms where public force  
 Has dar'd to break her galling chain.

Let freedom still around be spread,  
 And deem'd the choicest gift of Heav'n,  
 I'll court the ill which others dread,  
 And bless the chain which *Love* has giv'n!

Slave to the fair who rules my soul,  
 Her charms shall ev'ry sense controul,  
 Her will each thought shall bind.  
 I care not in what land I rest,  
 If still within ELIZA's breast  
 A dwelling-place I find.

CÆSARIO.



---

## Literary Review.

---

*Historical and political Memoirs of the Reign of Lewis XVI. from his Marriage to his Death. By John Lewis Soulaire the elder.—Translated from the French, in six volumes; accompanied with explanatory tables, and one hundred and thirteen portraits.*

THE French revolution is so momentous an event, that it has justly engaged no small degree of attention in the political world—the reign of the unfortunate king who fell a victim to its fury must of course be extremely interesting to every enquiring mind. We here trace the causes by which the vast change was effected; we accompany the progress of this change, and are anxious to ascertain its termination. A work, therefore, of the present cast cannot fail of being perused with avidity.

The documents made use of in the drawing up of this publication, appear to be deserving of credit, and the author has arranged the materials with perspicuity. It embraces an extensive range, and the portraits, or rather profiles, of celebrated characters, are highly gratifying to the curiosity.

The peace having at length arrived, a more frequent intercourse with France will be established, and books relating to the reign of their last king will be imported in a plentiful profusion. Concerning such publications there will be much en-

quiry, and all parties will eagerly seek the perusal of them. We shall have therefore to announce such performances more frequently than ever. An impartial account of them shall be given in our review, and the reader will be enabled to form a just judgment respecting them.

At the same time we are sorry that a recent regulation at the stamp office forbids our giving, in the future, either the *price of the book*, or the *bookseller's name* where it is sold. It is a restriction common to all reviews—we submit to it along with our other fellow labourers in the literary vineyard.

---

*The miscellaneous Writings of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England, in Philosophy, Morality, and Religion.—Now first collected into one volume.*

THE name of this illustrious personage is sufficient to recommend any thing coming from his pen; and it is with no small pleasure we have read the volume before us: the sentiments and language breathe the divine spirit of genius. His, indeed was no common one—with his vast intellectual powers, he seemed to grasp the creation; accordingly in no other publications do we meet with such treasures of knowledge; in his works we discern the germ of all modern improvements.

The volume, including 260 pages, is printed with neatness—the type and paper being exceedingly good. The engraving prefixed represents the monument of Lord Bacon at St Albans. In the very attitude of this extraordinary man there is an impressive sublimity.

*Researches into the Manners, History, Religion, and Phraseology of ancient Eastern Nations, as illustrative of the sacred Scriptures, and into the Accuracy of the English Translation of the Bible.—Published in Numbers. Nos. I. and II.*

THE subject of the present work is confessedly of high importance, for every ray of learning is necessary to the elucidation of the HOLY SCRIPTURE. So many centuries have passed away since they were first written, and the customs of the country where the events happened are so different from our own, that we need every assistance to attain their true meaning. Such publications then which serve to answer this great end are peculiarly acceptable. The two numbers of the work before us may be pronounced a very favourable specimen of *Biblical Criticism*. These *Researches* indeed only require to be known, in order to be approved. We trust that the ingenious editor will receive every possible encouragement from the Christian world.

*A Dictionary of Natural History, or complete Summary of Zoology, containing a full and succinct Description of all the animated Beings of Nature, Quadrupeds, Birds, &c. The whole forming a Delineation of all the numerous Creatures which compose the Animal Kingdom, as also all the fabulous Animals of Antiquity. To which is prefixed, a Series of illustrative Definitions. Illustrated with upwards of 135 Engravings of interesting Animals.*

THE subject of natural history has always charms for young minds, and therefore this *Dictionary* constitutes a valuable present for the rising generation. The volumes that have issued from the press on this branch of knowledge are innumerable: *Buffon*, so much and so justly admired, suits neither the time nor the pocket of the genera-

lity of the readers. Here, however, the most interesting particulars relative to beasts, birds, and fishes are detailed with judgment and brevity. The introduction imparts a good idea of the *Linnaean System*, and the engravings, from their neatness, are entitled to much praise. To those who are fond of animated nature, this pleasing compilation will prove a *vade mecum* affording a large portion of instruction and entertainment.

*Sermons to young Women, by James Fordyce, D. D.*  
A new edition.

THIS very small, and of course portable, edition of this well-known performance, recommends itself by its neatness and accuracy; when bound, it will lie in a narrow compass, and, as a present from a lover to his mistress, would be received with gratitude.

On the nature and merit of these sermons the public have long ago determined. The extent of their sale has been great, and they have attracted general admiration. Such, however, is the precarious stuff of which fame is made, that Mrs. Wolstonecraft and her disciples have denounced these very discourses with no small indignation. But Mrs. W. we are persuaded, did not act fairly by them: she selected an exceptionable passage by way of specimen, and held it up to the reprobation of the world. Had the critic treated her *Rights of Women* in a similar manner, she would have soon complained of its injustice. We mention these things merely to guard our readers against rash condemnation. We do not entirely approve either of Mrs. W.'s or Dr. F.'s system of education for females, though we are of opinion that both their productions have great merit, and may be perused with considerable improvement.

## *Retrospect of the Political World*

FOR APRIL, 1802.

**H**AVING announced the arrival of the DEFINITIVE TREATY a former number, we now hasten with heartfelt pleasure to inform our readers that the RATIFICATION of that same Treaty has been exchanged, and safely reached this country. All fears, therefore, respecting the conclusion of the *Peace*, which were considerable at one time, are now at an end. We sincerely wish that *both* countries will have the wisdom to improve and the benevolence to cherish the tranquillity which is once more restored to them. *Peace* is the foundation of prosperity—may no storm then arise to darken the political hemisphere—may no prejudices be indulged on either side of the water to destroy the amicable compact into which GREAT BRITAIN and FRANCE have now entered!

The advantages resulting to this country from the *return of peace* will be great and numerous—every description of people must feel its good effects, excepting those persons who are immediately benefitted by measures of carnage and destruction. The benevolent mind is overwhelmed with grief at a retrospective view of the scenes of bloodshed which have been acted at different times on the surface of the globe! But dismissing all such unpleasant reflections, let us for the future cherish the arts of peace, whereby we shall most effectually advance the best interests of mankind.

From France the chief intelligence received has been respecting the *Concordat* between the *Pope* and *Bonaparte*, by which they have made Popery the established religion of that country. The chief consul, however, has the appointment of the archbishops and bishops, together with other officers of the church. In all these arrangements *Bonaparte*

has shown great policy—indeed he appears to possess an uncommon flexibility of mind: the other day he was a devout Musselman in Egypt—now is termed by his Home, “his beloved son in Christ!” Of the religion of the chief we presume to say nothing, except that he seems to understand and practise the apostolic injunction “*becoming all things to all men!*” This is perhaps in his estimation, the most valuable part of christianity.

It is, however, a pleasing consideration with respect to the religious affairs of France, that intolerance is so far done away that each sect is allowed to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. This is a point gained. *Universal toleration* of the child not only of true philosophy but genuine christianity.

From St. Domingo no decisive accounts have been received: much blood has been shed, and great efforts are making for the reduction of the island. — We are sick of war and desolation — Moments of every kind come to a speedy termination — may the temple of Janus be once more adorned with PEACE (that inestimable blessing) be claimed throughout the world!

## MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR APRIL, 1842.

1. THE society of the Literary Fund held their anniversary dinner in the Rooms, which between 4 and 500 hundred men enjoyed most festive day. His Duke of Somerset was in the chair. We the rapid progress of this benevolent fund.
5. The minister opened his budget Taxes, chiefly on male hops, and beer

6. Lord Kenyon died at Bath, after a long and tedious indisposition. Sir Edward Law, the late attorney-general, has been appointed to succeed him by the title of Lord Ellenborough.

10. Scots corporation held their annual spring dinner at the Crown and Anchor tavern. It was the most numerous meeting that has been held for some time. Much was done for the advancement of the charity.

12. Sir Francis Burdett made a most spirited speech of considerable length respecting the necessity of enquiring into the conduct of the late administration. The motion was lost by a large majority.

14. Anne Hudson summoned her mistress before the commissioners of requests, to enforce the payment of 1*l.* 8*s.* alledged to be due as wages. The girl was employed by this mistress (who was a maiden lady) to feed and take care of six favorite cats. The money now sued for was stopped on the charge that the servant had cribbed part of the 3*s.* 6*d.* per week allowed for the maintenance of the *little favorites*. When the commissioners had heard both sides, their decision was in favor of the servant, who seems to have served faithful this delectable family.

16. A meeting of the agricultural society held, and a large sum was subscribed to erect a statue to the memory of the late Duke of Bedford, that distinguished friend of his country. Such examples, we trust, will be imitated by the higher classes of society.

19. Being Easter Monday, the summer theatres opened—viz. *Sadlers Wells* (the interior being wholly rebuilt in a circular form) and the *Royalty Amphitheatre*, Westminster bridge. Both places were crowded, and the diversions went off with the usual hilarity.

19. The *Prince of Wales* dined with the Lord

Mayor at the mansion-house in great style, and immense were the crowds of visitors. The Sheriffs, however, did not attend, being offended by not having the usual number of tickets. The Sheriffs afterwards addressed the Prince on the cause of their absence; and the Prince returned them a polite answer, disclaiming all interference.

22. A curious occurrence took place in Portman-square. The preparations made at the house of M. Otto for the general illumination have daily attracted great numbers of persons to view them.—Over his door was put in coloured lamps the word *concord*. John Bull read this, *conquer'd*, and began to make a row. M. Otto came out to explain the word, but nothing would convince the mob but that the meaning was that the *English are conquered by the French*. M. Otto finding his attempts at explanation fruitless, good-naturedly ordered the offensive word to be removed, and that of *amity* to be substituted in its place.

24. At twenty minutes past nine o'clock, a remarkable meteor appeared a little above the northern horizon; sometimes it was almost invisible, and then brightened up again. It continued to be seen about half a minute.

27. The Ratifications of peace, on the part of Spain and the Batavian Republic, were received. They were brought by Mr. Hunter, Jun. from Boulogne. A meeting of the Privy Council was held at Windsor, when every thing relative to the *proclamation of peace* was arranged. The following notice was sent from the foreign office:

“We have authority to inform the public that the *proclamation of peace* will not take place till Thursday next, the 29th, on the evening of which day, and not before, the public offices will be illuminated.

29. Peace proclaimed.



---

**MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.**

---

*(From the London Gazette.)*

---

**J**OHN WELLS and William Wells, late of Swallow-street, mercers. Samuel Wilkinson and Joseph Burrow, of High Wycombe, Buckingham, bankers. Bryan Kirwan, Duke's-court, Bow-street, vintner. John Tunnicliff and Moses Tunnicliff, Macclesfield, Cheshire, button manufacturers. Thomas Deacon, Queen's Elm, Chelsea, carpenter. Robert Lomas, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. Robert Carter, Witham, Essex, linen-draper. Michael Quinton, Bristol, tailor. Robert Beauchamp and Edward Lloyd, Kirby-street, Hatton-garden, lacemen. John Norton, Drury-lane, victualler. William Blinkhorn and John Musgrave, Foster-lane, Cheapside, silk-weavers. Thomas Curtis, Frith-street, Soho, painter and glazier. Samuel Webb, Melksham, Wiltshire, carpenter. Christopher Hodgson and Allatson Hodgson, Sunderland, linen-drapers. Jacob Mendez Da Costa, late of Thavies-inn, Holborn, merchant. Nathaniel Hornby, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen-draper. James Burrow, Chiswell-street, hosier. Richard Wood, Liverpool, merchant. Thomas Horden Sing, Stockport, Cheshire, grocer. John Henstridge Hall, Cheapside, merchant. John Alger, Walcot, Somersetshire, soap-maker. Charles Cowlshaw, Ashborne, Derbyshire, grocer. John Hanford, Alford, Lincolnshire, inn-keeper. John Carruthers, Liverpool, joiner. Matthew Moody, West Stockwith, Nottinghamshire, ship-builder. Philip Seward and Thomas Pipon, Southampton, merchants. Charles Bagga, Liverpool, merchant. William Entwisle, Lancaster, cotton manufacturer, Joseph Coxon, late of

Queen-street, Cheapside, merchant. William Boddenham, Shrewsbury mercer. Frederick Gardner, Great St. Helens, underwriter. John Mosely and James Rose, Birmingham, factors and co-partners. Christopher Anderson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, cheese-monger. Robert Drake and Ebenezer Goddard, Newgate-street, wine and brandy merchants. William Henry Lovell, Fetter-lane, leather seller. Joseph Anderson, Clare-street, butcher. David Hirst, Linley, Huddersfield, York, cloth-dresser. William Bowle and William Hannah, Black-friars-road, oilmen. Solomon de Mendes, Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, merchant. Thomas Farrow, Durham, grocer. Samuel Thompson, Liverpool, linen merchant. Samuel Poole, Hewish-Mills, Crewkerne, Somerset, miller. Robert Woolstencroft, Timperley, Cheshire, inn-keeper. Larrat Wellings, Strand, butcher. William Taylor, Eltham, Kent, dealer in corn. William Hollyoch, Giles, Camberwell, Surrey, butcher. John Russell, Moorfields, broker. Francis Brooke, William Farrar, and Robert Rose, Basinghall-street, warehousemen. Joseph Grainge, Uxbridge, broker. John Marriott, Uxbridge, shop-keeper. Richard Davies, Park-lane, saddler. Thomas Wade, Great St. Helens, drug merchant. George Brittain, Bristol, grocer. John Nesbitt, Edward Stewart, and John Nesbitt the younger, Aldermanbury, London, merchants. Benard M'Henry, otherwise Mac Henry, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, merchant. William Jewitt, Snaith Lodge, York, brandy merchant. Augustus William Bodecker, Old Jewry, merchant. Richard Hooper, Burbage, Wilts, corn-chandler. Thomas Partridge, Dover, sail-maker. Edward Chaterton, Rye, Sussex, timber-merchant.

# INDEX

## TO THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

The letters P signifies that the piece to which it is  
annexed is to be found in the *Poetry* ; and the  
letter R intimates that it is an article  
in our Review.

A	Page		Page
Ancients, Remarks on	15	Covent Garden	79
Aphorisms for Youth			79
R - - -	96		188
Affection to Parents	133		312
Alphabet of Prudence	156	Chronologist	426
America, Population		Correspondents	
of - - -	187	Cabinet of Mirth	81, 186
Acrostic P - - -	300	Colbert's Good Fortune	133
Acrostic P - - -	300	Chatham, Lord	144
Ambition, Thoughts on		Characters of Queen	
	364	Anne's Court	244, 352
Anecdotes - - -	384	Canary Bird P - -	302
Appeal to Quakers R	310	Character of Lewis	
B.		XVI. - - -	335
Bloomfield's Tales R	95	Captain Hale - -	346
Bankrupts		D.	
	102, 214, 320, 416	Duties of the Young	56, 119
Bonaparte, Life of R	205	Duties of School Boys	128
Bossuet's Sermons R	207	Drury Lane - -	190, 313
Brewery, London -	241	Dramatical Beauties	
Bedford; Duke of -	258		267, 389
Beattie's Poems -	303	Deaths, - - -	324
Births - - -	323	Drama - - -	407
British Navy - -	393	E.	
C.		Education, Letters on	
Common Wealth of		R - - -	97
Babina - - -	10		

# INDEX.

	Page		Page
Earl Clare - -	181	Lines on the Far-	
Elegy on the Duke of		mer's Boy -	302
Bedford - -	301	Literary Curiosity	367
F.		M.	
Farmer's Boy analyzed	6	Man living on raw	
_____	116	Flesh - -	41
_____	227	Monthly Chronologist	
_____	331	100,211,318	
Fox on the Duke of		Madeira - -	153
Bedford - -	286	Miser's Address P	302
Field of Mars R -	304	Morrice's Reply to	
G.		Vincent R -	311
Greyhound Story P	85	Marriages - -	323
Governor Wall, Ac-		Mammoth -	361
count of -	171	Marriage -	280,341
General O'Hara -	350	N.	
H.		New Year's Day -	88
Health - -	76	Nelson, Lines on his	
Horace translated P	201	Death - -	195
I. and J.		Netterville, History	
Idleness and Irreso-		of R - -	207
lution - -	133	Natural History -	358
Inkle and Yarico	136	O.	
Indian East, Letter	158	Otto, Life of -	1
Juvenile recreations		Ode to the New Year	83
203,315,403		Ode to Peace . .	296
Isaiah's Prophecy R	307	P.	
K.		Paul and Kotzebue	11
Keate's Sketches from		Parish Clerk .	49
Nature R -	309	Pontypool, Account of	69
Kotzebue, Arrest of	376	Paraphrase on Hervey	
L.		P - - -	89
Law, John -	23	_____	293
Lycurgus - -	27	_____	
Lotteries - -	38	_____	
Linen silk, water		Patience -	127
proof. - -	39	Population -	179
Louisburg taken	160,230	Peace F -	191
Lover's Farewell P	200	Picture of London R	310
Love and Madness P	298	Peak in Derbyshire,	
		Description of	370

# INDEX.

	Page		Page
Parnassian Garland	408	Swift, Gleanings from	
R.		R - - -	308
Robertson, Life of R	93	T.	
Retrospect of the Po-		Trade, Origin of -	78
litical World -	98	Truth - - -	132
-----	210	Thunder Explained	250
-----	316	U. and V.	
-----	424	Vincent on Education	
Roland's Works R	208	R - - -	98
Reynard, Memoirs of	275	Valentine Epistle P	192
Robertson Miss, Life		W.	
of - - -	291	Wakefield, Character	
Rebellion of 1745 R	305	of - - -	18
Reflector - - -	331	War, Lines on - -	197
S.		Women, Friend of R	307
Savage of Aveyron	65	Whitworth Doctors	362
Sonnet to a Lyre -	92	Y.	
Swift, Life of - -	110	Youth - - -	32
Shenstone's Essays R		Do. - - -	139
	209, 325	Young, Dr. Life of	217

## To Correspondents.

Some time since we received a communication from I. C. promising us an article entitled the "Wanderer;" we shall be happy not only to recognize this production, but, on examination, should it be found to have equal claim upon us with the "Stranger," (to which we some time ago afforded an asylum) it shall not long be in want of our protection.

*Jines to Chloris* are inadmissible.

The recent misunderstanding between the Sheriffs of London and the Lord Mayor come not within the pale of the *Monthly Visitor*; this discussion can afford little interest to the generality of our readers.

We are obliged to Mr. T. Thomas, the author of the "Poetic Paraphrase on Hervey," in four parts, two of which have been inserted, and the two remaining shall find a place in our next volume.

At the earnest solicitation of the majority of our subscribers we are at length induced to make some further arrangements in our performance. The next number, which commences a new volume, and a new series also, will in consequence, be printed on an elegant type, one size larger than that on which it has usually been done: thus far shall we be able to afford them satisfaction; and it is with no small degree of pleasure also that we announce the Portrait of the late Duke of Bedford as an embellishment.

The favors of Gradus are received, and shall be attended to.

The packet from H. K. W. alluded to in his last communication, has not yet reached the Editors. The relative "Observations" we consider as unqualified, inasmuch as they do not, in the least degree, apply to the person in question. His opinion on "Cottle's New Version of the Psalms of David" cannot obtain a place in our Miscellany, as we must reserve to ourselves the privilege of Criticism.









**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY  
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT**

**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

[illegible]



